Aug. 1, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

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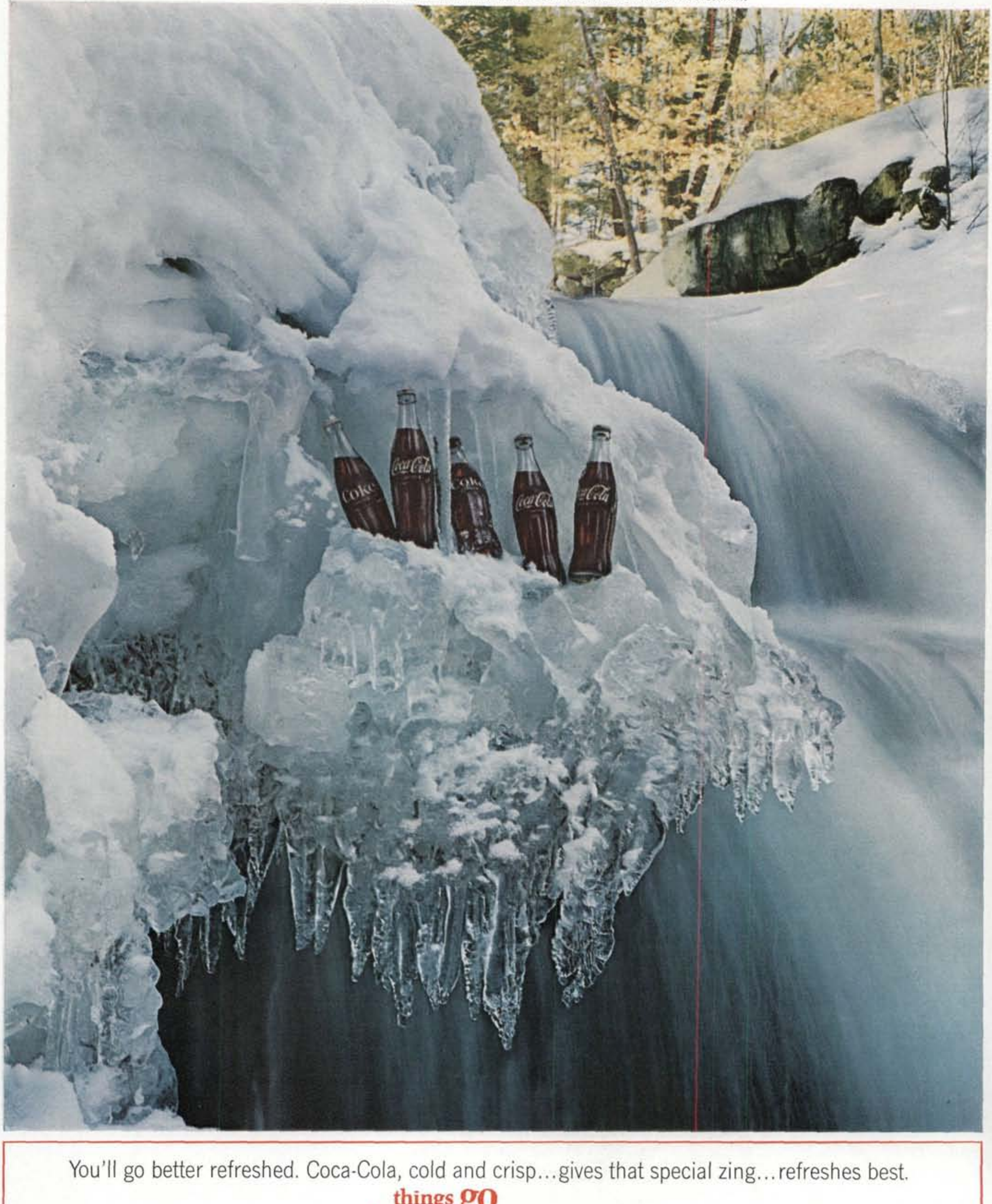
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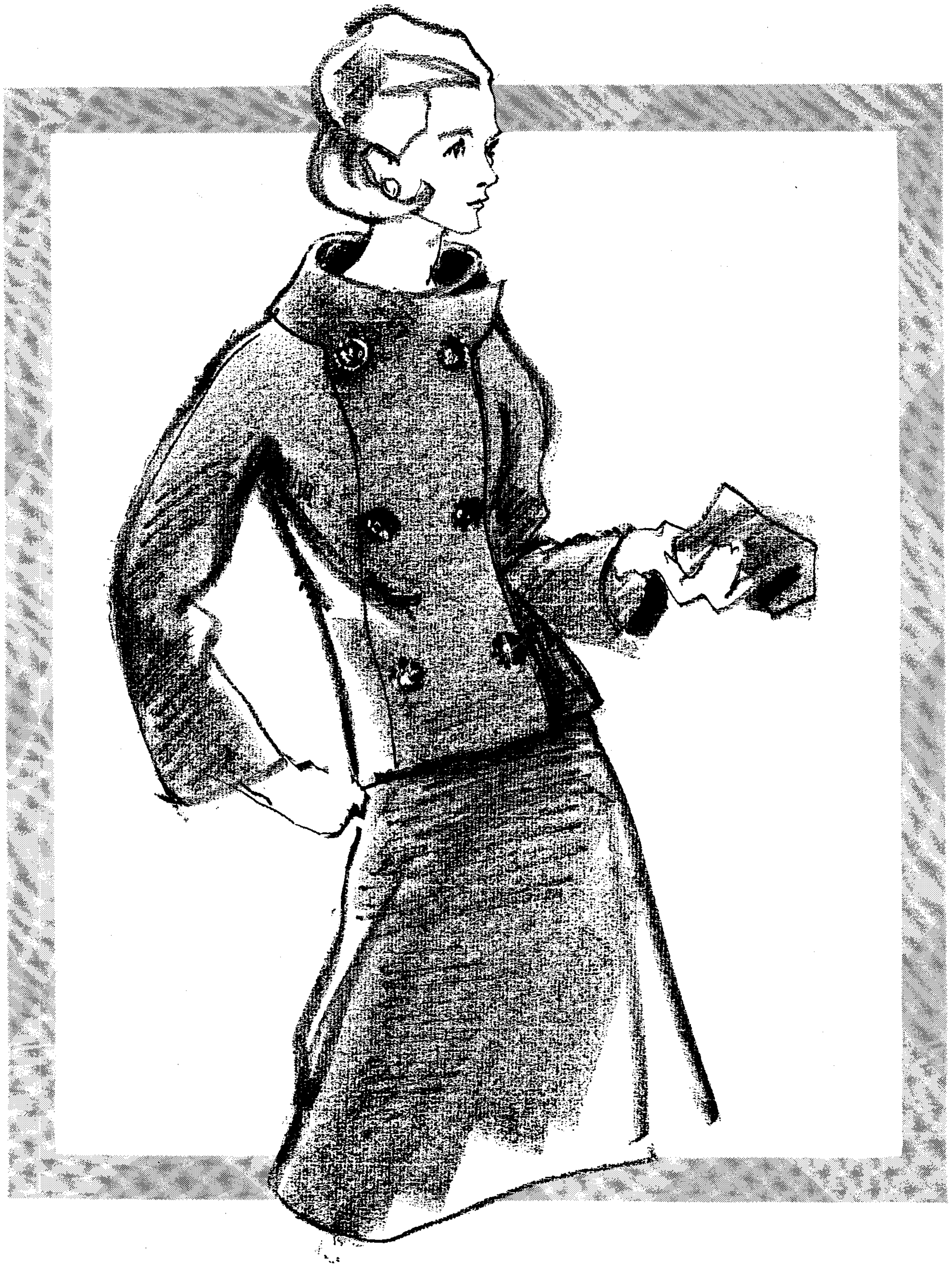

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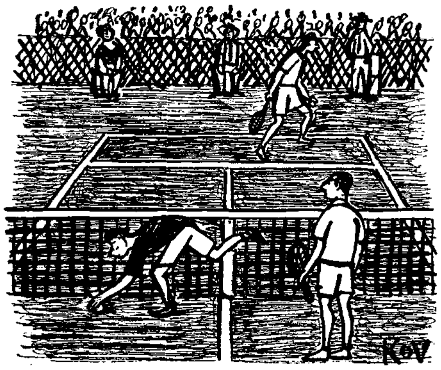

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				30	31	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—A gay little comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with the tribulations of a doxy who is being maintained by a millionaire industrialist in an executive suite. Sandy Dennis is droll and winning as the girl, and she gets fine support from Rosemary Murphy and Don Porter. The play was directed by Henry Kaplan and has a pleasant set by Robert Randolph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Baby Want a Kiss—Three unfortunate people—Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman, and James Costigan—wandering about in a mindless drama that deals with a flashy Hollywood couple on a visit to an old reclusive chum. Mr. Costigan wrote the thing. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 22.)

Blues for Mister Charlie—A rambling discussion about the differences that exist between blacks and whites who are trying, with no success whatever, to live together in the Southern area of the United States. Written by James Baldwin, the drama has several splendid performances, and fine direction by Burgess Meredith. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Deputy—Rolf Hochhuth's controversial drama about the dealings between the Curia and the Third Reich, in an adaptation by Jerome Rothenberg. The work has been cut down from five acts to two, but even in its shortened form it is compelling. David Carradine now heads the large and, for the most part, competent cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Dylan—Sir Alec Guinness turns in a virtuoso performance as the poor sad bad glad mad Welsh poet on the loose in America. A thoroughly satisfactory play, written by Sidney Michaels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hamlet—Richard Burton makes an unusually robustious Prince of Denmark, and Hume Cronyn makes a superb Polonius in this production, which was directed by John Gielgud. Eileen Herlie, George Rose, Alfred Drake, and Linda Marsh are also prominent in the cast. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Aug. 8.)

The Subject Was Roses—A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx, have a bickering time of it while they establish that they are really a model of togetherness. The play was written by Frank D. Gilroy, and features Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Three Sisters—Maybe Lee Strasberg's direction is at first a trifle aimless in this interpretation of Chekhov, but it gets into focus as it goes along. So do the actors, all members of the Actors Studio, who, while not entirely harmonious as an ensemble, have many individual merits. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. Penny Fuller, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mary, mary:** Patricia Bosworth, William Prince, and Howard Morton are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **never too late:** Dennis O'Keefe, Will Hutchins, Martha Scott, and Fran Sharon in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Fade Out - Fade In—The good old foolish days in the Hollywood of the thirties. Not a very original idea. The book is by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, and the music is by Jule Styne. Betty Hutton (substituting for Carol Burnett, who will return on Monday, Aug. 3) and Jack Cassidy are capably on hand. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Funny Girl—The late Fanny Brice is portrayed by Barbra Streisand in a musical that is loud and splashy but only intermittently funny. Isobel Lennart provided the book, Jule Styne and Bob Merrill the music and lyrics, and Garson Kanin the direction. The late Carol Haney staged the musical numbers, and Jerome Robbins supervised the whole thing. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Page
BOOKS 76
THE CURRENT CINEMA 65
LETTER FROM LONDON 67
THE RACE TRACK 75

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Hello, Dolly!—Fun and games with Carol Channing, who is delightful in this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." The music and lyrics, by Jerry Herman, are stimulating, and the book, by Michael Stewart, keeps things moving in reasonable style. The redoubtable Gower Champion is responsible for the direction and choreography. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—In this musical version of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," Beatrice Lillie cuts up as a daft spiritualist. The book, the music, and the lyrics, by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, are pleasant, and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward are very helpful. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—Budd and Stuart Schulberg's description of the life and times of a horrible upstart who bulldozes his way to a big job in Hollywood. A little on the monotonous side, the play has music and lyrics by Ervin Drake and features Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**a funny thing happened on the way to the forum:** Dick Shawn and other zanies doing as the Romans do, or did. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Darryl Hickman is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is the President of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oliver!:** Young Mr. Twist, more or less. The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **110 in the shade:** A musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker." Inga Swenson is the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 8.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—Arthur Miller's lengthy drama "After the Fall," which is apparently autobiographical and deals with intellectual and political difficulties of all sorts, is several cuts below his best work. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. After Saturday, Aug. 1, no performances until Sunday matinée, Aug. 9.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "The King and I," with Risë Stevens and Darren McGavin, is the initial production by the company. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 8.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet's occasionally stunning, occasionally windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sun-

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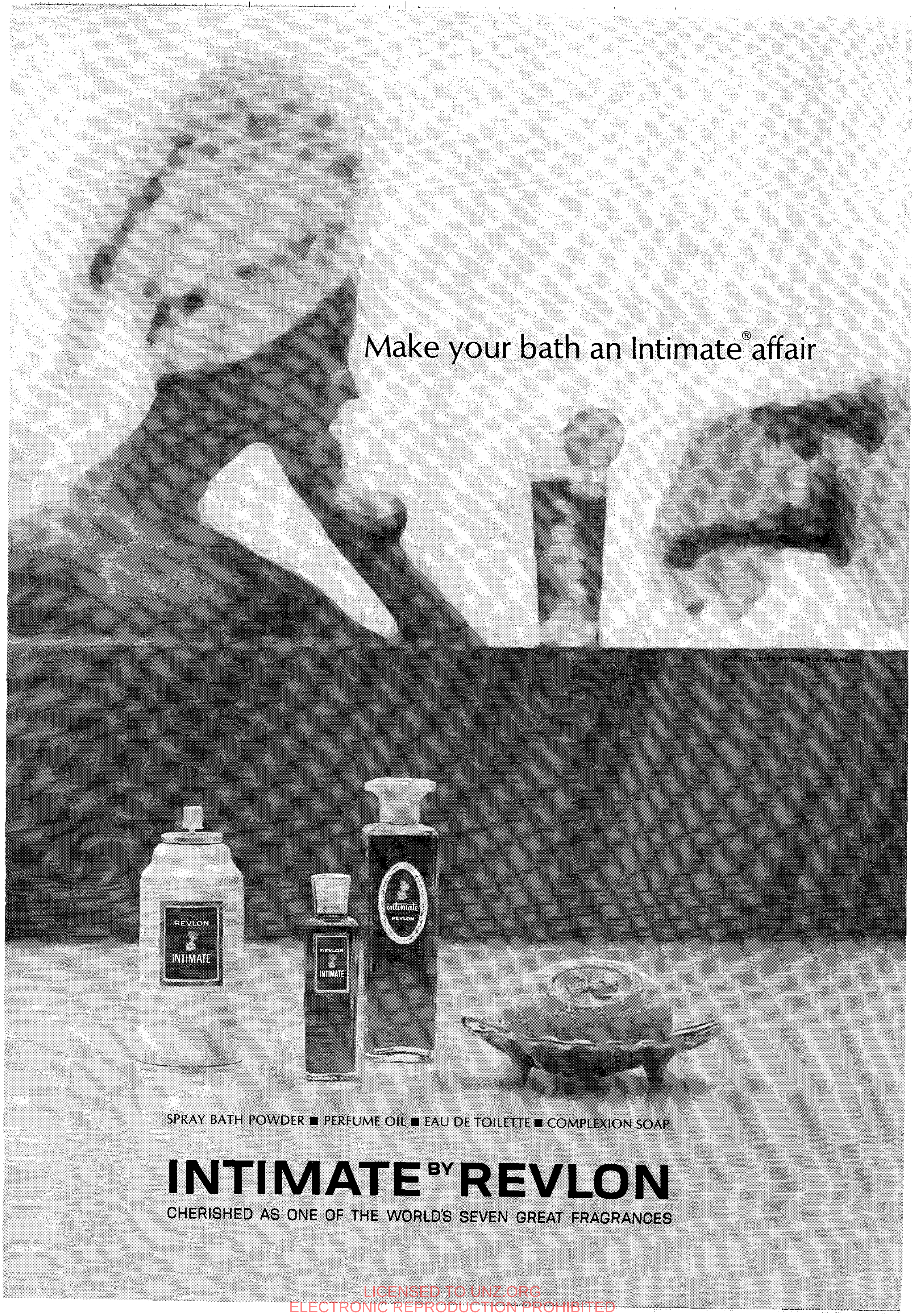

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blood Knot—An obvious, tricky, but often effective drama about a pair of South African brothers, one a Negro and the other half-white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dutchman and **The American Dream**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a most promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is often as brutal and tough as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its knockout production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six able performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. The show has its ups and downs, many of the ups being provided by the fine comic acting of Brian Bedford. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Streets of New York—The songs, by a bright new team—Barry Alan Grael (lyrics) and Richard B. Chodosh (score)—and the direction of Joseph Hardy transform Dion Boucicault's creaky old opus into a thoroughly delightful musical comedy in which every performer is highly satisfactory. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Third Ear—A program of improvisation, directed by Elaine May. (Premise, 154 Bleecker St. GR 7-9260. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly at 8:30 and Saturday at midnight. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 2, for an indefinite vacation.)

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The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis was the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Folies-Bergère—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. Presented by Stephen W. Sharmat and produced by Arthur Lesser. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fialka's Prague Pantomime Theatre—In its first appearance here, this troupe from Czechoslovakia will present a two-week engagement that starts Monday, Aug. 3, and will run through Saturday, Aug. 15. "Pierrot's Journey," a mime comedy, will be performed through Saturday, Aug. 8. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Laterna Magika—A company of forty-five Czechoslovakian actors, singers, and dancers, appearing here for the first time, in a presentation of "The Tales of Hoffmann" and "Variations" that combines live stage action with films. A six-week engagement that starts Monday, Aug. 3, and will run through Saturday, Sept. 12. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Othello," with James Earl Jones, will be given through Saturday, Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Sophocles' "Electra," with Lee Grant, will be the last in a series of three plays by the company. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 5, and will run through Saturday, Aug. 29. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Around the World in 80 Days," a musical with a cast of two hundred headed by David Atkinson, Robert Clary, and Jan McArt. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Phyllis Diller, always a girl to speak her mind succinctly about this and that human shortcoming, is in the Royal Box at dinner and supper, sounding simultaneously cheerful, comic, and wrath-of-God. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—A Park Avenue showplace (or almost showoff place, such is its ornamentation), with digestive music from eight to ten and dancing music thereafter, all of it created by George Anaya's Latinos. No music Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—This goldfish bowl can, oddly, be filled to the brim with planters' punch without having any effect whatever on the denizens. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra provide a continuous sound track. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The biggest passenger-carrying night boat in America. It sets sail every night but Sunday, manned by Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and his Riverboat Ramblers, who start in at seven (Fridays and Saturdays at eight). The music and its delivery range from 1864 to 1964.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—On the lower slopes of this Hilton subcontinent sits the Seven Hills of Rome, a chunk of artful architecture and ambience. I Cavalieri di Roma, a fine body of Italian bandsmen, tune in at eight and go home at one. Dino Palermo, their troubadour, is passion personified. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The chipper little Café Pierre is the home of a handful of Ben Cutler's liveliest musicmakers, who do a hand gallop every night.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Shani Wallis, a bird whose gilded cage is London, is back in action after a two-year absence, calloohing and callaying with vigor. She is a dinner and supper item only on Saturdays; ten o'clock is her hour the rest of the week. Milt Shaw's orchestra and Mark Monte's bouncy quintet keep much longer hours. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, Leo LeFleur's duo does teatime tinkling from four-fifteen to six-thirty every afternoon but Monday, and then does a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven and nine. At eight, Gunnar Hansen moves his violin into the Palm Court, where a dessert sort of menu, plus light wines and light hearts, prevails until one. He stays home Sundays.

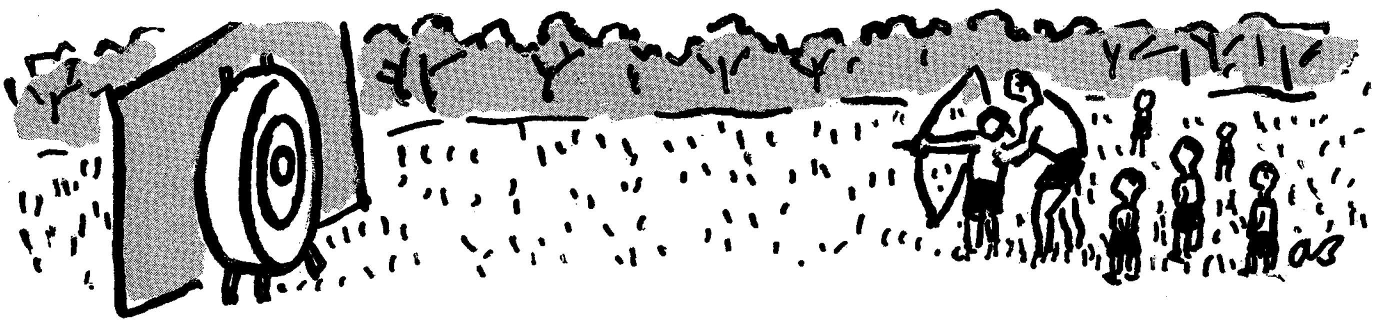
St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Lofty enough for any summit conference, blithe enough for any débutante picnic. Charles Turecamo's band and Quintero's ensemble play for dancing from eight to two. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—The sands of the Egyptian desert here just haven't time to grow cold, for the music (hi-fi, not human) never stops between eight and four every night, and neither do the feet of the guests in this jocose reënactment of the ancient Cairo hostelry, even though they are engaged in dance steps that are among the seven wonders of the modern world.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Night school for beginning young men about town and their little doves—not that the old grads of this coeducational project don't flock back to the campus in force. The party begins at cocktail time with pensive piano by Sam Hamilton, proceeds through the

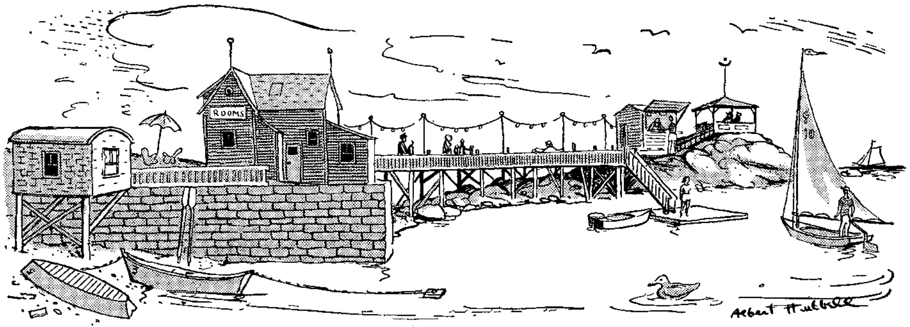


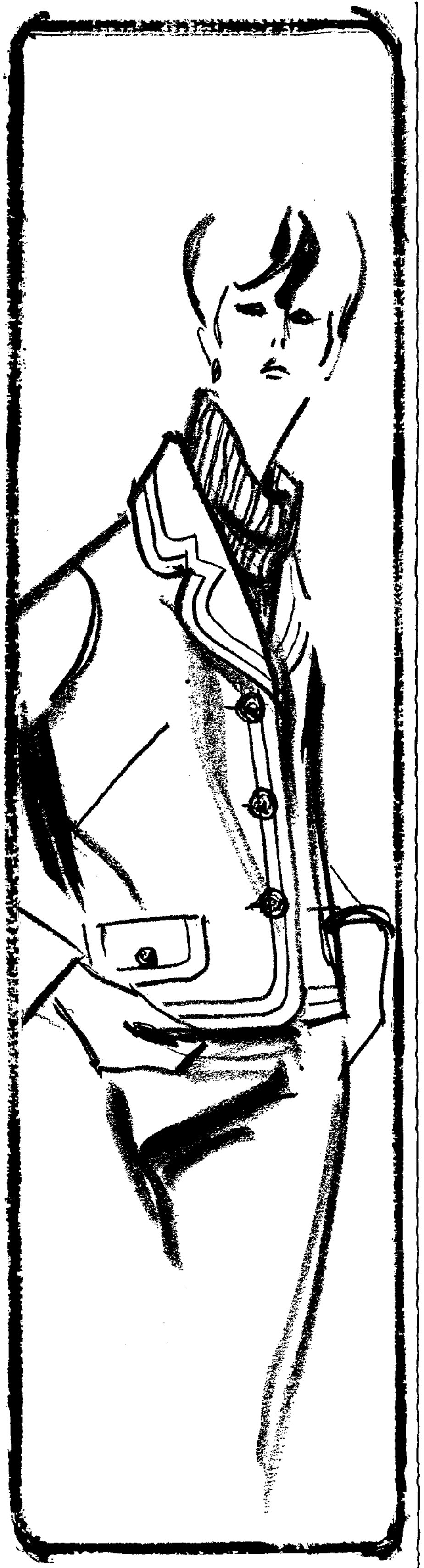
111 SKIDDOO!

Our collection of college sportswear and datewear is so tempting that you'll need help in choosing. So we've selected 111 coeds from schools all over the country to give you inside tips on the costumes and customs of the particular campus you're headed for. This is the year of patterns—plaids, checks, stripes! The Italians have concocted a cotton that looks enough like leather to fool a kid. And everybody who's anybody is wearing mad knee socks. So what if you have to sit on a suitcase to close it? Come yourself or send somebody (Dad's a good one!) to Field's in Chicago. Cram at Campus Circus, Sixth Floor. There's nothing like it back home.

Marshall Field & Company

dinner hour with piano by Goldie Hawkins or Wayne Sanders, and ends up after the theatre with a double-team deal by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A scholarship here entitles one to sit in the middle of a big, happy Florentine family that undertakes to instruct one in the production of *spiedini,* Puccini, and *vini.* The Puccini portion of the week happens every night, and an easy-does-it dance band operates from Thursday through Saturday; there is song, piano, concertina, and whatnot the rest of the time. The leader of the whole thing is Aldo Bruschi, a fairly glorious basso profundo. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CAPRICE,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): A promenade for liege lords and ladies, along which are to be found the easygoing piano of Jules Kuti from cocktails through dinner; the effervescent piano of Otis Clements from then on; and, after ten-thirty, the piano and ballads of Bobby Short, which have a zip code that is theirs alone. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his sidemen. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Ray Hartley, who has distinct (and sensible) ideas of his own about the way show tunes should sound on a piano, is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Lovers' knots and lovers' snarls untied while you wait as Mabel Mercer, a ruler all serene, imparts her own special underemphasis to a bouquet of songs that no one else ever seems to discover. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be always, her accompanist. Friday and Saturday nights after ten-thirty is the extent of her domain. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The most venerable Spanish settlement in the New World. The natives, unrestless during the day, go nuts about singing and dancing at night. Audience participation is legal. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Grand manner, grand manor is the big idea. Addison Bailey contributes dignified piano every night but Sunday. Cocktails, dinner, and supper are his stint. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): An amusing reminder of the days when a man's home was his castle. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the entire fleet of wandering-about-at-night violinists. On Monday, Aug. 3, he will be succeeded, during his brief holiday, by another violinist. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another medieval real-estate deal, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, George Cardini circumnavigates with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A night of some grandeur on the town that sits beside the Tiber. A set of jolly street musicians marches up and down from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Via Veneto, from the Bernini Bristol all the way up the hill. It is ascended again and again by a troupe of violinists. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this *salle à manger,* and it's a vivacious setting for the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, whose calm music is at home in both Manhattan and Madrid. Mondays are silent nights. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A cheery decompression chamber for young people who are deep, deep in the performing arts. Sort of cookout are the mood and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced by a tireless jazz trio. No music Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin for the construction of his own special fugues for piano. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): How to restore a turn-of-the-century town house while also restoring the inner man. From conservatory to bar to open-air pavilion, all delights the eye, and in the bar the ear is cozened—from five to seven-thirty and again from nine to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Sundays. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): A rambling *ranchero* that is south of several borders—Mexican, Argentine, Peruvian, to name three. The menu is appropriate to the scene, and so is the music—strolling Latin singers and players on patrol from five-thirty to eleven during the week, and flamenco singers and dancers from one to ten on Sundays. . . . **MICHELANGELO,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The good life as it can be lived up in the north of Italy, along with the regional culinary perquisites. There is dreamy piano as early as five every night, and there's Joe Candullo and his trio making north-of-America dance music after nine-thirty, plus (Fridays and Saturdays) a few vocal embellishments. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Light hearts and gentle people, immersed in the Hungarian lively arts—zimbalon, violin, soprano, tenor, the dance. Tibor Rakossy, the major-domo, is a balladeer of sentiment pure and serene. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The White Queen of this miniature White Russia is its *doyenne,* Marina Fedorovskaya, whose songs of passion are largely (and appropriately) Slavic and French. When she is not proclaiming them in her clear and dulcet voice, violin and piano brood away in one corner. Seven-thirty until two is the time span. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): An urban melting pot, offering enough variety in urban characters to make bouillabaisse any night of the week, but air-conditioned enough to make dancing, which commences at nine, quite comfortable. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Straightforward, sans-serif piano (two players: no waiting) is the lot of those who dine; the same piano, often with lyrics, is proffered those who sup. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Not to be taken very seriously is the bayadere performance of Rita Dimitri, the proprietress of this small restaurant, when she moves onto the floor in full battle array to do her bumptious songs; her real spirit is evidenced by her cooing duets with her pianist and guitarist, Stanley Brilliant. She shows up at dinner every night, and also at supper Fridays and Saturdays. In between, leisurely dancing, too, to Kurt Maier's trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC,** in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The bandonion, a twice-as-big-as-life concertina of interest to antiquarians and

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Dana
Ambush
perfume by
Dana

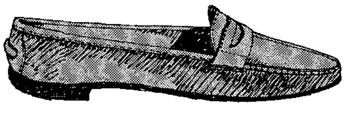
I went
to the most
expensive
college
around

**with no money
and no looks
and no friends.
It was no fun.**

One day
my
ex-roommate
coldly
suggested
I change
my brand of
shoes.

**I did.
And, overnight,
my life
became mad
and glamorous.**

I know
it's hard to
believe, but
it must be my



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

concertina-goers alike, is given full play by its master, Mario Peralta, from cocktails until ten. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Night must fall, but it does so most becomingly through the windows of the prankishly ornamented Crown Restaurant, which offers a fifth-floor look at the Hudson and (from seven to nine) Daphne Hellman, industriously and decoratively plying her harp. Gerald Goodman fills in for her on Saturday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Everything comes up peaches on this spreading Tree of Life. The peaches—three dozen of them, thin-skinned, thin-garbed—are the center of an extravaganza in which light, color, and movement are well met. There are many other contributing factors, among them Sandu Scott (a lively new troupial) and her Scotties (they sing, too—sort of), plus the Ayos Ballet, which is Argentine and agile. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Roberta Sherwood, very nearly the last of the red-hot shouters, is the leading lady now. There is comedy as well, mostly of the predictable brand, and the Copa ballerinas try to help out in their young, untutored way. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Erskine Hawkins' quartet and the Ink Spots (how time does not fly!) carouse from ten to four without ever a night off.

CABARETS

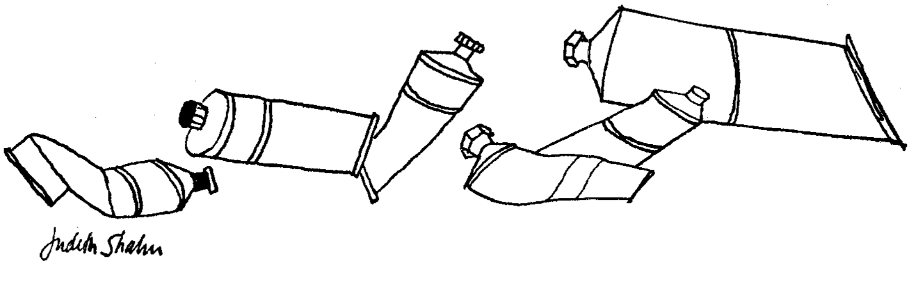
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The caricatures of the high and the mighty who bounce through "Baker's Dozen," the Julius Monk revue, will never be duplicated on Mount Rushmore, but they *are* apt to be forever graven in the memories of visitors to this merry café. The players who do the caricatures—especially Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason—are fast and funny, deft and daft. Carl Norman, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood are the pianists. Twice a night, except Sundays, is the pattern. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, out for an evening's turn around the plaza, simply can't help bursting into song (do or die for dear old love) and music (brass-bound). They are accompanied on their stroll by Isabella and Miguel, bent on dancing their hot little Spanish feet off. Twice weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, only at ten-thirty on Sundays is the program. The customers, no slouches at footwork themselves, are given further time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. . . . ¶ After ten in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Max Roach heads up a quartet that takes a hard, uncompromising attitude toward what is permissible in the new-era music, and Abbey Lincoln sings with fervor, maybe even fury. Sundays, there are matinées, too, beginning at four-thirty; Mondays are dark. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Dizzy Gillespie, the half-bearded prophet, and his quintet call it a night on Sunday, Aug. 2, and so do America's Children, a set of ten cherubs who have been brought up on folk music. Flip Wilson, who wants very much to be a funnyman, stays on, to be joined, on Tuesday, Aug. 4, by Thelonious Monk, who brings along a foursome, and Mongo Santamaria, who brings along a septet. Mondays are set aside for visiting performers. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The local *Kaffeeklatsch* depends on real coffee and nothing else; the folk music—a compulsory course here—at least depends on real performers, not subdeb amateurs. The Bitter End Singers, six in all, do the warbling; the conversation is handled by Bill Cosby, a not altogether finished wit. The regulars are off duty Tuesdays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Hand-to-hand and horn-to-mouth combat, beginning—in the middle of the afternoon—with music to hully and gully to, and ending up with Woody Herman's frantic Herd and Red Allen's inexhaustible quartet. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Here today, gone today is often the rule here, but the quartet of John Coltrane, who comes down heavy on his instrument, and the trio of Les McCann are presumably on hand, and Irene Reid may well be singing. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when other hands take over. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The latest changing of the guard—or vanguard, considering the music the participants indulge in—removes the group topped by Zoot Sims and Al Cohn (Thursday, July 30, is their last night) and brings in Art Farmer's quartet. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The sound of the twenties, thirties, and sixties, as remembered by the likes of Peanuts Hucko, Bob Haggart, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, and Yank Lawson. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus is trying, with his mighty fingers and bull fiddle, to say something about jazz that has not been said before and perhaps never can be completely said. Mondays a quartet headed by David Amram takes charge. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about jazz piano is the beneficence bestowed by Mary Lou Williams, who operates inside the oval bar with the aid of two sidemen. No action Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street where so many of us were brought up is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses as before. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, and Tony Parenti wax eloquent on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The spirit of a football rally on a coeducational campus prevails; on a shelf overlooking the young people sits a squadron of banjoists (the Banjokers) who, from nine to three or four every night, give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **RED GARTER,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided (in this instance) by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night. . . . **BROKEN DRUM,** 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris's band, on whose roster are Sidney de Paris and Garvin Bushell, is keeping Early Americana green. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Cen-



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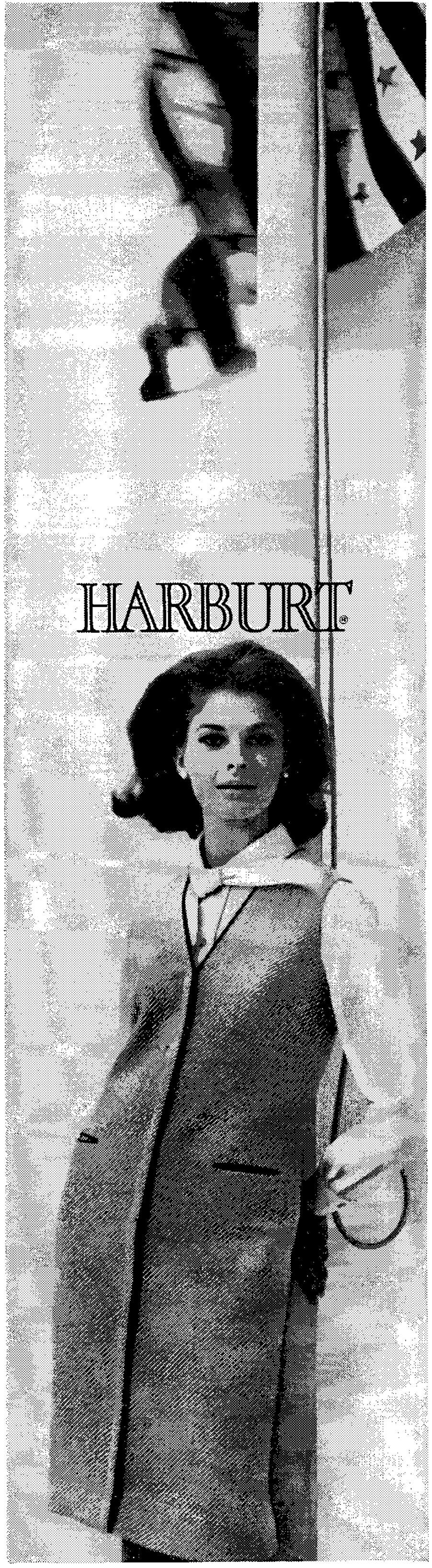

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tral Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney, applying the most unusual twists and turns to both organ and vocal music, begins his odd threnodies at ten every evening but Sunday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

HENRY MOORE—Early and recent sculptures; through Aug. 28. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Four large sculptures; through Aug. 28. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURES—A selection of modern works, from Rodin to Calder; through Friday, July 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ART DEALERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA—The second annual summer show by more than fifty member galleries. It consists of over a hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics, ranging in style from the Eight and the School of Paris to pop art. Through Saturday, Aug. 1. (Parke-Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ART STUDENTS LEAGUE**, 215 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twenty-five artists associated with the League make up an exhibition called "American Masters, from Eakins to Pollock;" through Aug. 26. . . . **BANFER**, 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings by members of the gallery, including Margo Hoff, Jared French, and Maurice Grosser; through Saturday, Aug. 1. (Closes Saturday at 4.) . . . **BYRON**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings by such artists as Jane Wilson, Willem de Kooning, and Costantino Nivola; through Friday, Aug. 7. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Watercolors, landscapes, and figures by Chen Chi, Henry Gasser, John Pike, and others; through Friday, July 31. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 8 W. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Kenneth Campbell, Lamar Dodd, and Victor Candell; through Aug. 31. (Closed mornings.) . . . **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Adolph Gottlieb, Robert Motherwell, and Jacques Lipchitz; through Friday, July 31. . . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: California painters, among them David Park, Joan Brown, and Richard Diebenkorn; through Sept. 19.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, collages, and sculptures by David Hockney, Bruce Conner, Reuben Tam, and others; through Friday, July 31. (Closed mornings.) . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings from 1949 to the present by such artists as Jackson Pollock, Alberto Burri, and Larry Rivers; through Aug. 14. (Closed mornings.) . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: "Joys of Summer," a display of pictures by Emil Bernard, J. J. Tissot, and Thomas Moran (to name a few); through Aug. 31. . . . **TIME & LIFE BUILDING EXHIBITION CENTER**, Rockefeller Center: "Mother and Child in Modern Art," consisting of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by Mary Cassatt, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Matisse, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Saturday, Aug. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 7.) . . . **WASHINGTON SQUARE GALLERIES**, 530 W. Broadway: The opening exhibition is composed of works in a variety of mediums by, among others, Ben Nicholson, Jean Tinguely, and Jack Tworkov; through Sept. 30. (Daily, noon to midnight. Admission is $1.) . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Hans Hofmann, Pierre Soulages, and Alberto Giacometti are three of the exhibitors in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Sept. 25.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: "European Mainstreams," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by (for example) Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, and Pol Bury; through Friday, July 31. . . . **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: "Fair Ladies" as depicted in eighteenth- to twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Boucher, Morisot, Degas, Rodin, and others; through Friday, July 31. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: An exhibition of paintings by sixteenth- to twentieth-century French masters, among them Charles Lebrun, Delacroix, and Gauguin; through Sept. 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"World's Fairs—The Architecture of Fantasy," an exhibit of prints and photographs covering sixteen expositions and focussing on such structures as London's Crystal Palace in 1851, the Eiffel Tower for the Paris Fair in 1889, and the 1939 New York World's Fair's Trylon and Perisphere; through Oct. 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Art in a Changing World: 1884-1964" is the theme of seven exhibitions marking the opening of the new galleries and enlarged sculpture garden. Twelve hundred works from the Museum's collections are on view, including American and European paintings and sculptures (Cézanne and Rodin to the present), drawings and prints (Seurat, Chagall, Leonard Baskin, and others), architecture and design, and photographs. . . . ¶ Temporary loan exhibitions include "The Photographer's Eye," through Aug. 23; "American Painters as New Lithographers," through Sept. 30; and "Twentieth-Century Engineering," through Sept. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Post-Impressionist paintings and sculptures (by Renoir, Modigliani, Lipchitz, and others) from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings from the period 1860 to 1950 (James McNeill Whistler to Edward Hopper and Morris Graves) from the collection of Daniel and Rita Fraad; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ The fourteenth national print exhibition, consisting of a hundred and sixty-five examples by artists (among them Boris Margo, Sam Francis, and Seong Moy) from thirty states; through Aug. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Nepal," a showing of fifth- to early-nineteenth-century sculptures, paintings, and manuscripts; through Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Oils, drawings, and prints by the Barbizon painter Charles François Daubigny; through Sunday, Aug. 2. . . . ¶ French posters of the eighteen-nineties, including some by Toulouse-Lautrec, from the Huntington Hartford collection; starting Tuesday, Aug. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Van Gogh and Expressionism," an exhibition comparing about thirty paintings by van Gogh with the works of twenty-eight Expressionists, including Edvard Munch, Oskar Kokoschka, and Franz Kline; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me," an archaeological exhibition containing sculptures, reliefs, and artifacts of various peoples who lived in the Near East in Biblical and pre-Biblical times; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ A hundred contemporary prints produced at the Pratt Graphic Art Center by Cleve Gray, Enrico Donati, Antonio Frasconi, and others; through Sept. 20. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"From Fair to Fair"; An anthology of acquisitions since 1939—illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, master drawings, historic bookbindings, literary manuscripts, and autograph letters of authors and artists; through Sept. 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—Portraits, landscapes, genre scenes, weather vanes, trade signs, metal and wood sculptures, and so on, from the collection of Mrs. Edith Gregor Halpert; through Sept. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the Americas," com-

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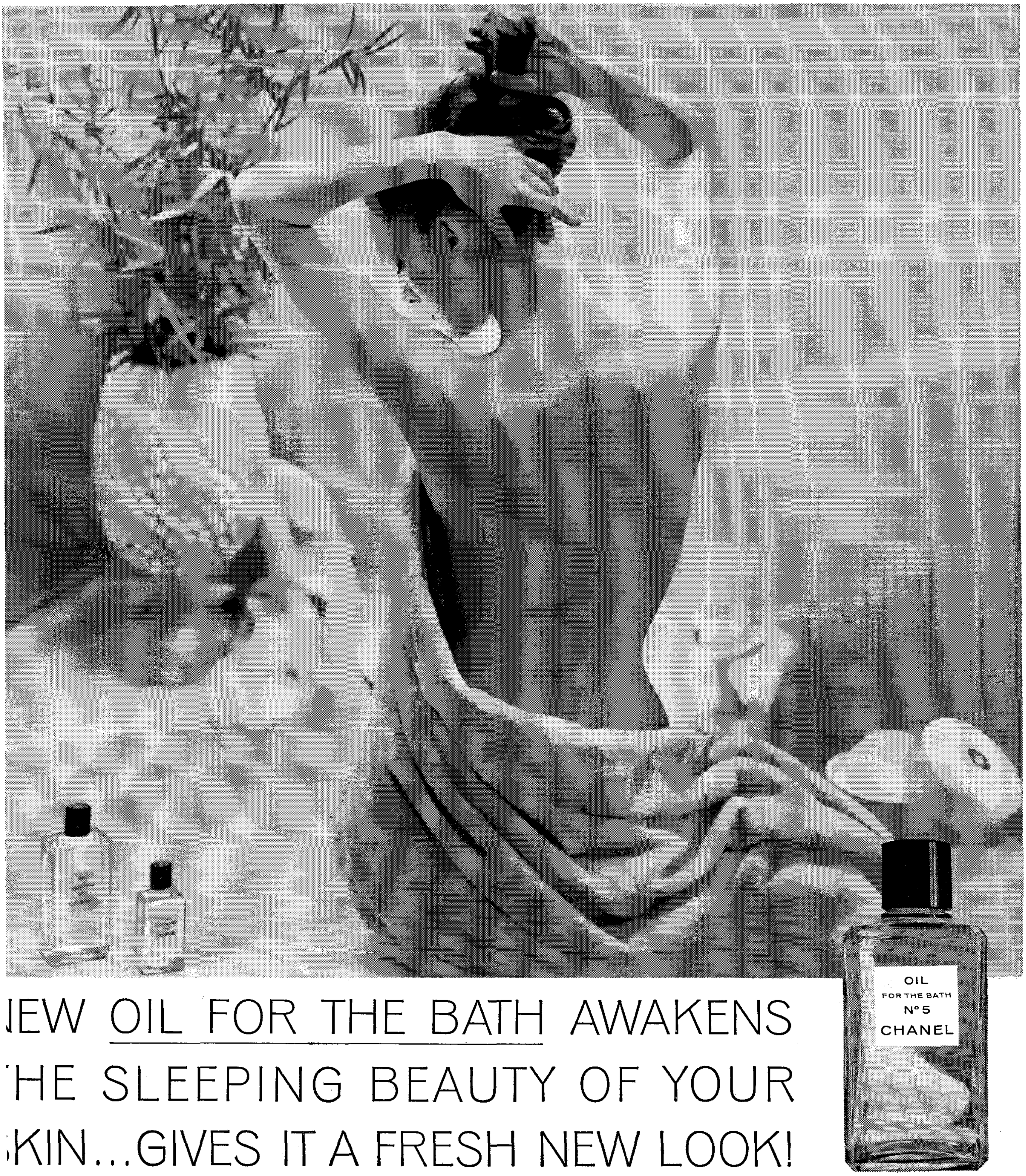
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings, sculptures, graphic art, and architecture by newly elected members—Hans Hofmann, Louis I. Kahn, and Theodore Roszak (to mention a few); through Aug. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Bard on the Boards," a display commemorating the four-hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth and including photographs, illustrations, prints, and playbills; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-fourth anniversary exhibition of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors (Milton Avery, Louise Nevelson, Sidney Gross, and others); through Sunday, Aug. 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Between the Fairs: Twenty-Five Years of American Art, 1939-64," an exhibition made up of works by a hundred and nineteen painters and sculptors, among them Milton Avery, Lyonel Feininger, and Richard Lippold; through Sept. 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

LEWISOHN STADIUM CONCERTS—Final performances of the season by the Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 30: Joseph Rosenstock conducting, with Jerome Lowenthal, piano, and Charles Treger, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1: The stadium will be given over to a folk and jazz concert by Peter Nero, Odetta, and Gerry Mulligan's band. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 4: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Leon Fleisher, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 5: Seiji Ozawa conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 6: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Kyoko Edo-Ozawa, piano, and Jaime Laredo, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8: Salvatore Dell'Isola conducting a Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with Bonnie Murray, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; William Tabbert, tenor; and Jack Russell, baritone. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:07 P.M. over WQXR.)

PHILHARMONIC HALL—Final performances of a midsummer music festival—Thursday, July 30: Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 31: Thomas Dunn conducting the Festival Orchestra of New York, with Russell Oberlin, narrator, and John Reardon, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1: Paul Callaway conducting the Festival Orchestra in a Schoenberg-Mozart program, with Gerald Tarack, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 2: Thomas Dunn directing the Cantata Singers and the Festival Orchestra in a Brahms-Hindemith program, with Janice Harsanyi, soprano, and John Reardon, baritone. (Evenings at 8:30.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, except July 31, at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 14.) . . . ¶ Charles B. Schiff conducting the City Symphony Orchestra in the second of two concerts, this one with Donald Weilerstein, violin. (Thursday, July 30, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Frank Brieff conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Paul Olefsky, cello. (Friday, July 31, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with Mauricio Fuks, violin. The first in a series of four weekly concerts. (Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8:30.)

CHAMBER MUSIC IN WASHINGTON SQUARE—Robert Hickok conducting an orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Paul Ingraham, French horn, and Arthur Weisberg, bassoon. (Monday, Aug. 3, at 9. In the event of rain the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 31, at 8: William Steinberg conducting the Boston Symphony, with Joseph de Pasquale, viola, and Samuel Mayes, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8: Eugene Ormandy conducting a Beethoven-Mahler program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 2, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 4, at 8: Jorge Bolet, piano, in a Beethoven-Liszt program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 7, at 8: Richard Burgin conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano; Justino Díaz, bass; and the Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 9, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 23.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Saturday, Aug. 1, at 3:30: Carlos Montoya. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: Dave Brubeck. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 3:30: Judy Collins and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: Thelonious Monk. (Lenox, Mass.)

NOTE—JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL: Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 1: Sonia Arova and Roderick Drew, Erick Hawkins and his dance company, and Roberto Ximenez and Manolo Vargas. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 4-8: Milorad Miskovitch and Janine Monin, Myra Kinch and Barton Mumaw, and Roberto Ximenez and Manolo Vargas. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at 3.) . . . **AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL:** Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: Lucas Hoving, with Patricia Christopher and Chase Robinson, plus Matteo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Paul Taylor's dance company. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Los Angeles, Thursday, July 30, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Friday, July 31, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, Aug. 1, at 2; and Sunday, Aug. 2, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 4-5, at 8. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, Aug. 7, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 8, at about 2 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities start at 1:15, and will include a couple of innings involving Jackie Robinson, Joe DiMaggio, Pee Wee Reese, and other major-league stars of past years).

BOXING—Dick Tiger vs. José Gonzalez, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, July 31. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Hackensack Golf Club, Oradell, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 6-9.)

HORSE SHOW—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 8.)

POLO—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 1. The Lexington Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 1. . . . **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 2, from Monday, Aug. 3, through Saturday, Aug. 29. The Flash, Monday, Aug. 3; the Schuylerville, Wednesday, Aug. 5; the Test, Thursday, Aug. 6; and the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 8. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 8. The Sorority, Saturday, Aug. 1, and the Sapling, Tuesday, Aug. 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

NATIONAL ROWING CHAMPIONSHIPS—At Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx: Friday, July 31, at 1:30; Saturday, Aug. 1, at 3; and Sunday, Aug. 2, at 4.

SOCCER—International Soccer League—Sunday, Aug. 2, at 3:30: Final game of the 1964 championship playoffs. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: First game of the two-game American Challenge Cup series. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, Aug. 2, at 2.

TENNIS—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Through Sunday, Aug. 2.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30, from Thursday, July 30, through Monday, Sept. 28. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 24.

YACHTING—Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. Through Saturday, Aug. 1.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 8:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Aug. 9, Aug. 11-13, Aug. 25-26, Aug. 28-30, Sept. 11-13, and Sept. 15. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Aug. 14-19, Aug. 21-23, Aug. 24 (benefit exhibition game, Mets vs. Yankees), Sept. 1-7, and Sept. 9-10.

DOG SHOW—Westchester Kennel Club. (Purchase. Sept. 6.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Denver Broncos. (Shea Stadium. Sept. 12.)

HORSE SHOWS—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Sept. 5-7.) . . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Sept. 10-13.)

HUNT RACING—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Sept. 12.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D. C. Sept. 12-13.)

OLYMPIC TRIALS—Rowing events, including fours, pairs, and double sculls. (Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx. Aug. 26-29.) . . . ¶ Bicycle races. (Central Park. Sept. 5-6.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Aug. 31-Oct. 3. . . . AT-LANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Aug. 10-Oct. 10.

SOCCER—International Soccer League at Downing Stadium, Randalls Island: Aug. 9.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At WATKINS GLEN: Aug. 23. . . . LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Aug. 29. . . . THOMPSON RACEWAY, Conn.: Sept. 7.

TENNIS—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Aug. 10-16.) . . . ¶ U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Aug. 16-23.) . . . ¶ National Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Sept. 2-13.)

YACHTING—America's Cup semifinal trials, British yachts. (Newport, R.I. Aug. 10-17.) . . . ¶ America's Cup final trials, American yachts. (Newport, R.I. Aug. 17-Sept. 6.) . . . ¶ Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Aug. 19-23.) . . . ¶ America's Cup final trials, British yachts. (Newport, R.I. Aug. 24-Sept. 6.) . . . ¶ America's Cup races. (Newport, R.I. Starting Sept. 15.)

BALLET—The Leningrad Kirov Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, Sept. 8-26.

OTHER DATES—The Democratic National Convention will start on Aug. 24 in Atlantic City. . . . ¶ Ice Capades, at Madison Square Garden, Aug. 26-Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, Sept. 4-27. . . . ¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 7. . . . ¶ New York Film Festival, at Philharmonic Hall, Sept. 14-26. . . . ¶ Third-quarter Federal and New York State income-tax payments are due Tuesday, Sept. 15.

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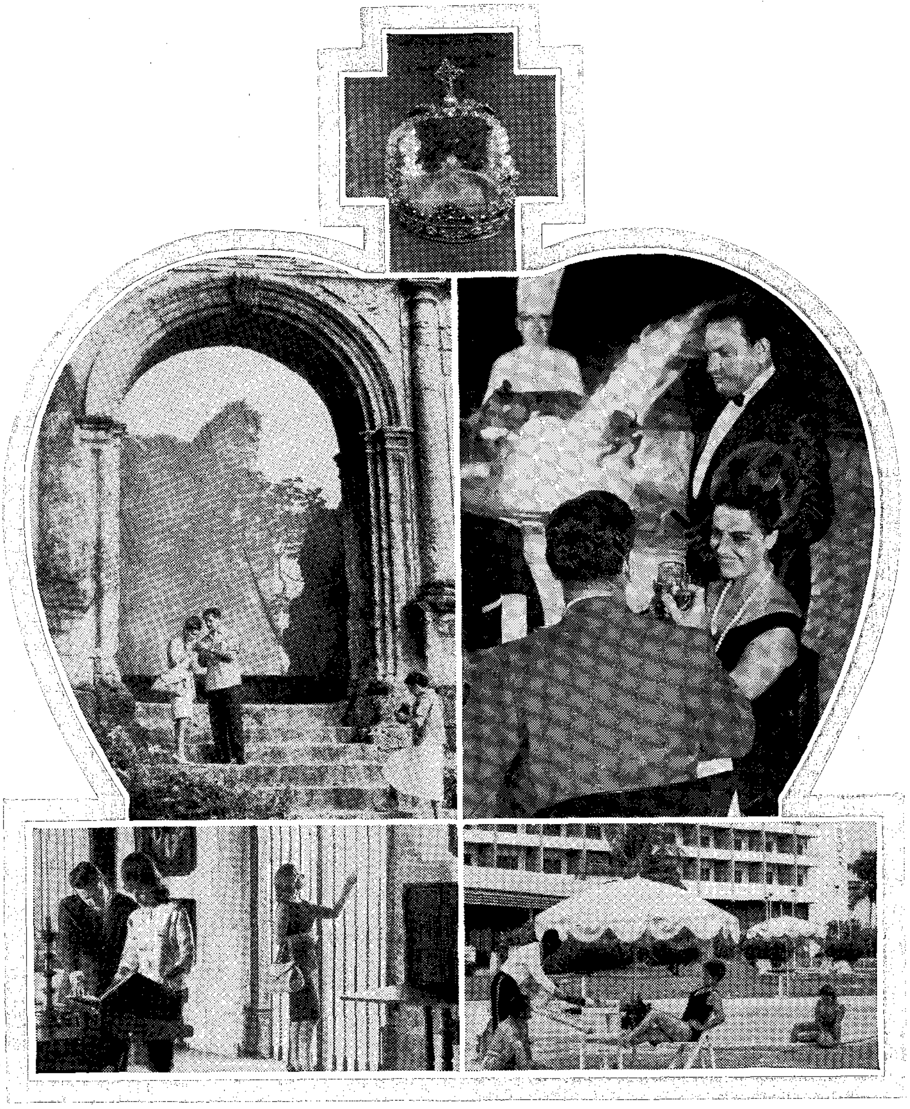

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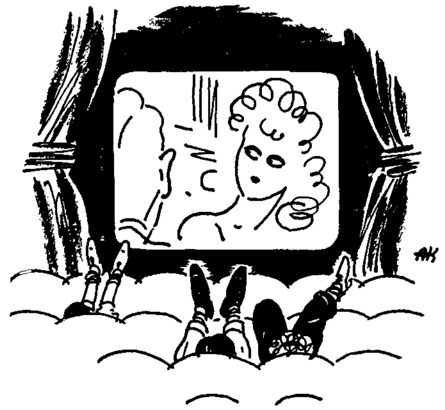
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in a rousing and surprisingly witty adaptation of the Anouilh play. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Best Man—A political melodrama, brilliantly written by Gore Vidal. It stars Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson, and Lee Tracy, and Franklin Schaffner directed. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Aug. 4, tentative.)

Cleopatra—The famous epic, which looks like "Aïda" raised to the tenth power and would be better off if it sounded like it. Still, you might as well go. Starring, of course, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, Roddy McDowall, etc., etc. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Aug. 5, tentative.)

The Fall of the Roman Empire—A Western in classical dress, with Stephen Boyd, Christopher Plummer, Sophia Loren, and Alec Guinness. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; through Aug. 4.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Not for small children. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

Mafioso—A perfect tragicomedy about a Milan factory worker who, returning to his native Sicily on vacation, becomes involved in some Mafia business. Immeasurably aided by Alberto Sordi in the leading role; Alberto Lattuada, the director, is due the rest of the credit. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This story of the courtship and marriage of a Negro and a white divorcée with a child is weakened by a dull, mawkish script, but Bernie Hamilton gives a fine performance as the hero, and Painesville, Ohio, where the movie was photographed, is certainly a lovely town to look at. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Organizer—Marcello Mastroianni is oddly captivating as a modest professor bent on righting social wrongs in nineteenth-century Italy. Directed by Mario Monicelli. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Aug. 4.)

The Servant—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a spooky tale of corruption above stairs and below. Stylishly directed by Joseph Losey. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

A Shot in the Dark—Peter Sellers being very droll as a French police inspector more incompetent than most. The movie was made under the skilled direction of Blake Edwards, who also collaborated on the script. Everybody involved should be warmly congratulated. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Tom Jones—A happy-go-lucky cartwheel of a comedy, based on Fielding but owing much of its success to the skill and high spirits of its director, Tony Richardson. With Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and many others. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200.)

The Troublemaker—High jinks concerning the tribulations of a chicken farmer trying to set up a coffeehouse in Greenwich Village. Theodore J. Flicker wrote the script of this pleasantry with the help of Buck Henry, and both gentlemen should be proud of themselves. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Aug. 4.)

The World of Henry Orient—Two little girls named Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth and quite a big boy named Peter Sellers having a merry time in Manhattan. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Yanco—An unassuming and affecting picture about a Mexican boy whose boundless love of music ironically destroys him. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—Vittorio De Sica puts Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni through their paces in a funny three-part comedy of high and low life in Naples, Milan, and Rome. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; through Aug. 4.)

Zulu—A small British garrison in Natal is attacked by at least forty regiments of Zulus, and survives to tell the tale. A straight-faced and, of its kind, just about perfect effort. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through Aug. 4.)

REVIVALS

À Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 4.)

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 30.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, derived from a story by James Thurber. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 1.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; July 30. No afternoon performances.)

Billy Budd (1962)—A rousing sea story, starring Peter Ustinov, Robert Ryan, and Terence Stamp. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 30.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 1.)

Chaplin Comedies—"The Paper Hanger," "Triple Trouble," "The Tramp," and "Shanghaied," all mementos from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 2.)

The Conjugal Bed (1963)—An account of what happens to a forty-two-year-old Don Juan when a chaste virgin consents to marry him. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; July 31-Aug. 3. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 2. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 4.)

Divorce—Italian Style (1962)—A farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. Pietro Germi is the director. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 31.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; July 30. No afternoon performances.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 31-Aug. 3.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire singing and dancing to Cole Porter's "Night and Day." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 3.)

The Great Chase (1962)—A medley of old movie chases, running from 1903 to 1927. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 2.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuela Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 31-Aug. 3.)

Love at Twenty (1963)—A portmanteau picture that looks at young love in France, Italy, Japan, Germany, and Poland. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 31.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 30.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett novel. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 1.)

The Man Who Never Was (1956)—How the British, in 1943, floated a corpse onto a Spanish beach and deceived the Germans about the Allied plan to invade Sicily. An English film, with Clifton Webb and Robert Flemyng. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 4.)

Martin Luther (1953)—Niall Mac Ginnis plays the monk from Wittenberg. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 5.)

Moby Dick (1956)—John Huston's reconstruction of the Melville novel. With Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart, and Leo Genn. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 30.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Charlie Chaplin interpreting the career of M. Landru, the French Bluebeard. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Oklahoma! (1955)—Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones in the Rodgers and Hammerstein hymn to the cow country. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; July 30.)

Orpheus (1950)—Cocteau's modern-dress version of the Greek legend. In French, with Jean Marais. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; July 30.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Aug. 3-5.)

White Wilderness (1958)—Life among the ice floes, as set forth by Walt Disney. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through Aug. 3.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through July 31: The auditorium will be closed. . . . ¶ Aug. 1: "Moscow Clad in Snow" (1908), a Pathe newsreel; and "Bed and Sofa" (1927), a Russian film. . . . ¶ Aug. 2-5: "The Wind" (1928), with Lillian Gish and Lars Hanson. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
A SHOT IN THE DARK.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through Aug. 4: **THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.**
From Aug. 5: "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"How the West Was Won," revival.

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Circus World," John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Aug. 4: "Marnie," Tippi Hedren, Sean Connery; and "Never Put It in Writing," Pat Boone.
From Aug. 5: "Robin and the 7 Hoods," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Summer Holiday," Cliff Richards.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Through Aug. 4: "The Carpetbaggers," George Peppard, Carroll Baker.
From Aug. 5: Theatre closed.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
"Sweet Ecstasy" (in French), Elke Sommer.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BECKET.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
Through Aug. 3: "The Insect Woman" (in Japanese).
From Aug. 4: "Harakiri" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Aug. 4: "Good Neighbor Sam," Jack Lemmon, Romy Schneider.
From Aug. 5: Theatre closed.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Cool World," Hampton Clanton.

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
July 30: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival.
July 31-Aug. 3: **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian), revival; and "The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.
From Aug. 4: "Summer and Smoke," revival, Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
July 30: "The Killers," Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson; and "The Private Lives of Adam & Eve," Mickey Rooney.
From July 31: "Ensign Pulver," Robert Walker, Burl Ives; and "Goliath and the Vampires," Gordon Scott.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 4: **ZULU.**
From Aug. 5: "The Carpetbaggers," George Peppard, Carroll Baker.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Aug. 4 (tentative): **THE BEST MAN**; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.
From Aug. 5 (tentative): **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
TOM JONES.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Aug. 3: **WHITE WILDERNESS**, revival; plus two Disney shorts.
From Aug. 4: "The African Lion," revival, a full-length Walt Disney film; plus two Disney shorts.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
A SHOT IN THE DARK.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Aug. 4: "Marnie," Tippi Hedren, Sean Connery; and "Never Put It in Writing," Pat Boone.
From Aug. 5: "Robin and the 7 Hoods," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Summer Holiday," Cliff Richards.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Good Neighbor Sam," Jack Lemmon, Romy Schneider.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
MONSIEUR VERDOUX, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Good Neighbor Sam," Jack Lemmon, Romy Schneider.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Nothing But the Best," Alan Bates.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Los Tarantos" (in Spanish), Carmen Amaya.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-4130)
Through Aug. 1: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian), revival.
Aug. 2-4: "Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.
From Aug. 5: "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
MAFIOSO (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Aug. 4: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian).
From Aug. 5: "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 4 (tentative): "Hey There It's Yogi Bear," a full-length cartoon; and (evenings only) "The Long Ships," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier.
From Aug. 5 (tentative): "The Prize," Paul Newman; and "Sunday in New York," Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
TOM JONES.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
July 30: "The Killers," Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson; and "The Private Lives of Adam & Eve," Mickey Rooney.
From July 31: "Ensign Pulver," Robert Walker, Burl Ives; and "Goliath and the Vampires," Gordon Scott.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 4: "Hey There It's Yogi Bear," a full-length cartoon; and "The Quick Gun," Audie Murphy.
From Aug. 5: "The Carpetbaggers," George Peppard, Carroll Baker.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
July 30: **M** (in German), revival; and **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival.
July 31-Aug. 3: **THE 400 BLOWS** and **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (both in French and both revivals).
From Aug. 4: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival; and **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 2: **ZULU**; and **THE GREAT CHASE**, revival.
Aug. 3-5: **A TASTE OF HONEY**, revival; and "Waltz of the Toreadors," revival, Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 4: **THE TROUBLEMAKER.**
From Aug. 5: "Marnie," Tippi Hedren, Sean Connery.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Aug. 4: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian).
From Aug. 5 (tentative): "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 4: "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From Aug. 5: "The Carpetbaggers," George Peppard, Carroll Baker.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
TOM JONES.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Aug. 4: **ZULU**; and "Doctor in Distress," Dirk Bogarde.
From Aug. 5: "Marnie," Tippi Hedren, Sean Connery; and "Never Put It in Writing," Pat Boone.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Aug. 4: "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.
From Aug. 5: "The Carpetbaggers," George Peppard, Carroll Baker.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
July 30: **ORPHEUS** (in French), revival; and "Beauty and the Beast" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
From July 31: "Beauties of the Night" (in French), revival, Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Beauty and the Devil" (in French), revival, Michel Simon.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Carpetbaggers," George Peppard, Carroll Baker.

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
July 30: **OKLAHOMA!**, revival; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel.
From July 31: "Carousel," revival, Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones; and "Annie Get Your Gun," revival, Betty Hutton.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE SERVANT.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
YANCO, a Mexican film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Cartouche" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Claudia Cardinale.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 30: **MOBY DICK**, revival; and **BILLY BUDD**, revival.
July 31: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian), revival; and **LOVE AT TWENTY** (five episodes, five languages), revival.
Aug. 1: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival.
Aug. 2: **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival; and "Gunga Din," revival, Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Aug. 3: **THE GAY DIVORCÉE**, revival; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel.
Aug. 4: **THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS**, revival; and "Rififi" (in French), revival, Jean Servais.
Aug. 5: "Peeping Tom," revival, Karl Boehm, Moira Shearer; and "The Savage Innocents," revival, Anthony Quinn.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
ZULU; and "Doctor in Love," revival, Michael Craig.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 30: "Black Tights," revival, a dance film, with Cyd Charisse, Moira Shearer, Zizi Jeanmaire, and Roland Petit, narrated by Maurice Chevalier; plus four short films on art.
July 31: "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), revival, Heinz Ruhmann; and "Romanoff and Juliet," revival, Peter Ustinov, Sandra Dee.
Aug. 1: **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES**, revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston.
Aug. 2: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent); and "The Emperor's Nightingale," revival.
Aug. 3: "Cavalleria Rusticana" (in Italian), revival, Mario Del Monaco; and "La Traviata" (in Italian), revival, Lucia Evangelista, Giulio Gari.
Aug. 4: "Happy Anniversary," and two other short films; plus ten U.P.A. cartoons.
Aug. 5: **MARTIN LUTHER**, revival; and "Life Begins Tomorrow" (in French), revival, an episodic film, with Jean Pierre Aumont, Jean-Paul Sartre, and André Gide.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
TOM JONES.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Hours—Grounds open daily at 9 A.M.; individual exhibits from 10 A.M. to at least 10 P.M. Depending on the weather and the number of people still around, some exhibits stay open later; the Fair gates are closed at 2 A.M. . . . ¶ Nightly fireworks-water-music mixture at Fountain of Planets at about 9 P.M.

Admission—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1.

Children—Up to eight years old may be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center ($1 per hour, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.); up to twelve years old in the Danish Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground (twenty-five cents an hour; fifty cents minimum).

Music—Guy Lombardo provides music for dancing at the Tiparillo Band Pavilion every night except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30.

Advice—Recently, more than two hundred thousand people a day have been going to the Fair, which means that it is always crowded, though the crowds are smaller after 7 P.M. Industrial exhibits such as General Motors, Ford, General Electric, Johnson's Wax, and I.B.M. are free, vary in quality, and are usually impossible to get into except at dinnertime, when the Fair's restaurants are impossible to get into. The exhibits in the Amusement Area are always possible to get into, but they cost money and are the least interesting at the Fair.

The best plan is to go to only one impossible exhibit a day, between six and nine in the evening. If that is impracticable, arrive at nine in the morning in order to have a good place in line by the time the exhibit opens at 10.

There are twenty-five-cent buses and Glide-a-ride trains that move slowly around the Fairgrounds; the fastest way to get from one place to another is to walk.

Most of the restaurants are relatively expensive. Some accept reservations, but otherwise the best time to try to get lunch is before twelve or after two, and dinner after nine.

A particularly good way to get to the Fair is on the Long Island Rail Road.

There isn't any good reason for going to the Fair on a Saturday.

Children like everything at the Fair.

TRANSPORTATION

Automobile—There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate.

Trains—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

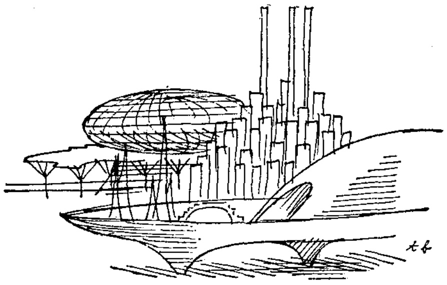
Subways—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square, Fifth Avenue, and Grand Central Station.

Buses—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair every fifteen minutes between 8:45 A.M. and 9 P.M.; from the Fair (Gate 4), on the half-hour between 11 A.M. and 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; 40th Street and Eleventh Avenue; Gimbels, 32nd Street, west of Sixth Avenue; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Hotel Lexington, 48th Street and Lexington. $1 each way.

Boats—Hydrofoils leave from the dock at the foot of East 26th Street every twenty minutes between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. Fare $6 round trip; the run takes about twenty-five minutes, and a fifteen-cent bus ride to the Fairgrounds is necessary.

Helicopter—New York Airways helicopters leave Kennedy International Airport for the Fair approximately every hour between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M. Adults $6, children $3.

At the Fair—Buses and three-coach tractor trains slowly traverse the Fair, stopping at frequent stations; twenty-five cents a ride. . . . ¶ Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares are $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four; minimum, $3 for twenty minutes. There is also a special deal: $70 for eight hours. . . . ¶ Baby strollers $2 a day. Wheelchairs $4.50 a day. . . . ¶ Helicopters taking off from the Port Authority Heliport provide six-minute sightseeing tours of the Fair, adults $6.50, children $3.50.



ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

African Pavilion—Twenty-four African countries are represented by displays of art and information, a short documentary film, frequent performances of music and dancing, and a small zoo. Adults $1.50; children fifty cents.

Automobile Companies—Both Ford and General Motors provide free rides into the future, and the Chrysler exhibits include a show about a talking carburetor, which children might enjoy.

Better Living Center—Among the pitchmen on the third floor is an excellent small exhibit of paintings and sculptures called Four Centuries of American Masterpieces. Admission fifty cents.

Du Pont—A commercial musical show followed by a series of chemical demonstrations goes on about forty times a day. Du Pont products are praised, and the waiting lines are long.

Dynamic Maturity—Included in this exhibit, which is sponsored by the National Retired Teachers Association and the American Association of retired persons, is a photograph of Walter Pidgeon.

Formica House—At the intersection of the Avenues of Research and Enterprise, there is a house constructed of and furnished with indestructible materials and inhabited by an invisible but garrulous family. The moral of it all is that a house is a love story.

Greece—The first twenty-seven lines of the Odyssey are inscribed on one of the walls of the Greek Pavilion, and there is also an attractive display of Greek tobacco.

Republic of Guinea—The small display here includes bows and arrows, wood carvings, musical instruments, and two books on political philosophy by President Sekou Touré.

I.B.M.—The I.B.M. Pavilion is the most beautiful structure at the Fair, and the two puppet shows in the center of the main plaza, which illustrate the nature of computers, are among the best shows at the Fair.

Illinois—Drums, trumpets, and a choral recitation of the Preamble to the Constitution loudly proclaim the appearance of Walt Disney's mechanical reincarnation of Abraham Lincoln, who stands up and makes a short speech in a groaning voice.

Johnson Wax—A short non-commercial film called "To Be Alive!" is shown every half hour or so in the Golden Rondelle theatre, and is an excellent reason to go to the Fair.

Mexico—A large and attractive display of Mexican manufactures, handicrafts, and art.

Polynesia—Teen-age Polynesian singers, dancers, musicians, and pearl divers perform in and around a small pool. Adults $1; children fifty cents. Part of the price of an oyster guaranteed to contain a pearl—$2—goes to the Samoan Education Department.

Travelers Insurance—A series of life-size, three-dimensional scenes depicting triumphs of man or the objects of man's triumphs, and bearing some resemblance to the Ford and General Motors exhibits but easier to get into.

PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

Circus—Adjoining the one-ring circus in the Amusement Area is a display of two gorillas, one advertised as the largest and the other as the oldest in captivity. Twenty-five cents.

Coca-Cola—There are almost always large crowds walking through, or waiting to walk through, Hong Kong, Cambodia, Rio de Janeiro and other places, recreated with supposedly authentic smells and bottles of Coke in typical settings.

Pepsi-Cola-UNICEF Small World—A delightful boat ride past Disney-animated dolls dressed in native costumes and singing, dancing, and playing musical instruments. Adults ninety-five cents; children sixty cents.

R.C.A.—There are always many people standing in line outside this pavilion, and, no doubt, there is a very interesting exhibit inside.

RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one eating place of some kind. There are some outdoor cafés in the Amusement Area that are not necessarily good but are often not crowded.)

African Pavilion—The Tree House Restaurant is a very pleasant place for a long lunch on a weekday. For reservations, call AR 1-3440.

Brass Rail Refreshment Stands—Unfortunately, these stands, though numerous, are designed for complete chaos and discomfort.

Caribbean Pavilion—Fairly expensive food and drink, and a more or less continuous, more or less Caribbean stage show. For reservations, call Mr. Bronber, AR 1-2710.

Danish Pavilion—The Kattegat Inn serves open-face sandwiches or any one of almost thirty other entrées for about three dollars. The Restaurant of Denmark serves a $6.50 "grand cold table," and also has a large à-la-carte menu. The service is excellent.

Festival of Gas—A good, expensive restaurant run by Restaurant Associates. For reservations, call AR 1-5070.

Republic of Guinea—A medium-priced restaurant serving lamb, chicken, and shrimp dishes, and not doing as much business as it deserves. It is therefore a good place to go for a meal and a stage show featuring Guinean music and dancing.

Hilton Café International—A large, moderately priced restaurant in the Better Living Center. There is buffet service from five open kitchens labelled North American, South American, European, Mediterranean, and Oriental, and some of the tables are out on a terrace with a good view of the Fair. Open from noon to 10 P.M.

Indian Pavilion—Good, fairly expensive Indian food for lunch and dinner. Call AR 1-4123 for reservations.

Indonesian Pavilion—An Indonesian lunch costs about $5, dinner about $7.75. There are shows featuring Balinese and Sumatran music and/or dancing at 12:30, 2:30, 7, and 9:30. The restaurant closes at 10 P.M. For reservations, call AR 1-8106-7-8-9.

Lebanese Pavilion—In the courtyard is a café serving interesting, inexpensive food.

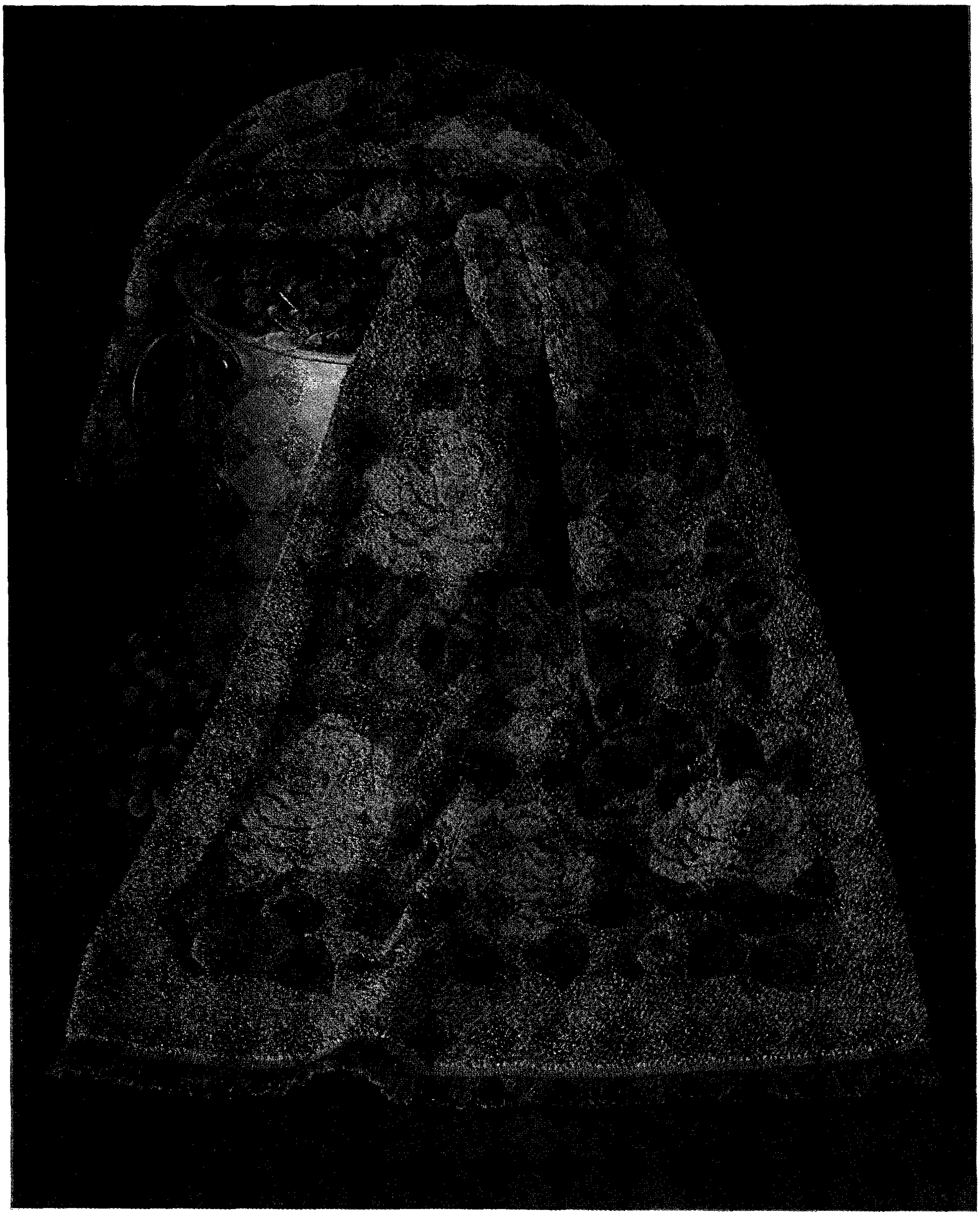
Mexican Pavilion—The Focolare restaurant serves expensive Mexican food in luxurious surroundings, and the Café Alameda serves moderately priced Mexican dishes in less luxurious surroundings. There is also an attractive, comfortable bar. For reservations, call AR 1-0022, AR1-0023, respectively.

Moroccan Pavilion—The entrance to the restaurant is hidden in a corner of the outdoor bazaar. Prices are moderate, the chicken Dejaj is especially good, and the meal is accompanied by Moroccan music and night-club acts.

Spanish Pavilion—The Granada serves good, fairly expensive Spanish food. The Toledo serves good, more expensive French and Spanish food (although they do have a Spanish omelet for two dollars). The service at both is efficient, and the dinner conversation is about the prices. No reservations.

Swedish Pavilion—A delicious and abundant smörgåsbord is available for six dollars at both lunch and dinner. Reservations taken for lunch only (until 4 P.M.). AR 1-5303.

Top of the Fair—A large, expensive restaurant with a good view of the Fair from some tables. Reservations accepted for "sittings" at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 9:30. Call 888-5500.



NEW BLUE IN BATH TOWELS! OUT OF OUR GOLDEN CROWN COLLECTION COMES THE TWILIGHT ROSE PATTERN IN LUSCIOUS BLUEBERRY WITH A FROSTING OF TURQUOISE. ALL ON LUSH, HIGH-PILE JACQUARD AS ONLY DUNDEE DOES IT. THERE ARE 4 MORE DELICIOUS COLOR COMBINATIONS TO CHOOSE FROM. THE BATH SIZE ABOUT $3.25.

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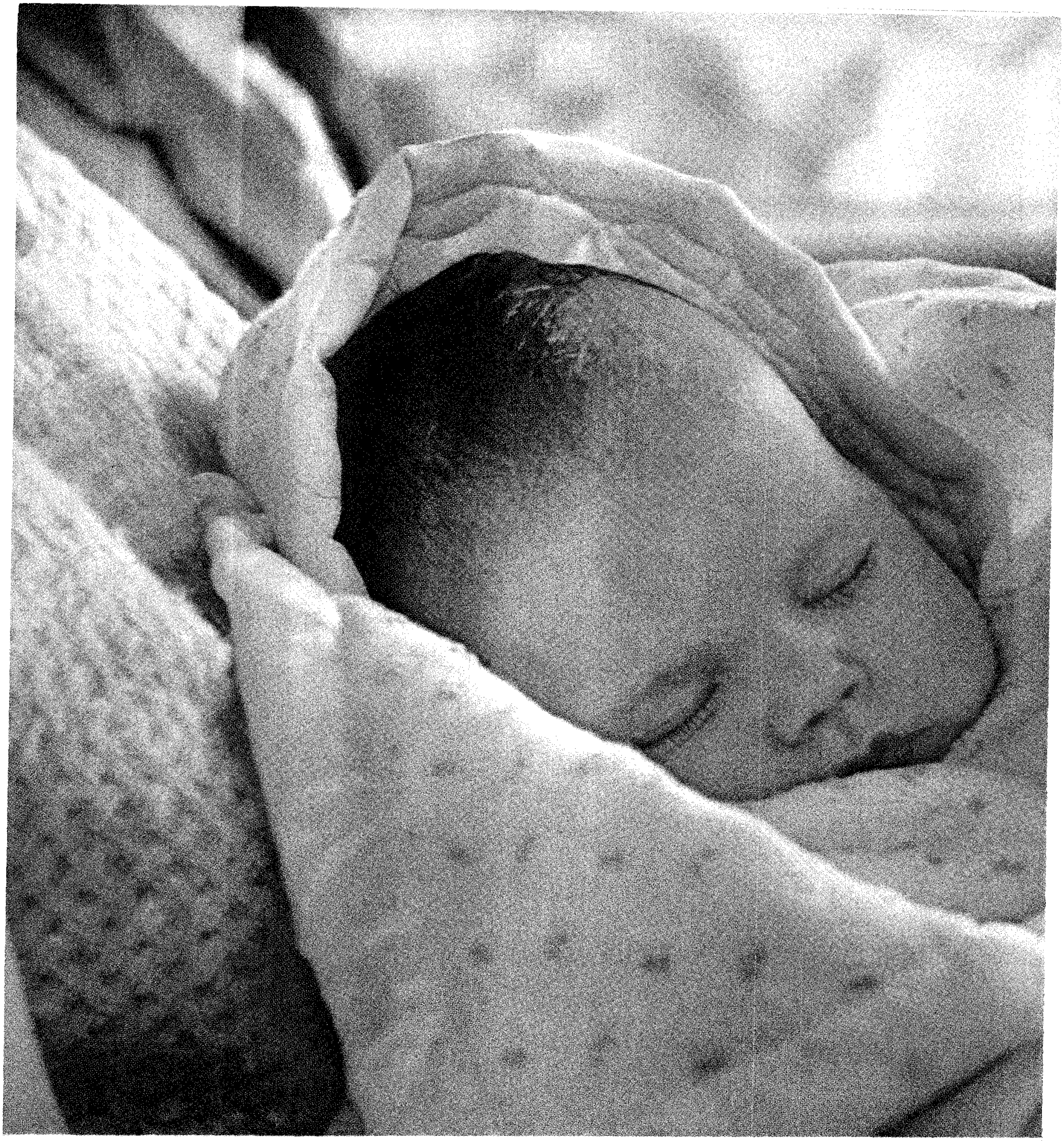

Billy is going home in one of our '64's. The warrant

The 5-year or 50,000-mile warranty* on the engine and drive train of every new 1964 Chrysler Corporation car is the longest, strongest warranty of its kind ever issued on an American car.

This warranty is the finest protection a new car investment ever had.

It protects you against big repair bills resulting from defects in these expensive-to-repair parts. It pays for labor as well as parts.

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And your lasting satisfaction helps Chrysler Corpo tion, the eighth largest industrial business in Ameri move ahead with confidence in its growth and ent siasm about the future.

ould still be in force when he goes to school.

Chrysler Corporation warrants for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever
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anual clutch), torque converter drive shaft, universal joints, rear axle
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hange and the carburetor air filter cleaned every 6 months and replaced
very 2 years, and every 6 months furnishes to such a dealer evidence of
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) receipt of such evidence and (2) the car's then current mileage.

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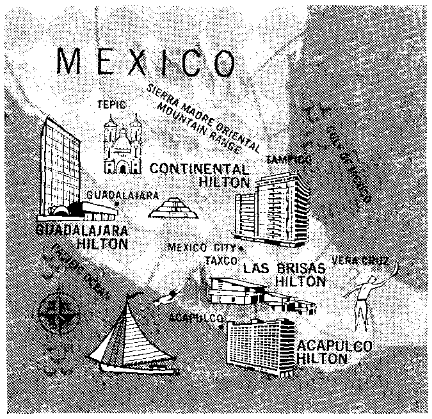
GET THE MOST OUT OF MEXICO

Mexico City/Acapulco/Guadalajara

by Peter Griffith

Mexico is so vast and so varied that deciding what to see sometimes seems an insuperable task. Happily, the Mexico City-Acapulco-Guadalajara triangle gives you the essence of the many Mexicos: natural spectacle and architectural splendor, excitement and relaxation. Travel between the three is simple—and in each there's a magnificent hotel waiting to pamper you with all the comforts of Hilton (in Acapulco there are two). You'll enjoy full airconditioning, exciting local décor, superb Mexican and international cuisine, friendly Hilton service.

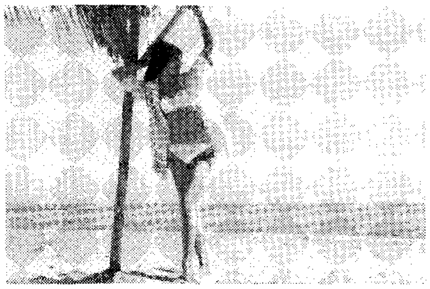


The fashionable heart of Mexico City

At the Continental Hilton on the Paseo de la Reforma (Mexico's Champs Élysées) you're right at the center of everything you'll want to see and do. Between lunch at the Café Tarasco and cocktails in the rooftop Belvedere Bar, you can hop a cab to the world's largest bull ring...discover the treasures of Emperor Maximilian in lovely Chapultepec Castle . . . watch the jai alai players at El Frontón . . . or shop up a storm in the Avenida Madero.

While you relax after your explorations, gaze at Popocatepetl from your terrace. Sip tequila in the Mayabar. Dine and dance in the Belvedere Supper Club, with the whole city spread out below you and fascinating people all around. Discover Mexican food at its finest. Enjoy all the comforts of Hilton. Rooms start as low as $9.20 a day, single, $11.20 double.

Beauty and the Beach at Acapulco



The sumptuous Acapulco Hilton (one hour's flight from Mexico City) is your perfect base for big game fishing, sailing, skin-diving, water-skiing, celebrity-spotting (and being spotted) . . . the sports that made Acapulco famous. It's right on the beach, with acres of exotic tropical gardens around it. The swimming pool is so big there's an island-restaurant in the middle of it. Dine and dance there—or under the stars at the fascinating Tianguis Room. Explore the countryside in a pink candy-striped jeep. Or hunt for treasures in Mexican leather and silver, right in the hotel's own shopping arcade. Rates start at $24 a day, single, $28 double.

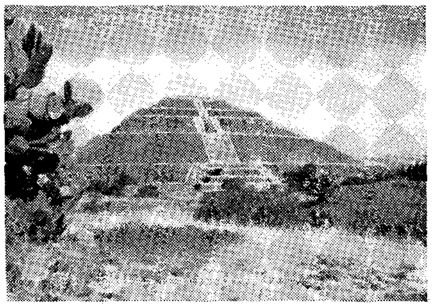
Acapulco again: a private paradise

The Las Brisas Hilton is delightfully different. A cluster of private, pink casitas on a flower-decked hillside overlooking Acapulco Bay. Many have their own private swimming pool. Here you can bask in the sun in perfect peace and quiet...but you'll dine and dance in the Bella Vista Room, with a breathtaking view of the bay and the Pacific. Rates? As low as $24 a day, single, $28 double.

Oasis in Guadalajara

The ancient Spanish City of Guadalajara is only one hour's flight from Mexico City or Acapulco. It has graceful colonial arcades, tree-shaded patios, exquisite Spanish gardens...and from May 1964, it will also have an oasis of modern comfort called the Guadalajara Hilton. Discover a 2000-foot canyon... the horseshoe falls of Juanacatlan . . . the glass-blowers of Tlaquepaque. Relax in the huge swimming pool . . . or dance the night away in the mountain-view roof-top bar. Rates start at $14 a day, single, $16 double.

Tantalize yourself a little. Write for gorgeous color brochures and rates to Peter Griffith, Hilton Hotels International, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York 22, N. Y. For reservations, see your travel agent, or call any Hilton Hotel or Hilton Reservation Office (see phone book). At all Hilton Hotels, charges can be paid for on your Carte Blanche Credit Card or Hilton Credit Identification Card.



GO INTERNATIONAL...WITH ALL THE COMFORTS OF HILTON

Peck & Peck

Photographed by Richard Dormer in the village of Linz, charming stopover down the Rhine from Cologne, Germany

Women notice it's a *Hadley*...men just notice you

The Peck & Peck Girl applauds the strategy of a Hadley cashmere. That fine quality look knowing women recognize...and that downy softness that's so flatteringly feminine. Here, dressmaker detailing on the tiny collar. Douglas blue, Gleneagles green or Glamis gold. 34 to 40, *30.00* Pleated tissue wool faille skirt in matchmate blue or green. 8 to 16, *17.00*

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the early morning, in Bedford-Stuyvesant, we drove past places we had seen many times before. We went through familiar streets where once we bought half-green, half-orange mangoes to bring home to ripen in our sunlit window, and past stores with windows once lined with bottles of Chianti and Strega. We drove past the fish market—closed for two weeks' vacation—and the clothing stores, stuffed with "bargains." But the sights, like the turmoil of our thoughts, were no longer familiar. There was a shattering peace to this scene, presided over by a blue mobile coffee wagon, surrounded by weary police officers. The sounds, too, were new. There was the syncopated sound of alarm bells that were going off, in an odd sort of delayed action, one after another, in the stores we passed. Tomorrow, perhaps, the plate glass will be whole again in the storefront windows, and the doorframes mended. Yet the familiar streets will never be the same again. The city will never be the same again. Nor should it be.

Bedford-Stuyvesant

THE trouble came to Bedford-Stuyvesant with the hot spell, and it had been a surprisingly long time in coming. Harlem is where the people of New York expect to find their trouble. And outside the city, until last week, the name Bedford-Stuyvesant meant nothing. But in the wake of four days of rioting and turbulence, many people have found out what New York police and a few sociologists and housing experts had been saying for a long time: Bedford-Stuyvesant, spreading its borders every day in Brooklyn, is bigger than Harlem, more heavily populated than Harlem, and, in the final accounting, a tougher ghetto than Harlem. Yet it was logical that the spark that touched off the trouble had come over from Harlem. Like many a Bedford-Stuyvesant resident heading home after a hard night, trouble had taken the A train right from 125th Street, and it had ridden over to Brooklyn and had got off at Nostrand Avenue and Fulton Street, which is the crossroads of what is, for New York's Negro community, the Second City. It is axiomatic that Bedford-Stuyvesant is to Harlem what Chicago is to New York. The Brooklyn enclave has its entertainments, but the sophisticated entertainments—legal and illegal—are in Harlem; Bedford-Stuyvesant has its own stores (and some good stores), but Negro styles are set in Harlem. It is not surprising, therefore, that the people of Bedford-Stuyvesant feel about Harlem as many Chicagoans feel about New York: that they can do anything that has to be done and do it bigger and better—or, if the occasion calls for it, bigger and much, much worse.

What set Bedford-Stuyvesant off, as it had set Harlem off two days before, was the fatal shooting on July 16th of fifteen-year-old James Powell, a Negro, by a white police lieutenant, Thomas Gilligan, near a school in Yorkville. Police said that the lieutenant, in civilian clothes, shot only after the Powell boy attacked with a knife. The question of whether Lieutenant Gilligan used unnecessary force went to a grand jury and into the streets as well. It focussed in Harlem on 125th Street, where the stores are. Bedford-Stuyvesant has its street of stores, too—Fulton Street—and when trouble came it centered on the biggest intersection of Fulton Street, at Nostrand Avenue.

Nostrand Avenue comes down from the north and the approaches to the Williamsburg Bridge. It runs south of Bedford-Stuyvesant to Crown Heights, and to Flatbush. Since Nostrand was made one-way recently, it has become a major artery for outward-bound bridge traffic. Fulton Street runs east from Nostrand to East New York, which is rapidly turning into a Bedford-Stuyvesant suburb, and west to downtown Brooklyn. The arms of the cross that the two streets make encompass over a hundred city blocks and well over four hundred thousand New Yorkers. They are almost all Negroes. The rioting during the week of July 20th was confined almost completely within an area of four large city blocks—from the block above Fulton to the block below it, and from Nostrand two blocks west to Franklin. But the crime that followed spread over all of Bedford-Stuyvesant and the bordering areas of Brooklyn.

The first night, Monday, there was a Congress of Racial Equality rally,

Rowland B. Wilson

"Please hurry, Hilary. Your soup's getting dirty."

• •

and it broke up aimlessly at 2 A.M. with a march down Nostrand from CORE headquarters to Fulton. The taverns emptied as the marchers came down, and suddenly the streets were filled. The resulting Signal 10-41—which amounts to a riot call—brought police from all over the borough, and from Queens. It also set off the riot. As if by a general sign, storefronts—white and black—in the block between Nostrand and Bedford on Fulton, and several hundred feet north and south on Bedford, were smashed. For three hours in the early morning, patrol cars screamed their way up and down Nostrand and Bedford and Franklin and along Fulton. And each time the noise of the sirens diminished, the clang of burglar alarms increased. Monday night's riot statistics, as reported by the police, were thirty arrests for malicious mischief, disorderly conduct, burglary, looting, and assaults on police officers; one injury, to a woman bystander; and thirty "broken windows," which is what the Department euphemistically terms looted stores.

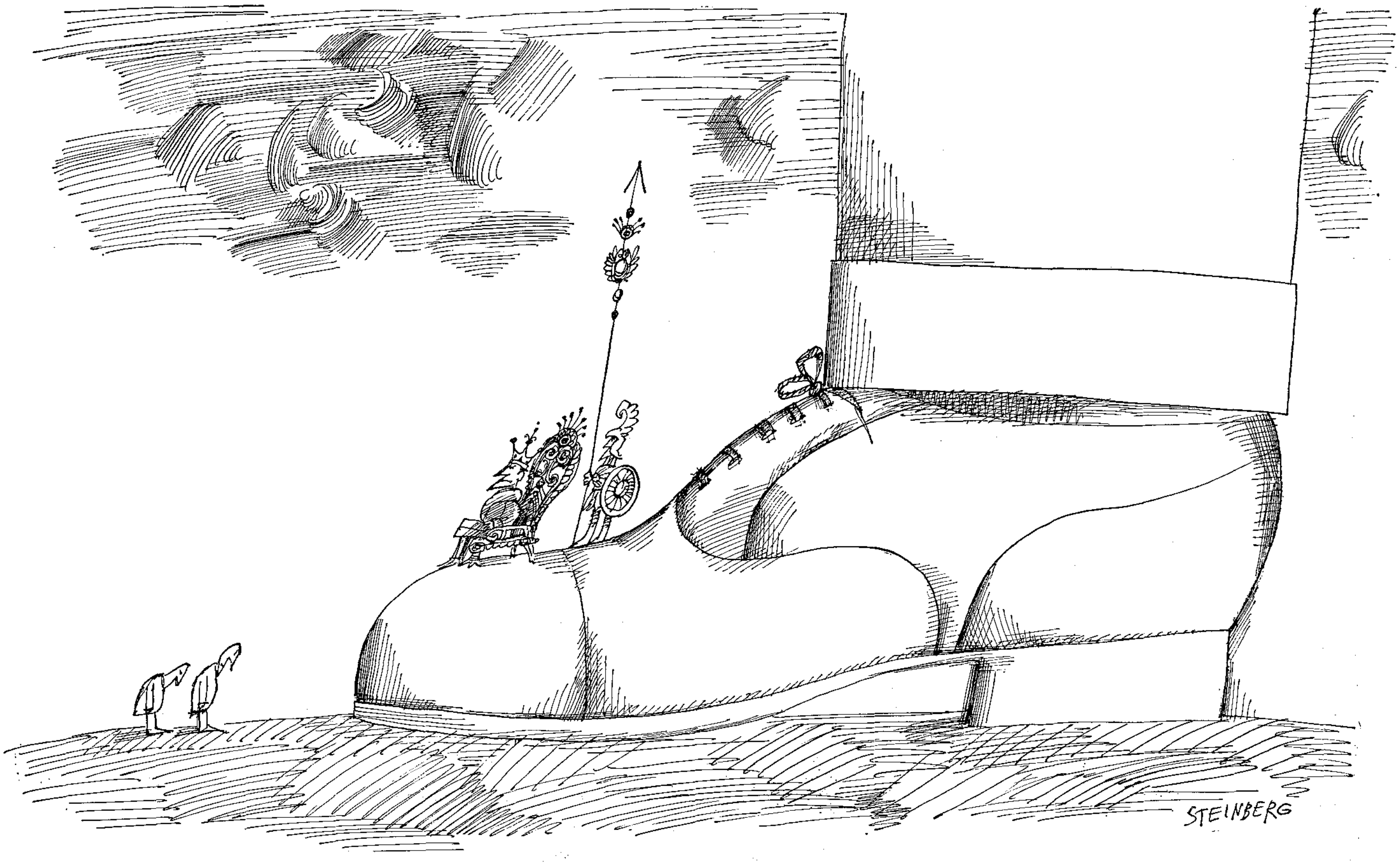
Tuesday night, the riot started early. CORE had planned another rally, but the scent of danger was in the air and it was called off. This left Nostrand and Fulton to the black nationalists, who had been making appearances on the northeast corner, with little visible effect, at least five times a week for the past year. Tuesday night, their effect was indeed visible. A nationalist climbed up on a portable podium surmounted by a sign "Buy Black" and talked for an hour as police, four to each corner, looked on. There was no attempt to stop the speaker, who grew more and more inflammatory. Leaflets bearing Lieutenant Gilligan's picture and headed "Wanted for Murder" were passed around freely among the two hundred men and women surrounding the podium on the northeast corner. The crowd became increasingly restive, and when the crash of glass came it surprised no one. The first broken window that night belonged to a drugstore right in front of the speaker, and the crowd scattered. Several officers went over and looked at the shards of glass for a minute, and then one kicked the pieces over to the building wall. The speaker never stopped talking. Soon the crowd drifted back, and after a few minutes it was even larger than it had been before; two hundred and fifty stood around the speaker on the wide sidewalk, and the overflow spilled into the street and became a menace to cars. The police held off. Then there was a commotion, and a girl, not yet in her teens, was streaking east; she held something—cupped in her hands—that she had snatched, under the police guard's eyes, from the broken store window. There was a laugh as she disappeared. A few seconds later, there were shots from the west and the crowd began to run—not away from but toward the gunfire. As children, men, and women ran, on both sides of the street, patrol cars raced past them, and the voice of the nationalist speaker was drowned in the noise of the sirens. His last, ignored words from the podium were "No! No! That's what 'the man' wants you to do. He wants you to riot, so he can shoot you down."

The original gunfire, from Franklin and Fulton, had been the police dispersing a much smaller crowd than the one at Nostrand Avenue, and from Nostrand to Bedford the mob cut a swath with bottles and ashcans until the burglar alarms formed a chorus of at least two dozen voices within minutes. One man heaved a bottle through a five-and-ten-cent-store window, reached in, handed himself out a cheap suitcase, and started to walk away, and then, as if he had had a second thought, returned to the window, reached in again, pulled out another suitcase, and handed it to a friend who had been holding back. Then both headed into the night. By this time, the mob was racing back and forth on Fulton, stopping and turning at each crash of breaking glass. In the middle of it was a reporter from the *Herald Tribune*, Fred C. Shapiro, who wrote this account of the Bedford-Stuyvesant riots for *The New Yorker*. The reporter had fallen behind the police to watch the rioters, acting as though he thought he was detached from the entire scene by the yellow press shield he had pinned to his suit jacket. Suddenly, however, he wasn't a reporter anymore. He was Whitey. Up to that moment, it had been the Negro community against the police—white and black. Now it was black against white. The reporter was walking from the totally unlighted area (the lights had been broken) between Nostrand and Bedford. He was headed for a movie-theatre marquee near Bedford, on the north side of the street. There was a gang of youths close behind him, and they were chanting, "Let's get Whitey." The chant deepened as more men and boys took it up. It wasn't just "Let's get Whitey;" it became "Let's kill Whitey." The reporter walked faster. Suddenly, from in front of the movie house, a Negro youth came running out. "Let him alone!" he yelled. The crowd following the reporter hesitated for a second, and there was the crash of another broken window behind them, back toward Nostrand. "Hey, look at that," the boy who had stopped the others said. He began running toward the new broken glass, and the crowd turned and followed him. The reporter, who had been threatened by Negroes and saved by a Negro, scurried to the safety of the nearest prowl car, around the corner on Bedford Avenue.

The rest of the night was probably the worst night of rioting in New York City since the race riots of 1943 in Harlem. Until after dawn, patrolmen were busy shuttling between Franklin and Nostrand on Fulton and up and down Nostrand, chasing the trail of burglar alarms and broken windows and diversionary false reports of officers in trouble and false fire alarms. Thousands of shots were fired, some aimed, but most put into the air as warnings. When it was all over, the toll was twenty civilians hurt, two with serious gunshot wounds; three police injuries; a hundred and five arrests; and more than five hundred "broken windows."

On Wednesday, Fulton Street resounded to hammering as boards sprang up where windows had been. The day was also marked by inconclusive meetings of civic and church leaders. Thirty-five ministers and representatives of civic organizations had said on Tuesday that they could not take upon themselves the responsibility of quieting the community, but on Wednesday, after Mayor Wagner had returned from Europe with an appeal for peace, at least one outfit, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, was willing to try. It didn't get far, however. The N.A.A.C.P. sound truck appeared early at Fulton and Nostrand and set up shop where the black nationalists had been the night before. The N.A.A.C.P. distributed leaflets headed, "Cool it, baby! The message has been delivered." The audience listened calmly as the man at the microphone—George Fleary, an N.A.A.C.P. attorney—said, "This is what Wallace and Goldwater and every Southern politician is happy to see." But the crowd turned ugly a minute later, when the speaker urged them to "lay off the cop on the beat." There was a rush toward the microphone by a group of adults and youths. They were held off for a time, but after a few minutes youth and numbers began to tell. The boys and young men were all around the sound truck now. Mr. Fleary was pleading, "Let me finish. Please let me finish," but they were rocking the truck, trying to turn it over. Police finally broke through, and Mr. Fleary was able to drive the sound truck away. For a time, it seemed as though Wednesday would be a worse day than Tuesday, but a sudden rain, just after midnight, drove crowds off the street. Wednesday's total: three men wounded by police fire, a hundred and twenty-two arrested, and four hundred "broken windows."

The rioting ended on Thursday night. Cooler weather and early rains held the size of the crowds down, and the knots of police looked bored as they kept watch over the reporters and photographers at Fulton and Nostrand. What



looting there was happened farther and farther from the core of Bedford-Stuyvesant, and there was nothing directly racial in any of the incidents. Just in case something racial might turn up, however, the city had recruited a pair of ministers—both Negro—and had sent them into the neighborhood in a sound truck north and south of Fulton. When several officials of the N.A.A.C.P. appeared, and made an effort to plead for order, they were driven away by youths carrying homemade signs saying, "We want N.A.A.C.P. to stay out of this" and "We will fight now and pray later." Asked who "we" were, one youth said, "Us. The people." Thursday was the first time that the thousand members of the area's twenty-two fighting gangs were seen, in organized gang formation, on Fulton Street. Their non-appearance up to that point had been the single bright spot in the three days of rioting. After routing the N.A.A.C.P. speakers, the gang members soon disappeared from Fulton Street, and police, with the pressure off, were able to assign more cars and men to the side streets; the number of "broken windows" that day was cut down to less than forty. Two patrolmen and two civilians were hurt in a collision as a radio car, speeding through a red light to answer a "disorderly crowd" call, was struck at right angles by a car going through with the green light. That night, there were twenty-four arrests in all, including that of a seventeen-year-old, the slowest of six gang members police had spotted coming out of a looted side-street grocery store. A crowd formed as the youth was searched and flung into a car and photographed by the cameramen who were chasing police calls. Bedford-Stuyvesant people poured out of their houses as the boy was being searched. The sound truck operated by the ministers immediately pulled up. "Ladies and gentlemen, will you please return to your homes," the sound truck blared. "Help our community. Help us make Bedford-Stuyvesant a safe place again. Please return to your homes." Nobody paid any attention. One of the ministers kept repeating, "Please get off the streets." Finally, a big woman turned away from the looted store and yelled toward the sound truck, "Go to hell! These are our streets." Just then, the rain began to come down, and the woman shrugged. "Oh, oh," she said. "Guess I'll go in."

In a minute, the street was empty again except for the lone patrolman posted at the broken grocery-store window and the sound truck pulling away from the curb. The minister was still pleading with his vanished audience to get off the streets.

Shriners

LAST week, at noon, on the fifth day of the rioting in Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant, we walked up Sixth Avenue to the New York Hilton to see what had become of the Shriners—there are no Negro Shriners—since their parade, the day before. On the way uptown, we noticed a Shriner who carried a green shopping bag as he strolled with his wife, and we saw five Shriners sitting in the sun outside the Time & Life Building. Outside the Hilton, Shriners and their families were getting in and out of taxis, and inside Shriners were wandering around the lobby hailing one another and buying copies of the July 21st Shriners Special Edition of the *Journal-American*, in which page-one news of the riots had been transferred seventeen pages back, and the headline on page 1 describing the parade read, "22,000 March Down 5th Ave."

We discovered eight Shriners from the Sphinx Temple in Hartford sitting around two tables in the lounge of the hotel's Old Bourbon House restaurant, and we joined them in celebrating the Shriners' ninetieth annual convention. They were all wearing fezzes decorated with titles such as Divan and Past Potentate, and with the scimitar-star-and-crescent insignia of the Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. One Past Potentate wore a checked sports jacket, but the rest of the men had on dark suits, and were drinking either Bloody Marys, Scotch-and-water, or beer, except for a man who was drinking coffee. Most of them appeared to be in their forties and fifties; one of them, whom the others called Ralphie, declared that he was seventy-two years young.

Ralphie pointed across the table to the man with coffee and said, "That's the only Shriner we have with us who drinks nothing but coffee."

"Hey, Al," another Shriner said. "Are you on the wagon?"

Al said that he had been on the wagon for two years.

"Congratulations, you fathead," someone else said.

"Al takes care of us," Ralphie explained. "You notice I don't have any title," he added, putting one hand up to his fez. "I'm just the rank and file."

"He's rank!" someone cried out, and got a big laugh.

All the time, other Shriners were entering and leaving the restaurant, saying "Hi," "Seen Bert?," "Hello there!," and "Going to the meeting?"

"Anybody seen Ryan?" one of them called to the Hartford Sphinxes.

"Everybody's wondering what happened to Ryan," one of the Sphinxes called back.

Occasionally, one of the men at the two tables would leave, and others would join the group, and from time to time the waiter came over with another round of drinks. When the waiter wasn't there, the Shriners cheerfully complained about the service.

"Do you have any influence with the waiter?" Ralphie asked one of the others.

"The drinks are getting cooler, but they aren't getting any oftener," said a Past Potentate, peering at the remains of a Bloody Mary.

"This is the fun part of our life," Ralphie explained, turning to us, "but we're very serious. You know, we support seventeen hospitals for crippled children of all denominations throughout the United States and Canada. We can be serious."

Another of the Shriners moved his chair over to us, and said, "This organization has two good causes—a good time and crippled children. I think those are both pretty good causes."

Some of the men lowered their voices and began to discuss Shrine politics, and then rose and said they had to go upstairs. "They're going to a special meeting," the Past Potentate in the checked jacket remarked cryptically.

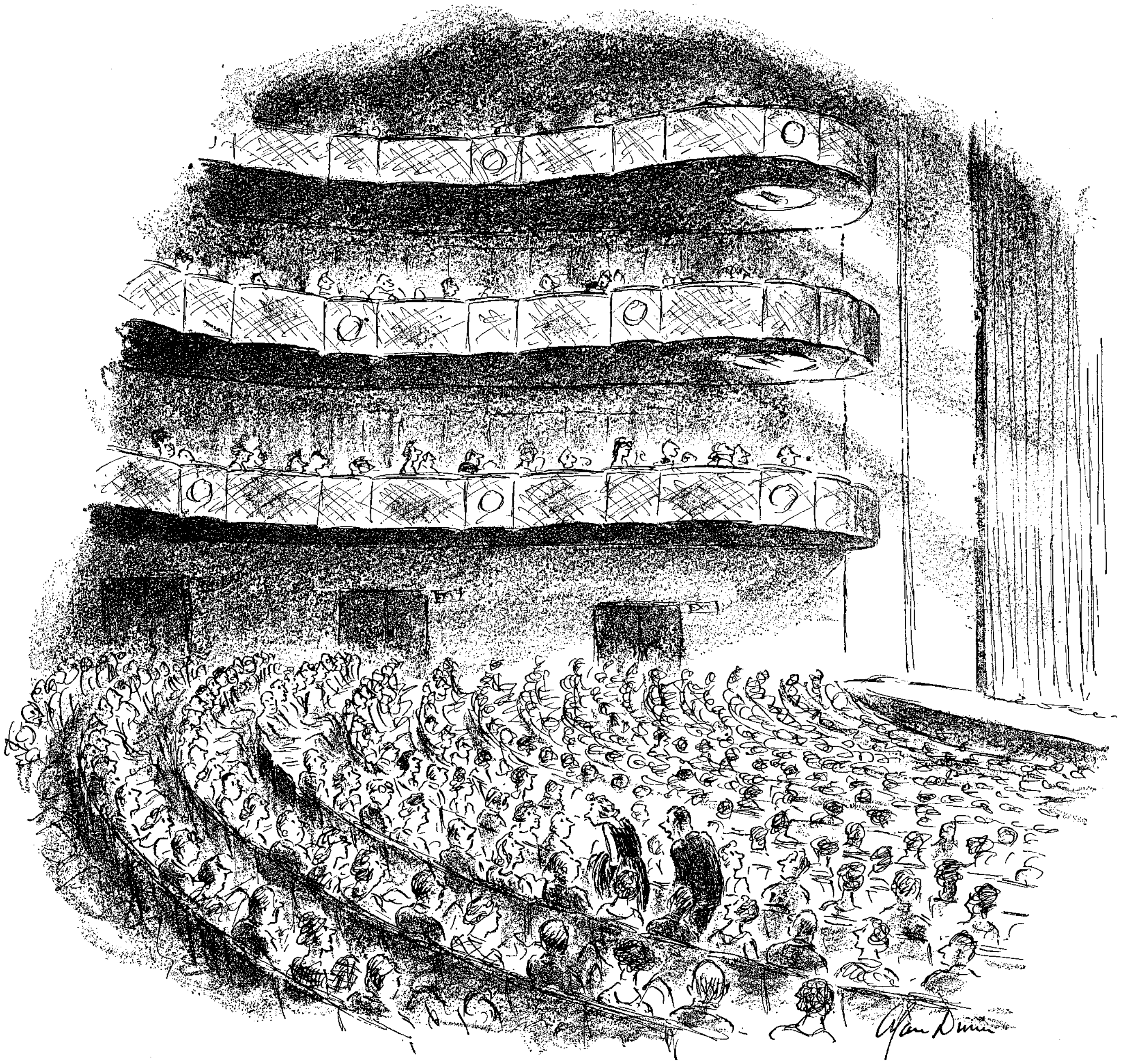
Just then, another Past Potentate came over and sat down.

"Hi, Phil," everyone said.

"Should I have a corned-beef sandwich or a drink?" Phil asked the group.

"A drink. Have a drink, Phil," several people answered.

"No, Phil, no sandwiches. Give you indigestion," one man said.



"Excuse me, excuse me, excuse me, excuse me, excuse me . . ."

• •

"I've got to ask you a question before the day is out," Phil said to the man in the checked jacket.

"I got my wife here," the man replied. "Is that the answer?" Everyone laughed.

Phil ordered a drink and started to tell a series of jokes that he said he had learned from the group's bus driver, who had told one joke after another all the way from Hartford to New York.

"Tell us some elephant stories," Ralphie said.

A couple of the Shriners were admiring a parade picture of one of them in the *Times.*

"Hey, did you see this picture of Art?"

"Where?"

"In the New York *Times.*"

"I thought the New York *Times* was a Democratic paper."

"What are you doing in a Democratic paper, Art? You're a Goldwater man, aren't you?"

"Yes, I went Goldwater six weeks ago. We lost Lodge, so we had to fall back on somebody."

"I was a Scranton man."

"I don't love Goldwater."

"I don't either, but I go along with him."

"This is the quietest convention I've been to. I guess the police have to be strict this week."

"They're going to have to call in the National Guard."

"Atlantic City, that was the place! All the hotels lined up on the boardwalk! Just going from one to the next!"

"I read the history of the Shriners the other night. You ever read that?"

"Did you hear about the two cannibals who went to lunch? That was about the hundred-and-first one the bus driver told on the way down."

"I've got to go to the Imperial Potentate's banquet tonight."

"You were a damn good Potentate!"

"Hi ya, men!"

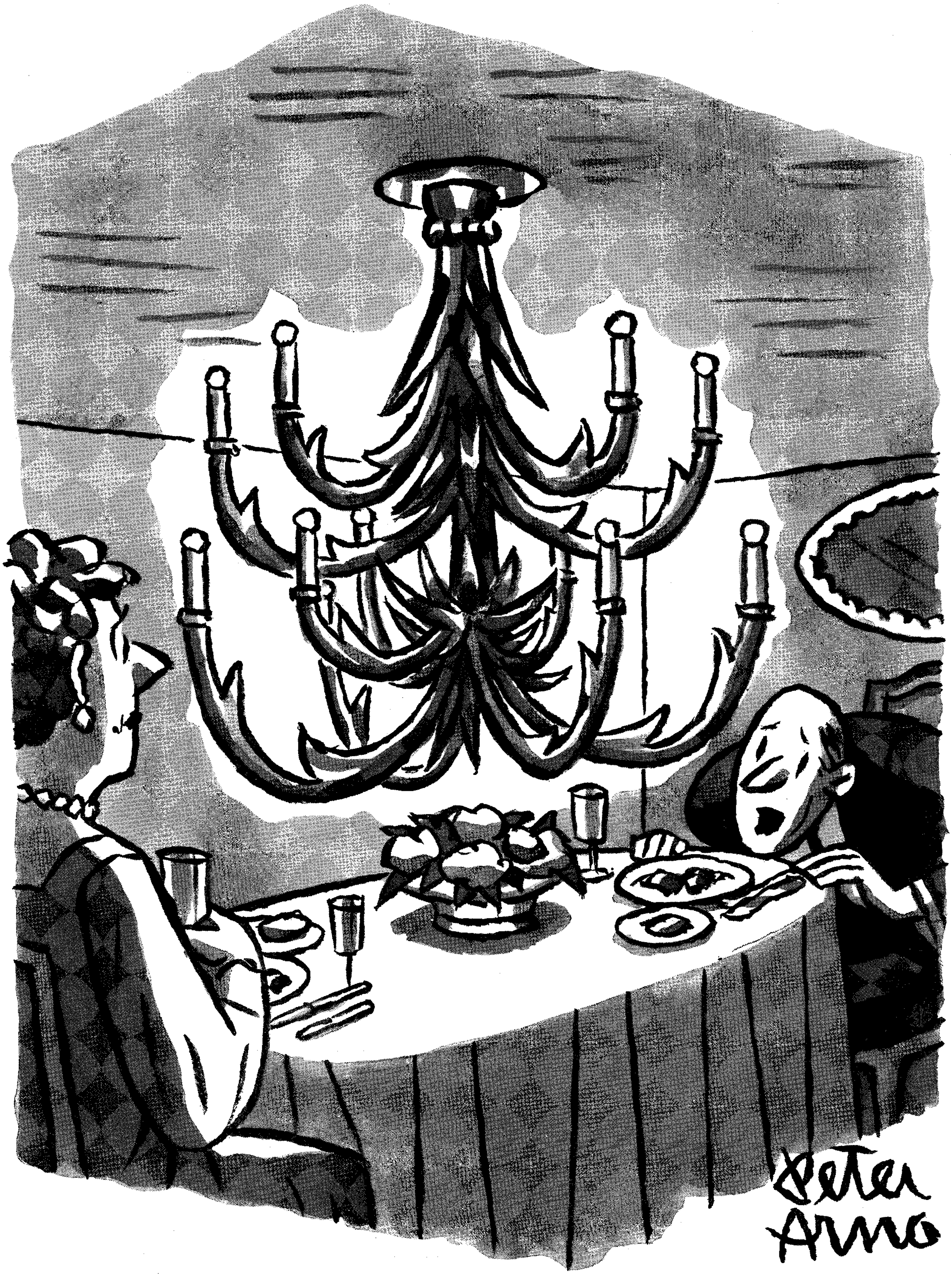
"Do you have to go up to that meeting?"

"No, thank God for that!"

"Remember that Bloody Mary party we had on board ship?"

"I hear a policeman was slashed."

"Let's have some lunch."



"I realize it was a bargain, dear. I merely said we have very low ceilings."

RUN TO THE WATERFALL

EXCEPT that a pretty woman—even if I were only to see her picture on a stray piece of paper I might find—would throw me into confusion and send me scurrying back into the city, I would have been a hermit. All the same, I am enough of one to seek a wood for company and for comfort. In grief and in despair, it is a wood that I resort to. Sometimes one needs to hide—to hide without being cramped, to hide in freedom—and nothing but a wood will do. I don't feel alone if there are trees. In their company, I feel that perhaps there is no more intelligent creation on this earth. A wood is my delight. I will not miss one if I can help it. Ten years ago, in San Francisco, I missed seeing Muir Woods, and, ever since, I have been wanting to return. Perhaps this was the reason that some months ago, in Puerto Rico, I was so determined not to miss the Caribbean National Forest.

My wife and little girl and I had stopped between planes at the airport of San Juan. I kept looking at my guidebook. It said the forest was one of the few tropical rain forests in the world. "Rain forest"—the very term intrigued me. I could almost hear the sound of the raindrops falling on leaves, each drop moving each leaf. "Let's stop over for a day," I said to my wife.

"Oh, we'll be coming back this way sometime again."

"We never may."

"Oh, yes, we will."

"No," I said, and thought of Muir Woods and San Francisco. "It's such a long way."

There we were, with five suitcases and as many paper bags, which we hadn't been able to check through. I stuffed them into lockers. We rented a blue car and drove away.

We saw Luquillo Beach, with its myriad palm trees, then turned inland and soon began to climb out of the strong heat, the fields of sugarcane, the palms and the bananas, up into a cloudy, misty, foggy region in which masses of vapor swept the ground and, thinning, sometimes disclosed the green of the rain forest. Now and then the rain wet the windshield like soft, huge drops of dew. Soon we reached a clearer region. Here, rising above the general level of the forest, were trees with a silvery-white shimmering of leaves. One of these leaves—enormous, green, and long-stemmed—dropped on the hood of our car, then flapped over against the windshield on its silvery underside.

An intricacy of leaves of giant ferns lined the road like a green and living finely chiselled wall. And there were various flowers, and not bamboos but what seemed enlargements of bamboos, five or six times their usual size. Here we stopped and got out of the car. Down in the valley or by the sea there were a thousand noises. Not up here. Here a silent life had asserted itself and taken hold, and we stood silent amid the silent trees. Sometimes one bamboo knocked against another, making a weird tap, accentuating the silence and the stillness.

It began raining, not with hard, pelting drops but gently, in a way the most delicate blossom would enjoy. Farther up, close to the mountain crest, we came to a resort where we hoped to spend the night. It was quite hidden from the road, but a sign said, "Rain Entrance to the Restaurant." This was down a flight of steps—a large, stone structure with a terrace built over a deep gully. At the bottom of the gully, a stream rushed down the mountain between rocks. The cabins were a few minutes' walk away, isolated and hidden in the deep, luxuriant wood. Two botanists, husband and wife, ran the place. There was about them something quite familiar—perhaps the courtesy of an earlier generation. After we had eaten, they provided us with an electric stove, a flashlight, and a few books—one of them a guide to the Caribbean I had long been looking for. In the pitch-black night, with the baby in my arms and my wife a little scared, taking tiny steps, we advanced down a path I had been shown through wet, high foliage, into the wood, down to a cabin. Below, we could hear the stream rushing in the gully. I turned the key. The door, swollen by dampness, wouldn't open. My wife sighed. The night seemed even darker than it was. Big splashing drops dripped on us from the roof and from the trees, so different from raindrops, hitting us in the most vulnerable spots—the nape of the neck, the back of the hands, the nose, and the forehead. But when, after a violent push, the door did open, and I had switched the lights on and shut the door behind us and lit the stove, we felt snug, in fairyland. I couldn't help going out again to take a look at our little house all lighted up in the middle of the woods.

IN the morning, after breakfast, I noticed a sign by the restaurant that said "To the Waterfall." I inquired how far it was.

"Half an hour's walk each way," the host replied.

Our airplane left at noon, and I figured it was an hour-and-a-half drive to the airport. It was past nine-thirty now. Could I make it to the waterfall? Not if I took an hour. "I'll be back in twenty minutes," I said, and rushed away.

I ran down a twisting, narrow path over slippery wet rocks and jagged stones down to the stream, and then across it and along it. As though someone were chasing me, I ran, raced, jumped down the craggy path, and in ten minutes began to hear the waterfall. Then the path suddenly became very steep. I took it like a boy rushing down a staircase out of school, and reached the pool at the bottom of the fall.

It seemed like a resounding triumph, that water falling without break, perennial, fed as much from the earth as from the sky. No question of a drought up on this mountain. Here it rained daily. The plants were as sure of getting water as was the seaweed with the rising of the tide.

I hurried back, taking twice the time it took me to come down. My wife and daughter were waiting for me near the car. As I looked at them, flushed and recovering my breath, I felt so much like a boy it seemed strange to have a wife and child there waiting for me. Even the car looked strange—could I be old enough to have a driver's license? Perhaps I would never feel so young again. That run to the waterfall had shaken off my shoulders more than twenty years.

Our hosts were by the car, insisting that we go back to San Juan the way we had come, that we would never make it if we went on, as I had intended to, over the mountain crest and down the other side. Reluctantly—I believed we had the time—I took their advice. I turned the car, and immediately I felt old again. Thirty-nine. Past thirty-nine. —ARTURO VIVANTE

THE OCEAN

I AM keeping this journal because I believe myself to be in some danger and because I have no other way of recording my fears. I cannot report them to the police, as you will see, and I cannot confide in my friends. The losses I have recently suffered in self-esteem, reasonableness, and charity are conspicuous, but there is always some painful ambiguity about who is to blame. I might be to blame myself. Let me give you an example. Last night I sat down to dinner with Cora, my wife, at half past six. Our daughter has left home, and we eat, these days, in the kitchen, off a table ornamented with a goldfish bowl. The meal was cold ham, salad, and potatoes. When I took a mouthful of salad, I had to spit it out. "Ah, yes," my wife said. "I was afraid that would happen. You left your lighter fluid in the pantry, and I mistook it for vinegar."

As I say, who was to blame? I have always been careful about putting things in their places, and had she meant to poison me she wouldn't have done anything so clumsy as to put lighter fluid in the salad dressing. If I had not left the fluid in the pantry, the incident wouldn't have taken place. But let me go on for a minute. During dinner a thunderstorm came up. The sky got black. Suddenly there was a soaking rain. As soon as dinner was over, Cora dressed herself in a raincoat and a green shower cap and went out to water the lawn. I watched her from the window. She seemed totally unaware of the ragged walls of rain in which she stood, and she watered the lawn carefully, lingering over the burned spots. I was afraid that she would compromise herself in the eyes of our neighbors. The woman in the house next door would telephone the woman on the corner to say that Cora Fry was watering her lawn in a downpour. My wish that she not be ridiculed by gossip took me to her side, although as I approached her, under my umbrella, I realized that I lacked the tact to get through this gracefully. What should I say? Should I say that a friend was on the telephone? She has no friends. "Come in, dear," I said. "You might get struck."

"Oh, I doubt that very much," she said in her most musical voice. She speaks these days in the octave above middle C.

"Won't you wait until the rain is over?" I asked.

hells
Bord
GRAD
A
MILK
HAMLET
By
William
Shakespeare
SWELL
SEX
W Miller

"It won't last long," she said sweetly. "Thunderstorms *never* do."

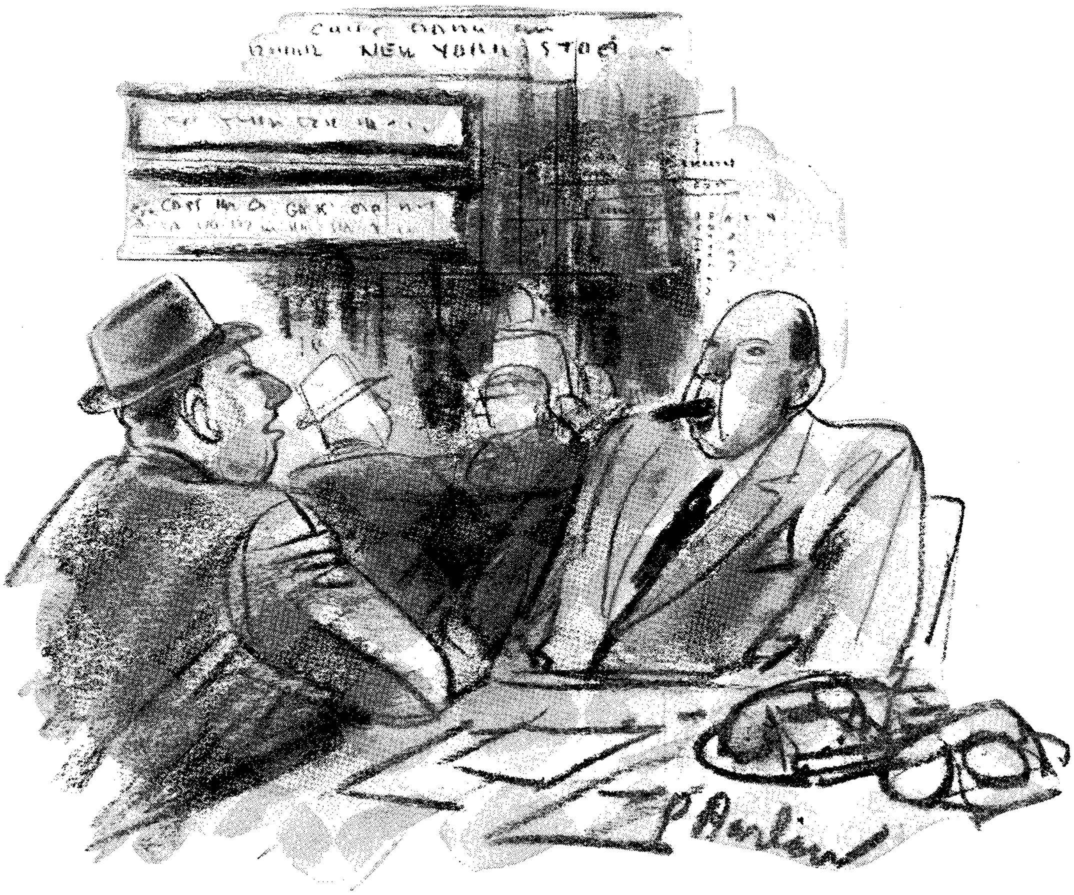
I returned to the house under my umbrella and poured myself a drink. She was right. A minute later the storm blew off, and she went on watering the grass. She had some rightness on her side in both of these incidents, but this does not change my feeling that I am in some danger.

O world, world, world, wondrous and bewildering, when did my troubles begin? This is being written in my house in Bullet Park. The time is 10 A.M. The day is Tuesday. You might well ask what I am doing in Bullet Park on a weekday morning. The only other men around are three clergymen, two invalids, and an old codger on Turner Street who has lost his marbles. The neighborhood has the serenity, the stillness of a terrain where all sexual tensions have been suspended—excluding mine, of course, and those of the three clergymen. What is my business? What do I do? Why didn't I catch the train? I am forty-six years old, hale, well dressed, and have a more thorough knowledge of the manufacture and merchandising of Dynaflex than any other man in the entire field. One of my difficulties is my youthful looks. I have a thirty-inch waistline and jet-black hair, and when I tell people that I used to be vice-president in charge of merchandising and executive assistant to the president of Dynaflex—when I tell this to strangers in bars and on trains—they never believe me, because I look so young.

Mr. Estabrook, the president of Dynaflex and in some ways my protector, was an enthusiastic gardener. While admiring his flowers one afternoon, he was stung by a bumblebee, and he died before they could get him to the hospital. I could have had the presidency, but I wanted to stay in merchandising and manufacture. Then the directors—including myself, of course—voted a merger with Milltonium Ltd., putting Eric Penumbra, Milltonium's chief, at the helm. I voted for the merger with some misgivings, but I concealed these and did the most important part of the groundwork for this change. It was my job to bring in the approval of conservative and reluctant stockholders, and one by one I brought them around. The fact that I had worked for Dynaflex since I had left college, that I had never worked for anyone else, inspired their trust. A few days after the merger was a fact, Penumbra called me into his office.

"Well," he said, "you've had it."

"Yes, I have," I said. I thought he



"Who do you figure stands to cash in on this war against poverty?"

was complimenting me on having brought in the approvals. I had travelled all over the United States and made two trips to Europe. No one else could have done it.

"You've had it," Penumbra said harshly. "How long will it take you to get out of here?"

"I don't understand," I said.

"How the hell long will it take you to get out of here!" he shouted. "You're obsolete. We can't afford people like you in the shop. I'm asking how long it will take you to get out of here."

"It will take about an hour," I said.

"Well, I'll give you to the end of the week," he said. "If you want to send your secretary up, I'll fire her. You're really lucky. With your pension, severance pay, and the stock you own, you'll have damned near as much money as I take home, without having to lift a finger." Then he left his desk and came to where I stood. He put an arm around my shoulders. He gave me a hug. "Don't worry," Penumbra said. "Obsolescence is something we all have to face. I hope I'll be as calm about it as you when my time comes."

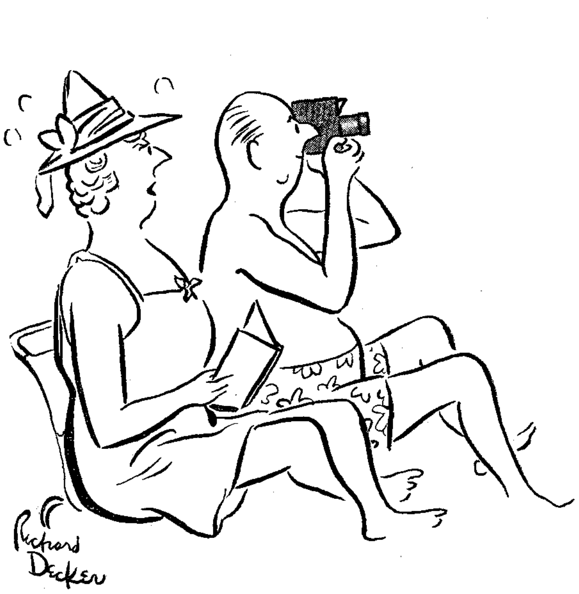
"I certainly hope you will," I said, and I left the office.

I went to the men's room. I locked myself up in a cubicle and wept. I wept at Penumbra's dishonesty, wept for the destinies of Dynaflex, wept for the fate of my secretary—an intelligent spinster, who writes short stories in her spare time—wept bitterly for my own naïveté, for my own lack of guile, wept that I should be overwhelmed by the plain facts of life. At the end of a half hour I dried my tears and washed my face. I took everything out of my office that was personal, caught a train home, and broke the news to Cora. I was angry, of course, and she seemed frightened. She began to cry. She retired to her dressing table, which has served as a wailing wall for all the years of our marriage.

"But there's nothing to cry about," I said. "I mean we've got plenty of money. We've got loads of money. We can go to Japan. We can go to India. We can see the English cathedrals." She went on crying, and after dinner I called our daughter, Flora, who lives in New York. "I'm sorry, Daddy," she said, when I told her the news. "I'm very sorry, I know how you must feel, and I'd like to see you later, but not right now. Remember your promise—you promised to leave me alone."

THE next character to enter the scene is my mother-in-law, whose name is Minnie. Minnie is a harsh-voiced blonde of about seventy, with four scars on the side of her face, from cosmetic surgery. You may have seen Minnie rattling around Neiman-Marcus or the lobby of practically any Grand Hotel. Minnie uses the word "fashionable" with great versatility. Of her husband's suicide in 1932 Minnie says, "Jumping out of windows was quite *fashionable*." When her only son was fired out of secondary school for improper conduct and went to live in Tangier with an older man, Minnie said, "I know it's revolting, but it seems to be *terribly* fashionable." Of her own outrageous plumage she says, "It's hideously uncomfortable, but it's divinely *fashionable*." Minnie is cruel and idle, and Cora, who is her only daughter, hates her. Cora has drafted her nature along lines that are the opposite of Minnie's. She is loving, serious-minded, sober, and kind. I think that in order to safeguard her virtues—her hopefulness, really—Cora has been forced to evolve a fantasy in which her mother is not Minnie at all but is instead some sage and gracious lady, working at an embroidery hoop. Everybody knows how persuasive and treacherous fantasies can be.

I spent the day after I was cashiered by Penumbra hanging around the house. With the offices of Dynaflex shut to me, I was surprised to find that I had almost no place else to go. My club is a college adjunct where they serve a cafeteria lunch, and it is not much of a sanctuary. I have always wanted to read good books, and this seemed to be my chance. I took a copy of Chaucer into the garden and read half a page, but it was hard work for a businessman. I spent the rest of the morning hoeing the lettuce, which made the gardener cross. Lunch with Cora was, for some reason, strained. After lunch Cora took a nap. So did the maid, I discovered, when I stepped into the kitchen to get a glass of water. She was sound asleep with her head on the table. The stillness of the house at that hour gave me a most peculiar feeling. But the world with all its diversions and entertainments was available to me, and I called New York and booked some theatre tickets for that evening. Cora doesn't much enjoy the



"No zooming!"

theatre, but she came with me. After the theatre we went to the St. Regis to get some supper. When we entered the place, the band was knocking out the last number of a set—all horns up, flags flying, and the toothy drummer whacking crazily at everything he could reach. In the middle of the dance floor was Minnie, shaking her backside, stamping her feet, and popping her thumbs. She was with a broken-winded gigolo, who kept looking desperately over his shoulder, as if he expected his trainer to throw in the sponge. Minnie's plumage was exceptionally brilliant, her face seemed exceptionally haggard, and a lot of people were laughing at her. As I say, Cora seems to have invented a dignified parent, and these encounters with Minnie are painful. We turned and went away. Cora said nothing during the long drive home.

Minnie must have been beautiful many years ago. It was from Minnie that Cora got her large eyes and her fine nose. Minnie comes to visit us two or three times a year. There is no question that if she announced her arrivals we would lock up the house and go away. Her ability to make her daughter miserable is consummate and voracious, and so, with some cunning, she makes her arrivals at our house a surprise. I spent the next afternoon trying to read Henry James in the garden. At about five I heard a car stop in front of the house. A little while later it began to rain, and I stepped into the living room and saw Minnie standing by a window. It was quite dark, but no one had bothered to turn on a light. "Why, Minnie," I exclaimed, "how *nice* to see you, what a pleasant surprise. Let me get you a drink. . . ." I turned on a lamp and saw that it was Cora.

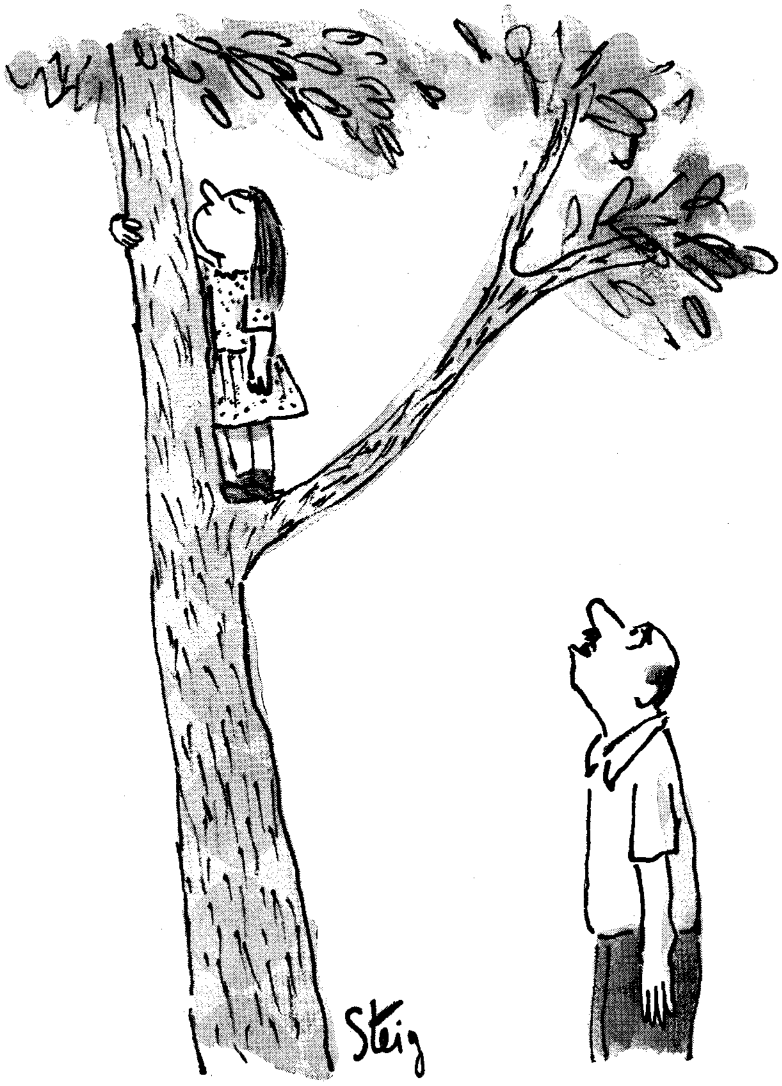
She turned on me, slowly, a level and eloquent look of utter misgiving. It might have been a smile had I not known that I had wounded her painfully—had I not felt from her a flow of emotion like the flow of blood from a wound. "Oh, I'm *terribly* sorry, darling," I said. "I'm terribly sorry. I couldn't see." She went out of the room. "It was the dark," I said. "It got so dark all of a sudden, when it began to rain. I'm terribly sorry, but it was just the dark and the rain." I heard her climb the stairs and close the door to our room.

When I saw Cora in the morning—and I didn't see her again until morning—I could tell by the pained look on her face that she thought I had wickedly pretended to mistake her for Minnie. I suppose she was as deeply and lastingly hurt as I had been hurt when Penumbra called me obsolete. It was at this point that her voice became an octave higher, and she spoke to me—when she spoke to me at all—in notes that were weary and musical, and her looks were accusing. Now, I might not have noticed any of this had I been absorbed in my work and tired in the evening. To strike a healthy balance between motion and scrutiny was nearly impossible, with my opportunities for motion so suddenly curtailed. I went on with my program of serious reading, but more than half my time was spent in observing Cora's sorrows and the disorganized workings of my house. The part-time maid came four times a week, and when I saw her sweeping dust under the rugs and taking cat naps in the kitchen I got irritable. I said nothing about this, but a vexatious relationship quickly sprang up between us. It was the same with the gardener. If I sat on the terrace to read, he would cut the grass under my chair, and he took a full day, at four dollars an hour, to cut the lawn, although I knew from experience that this could be done in a much shorter time. As for Cora, I saw how empty and friendless her life was. She never went out to lunch. She never played cards. She arranged flowers, went to the hairdresser, gossiped with the maid, and rested. The smallest things began to irritate and offend me, and I was doubly offended by my unreasonable irritability. The sound of Cora's light and innocent footsteps as she wandered aimlessly around the house made me cross. I was even offended at her manner of speaking. "I must *try* to arrange the flowers," she would say. "I must *try* to buy a hat. I must *try* to have my hair done. I must *try* to find a yellow pocketbook." Leaving the lunch table, she would say, "Now I shall *try* to lie in the sun." But why try? The sun poured from the heavens down onto the terrace, where there was a large assortment of comfortable furniture, and a few minutes after she had stretched herself out in a long chair she was asleep. Rising from her nap, she would say, "I must *try* not to get a sunburn," and entering the house, she would say, "Now I am going to *try* to take a bath."

I drove down to the station one afternoon to watch the six-thirty-two come in. It was the train I used to return home on. I stopped my car in a long line of cars driven mostly by housewives. I was terribly excited. I was waiting for no one, and the women around me were merely waiting for their husbands, but it seemed to me that we were all waiting for much more. The stage, it seemed, was set. Pete and Harry, the two cabdrivers, stood by their cars. With them was the Bruxtons' Airedale, who wanders. Mr. Winters, the station agent, was talking with Louisa Balcolm, the postmistress, who lives two stops up the line. These, then, were the attendant players, the porters and gossips who would put down the groundwork for the spectacle. I kept an eye on my wristwatch. Then the train pulled in, and a moment later an eruption, a jackpot, of humanity burst through the station doors—so numerous and eager, so like sailors home from the sea, so hurried, so loving, that I laughed with pleasure. There they all were, the short and the tall, the rich and the poor, the sage and the foolish, my enemies and friends, and they all headed out the doors with such a light step, so bright an eye, that I knew I must rejoin them. I would simply go back to work. This decision made me feel cheerful and magnanimous, and when I came home my cheer seemed for a moment to be infectious. Cora spoke for the first time in days in a voice that was full and warm, but when I replied she said, musically, "I was *speaking* to the goldfish." She was indeed. The beautiful smile that she had withheld from me was aimed at the goldfish bowl, and I wondered if she had not left the world, its lights, cities, and the clash of things, for this sphere of glass and its foolish castle. Watching her bend lovingly over the goldfish bowl, I got the distinct impression that she looked longingly into this other world.

I WENT to New York in the morning and called the friend who has always been most complimentary about my work with Dynaflex. He told me to come to his office at around noon—I guessed for lunch.

"I want to go back to work," I told him. "I want your help."



"Jane, I promise. I'll be a good daddy."

"Well, it isn't simple," he said. "It isn't as simple as it might seem. To begin with, you can't expect much in the way of sympathy. Everybody in the business knows how generous Penumbra was to you. Most of us would be happy to change places. I mean, there's a certain amount of natural envy. People don't like to help a man who's in a more comfortable position than they. And another thing is that Penumbra wants you to stay in retirement. I don't know why this is, but I know it's a fact, and anybody who took you on would be in trouble with Milltonium. And to get on with the unpleasant facts, you're just too damned old. Our president is twenty-seven. Our biggest competitor has a chief in his early thirties. So why don't you enjoy yourself? Why don't you take it easy? Why don't you go around the world?" Then I asked, very humbly, if I made an investment in his firm—say, fifty thousand dollars—could he find me a responsible post? He smiled broadly. It all seemed so easy. "I'll be happy to take your fifty thousand," he said lightly, "but as for finding you anything to do, I'm afraid . . ." Then his secretary came in to say that he was late for lunch.

I stood on a street corner, appearing to wait for the traffic light to change, but I was just waiting. I was staggered. What I wanted to do was to make a sandwich board on which I would list all my grievances. On it I would describe Penumbra's dishonesty, Cora's sorrow, the indignities I had suffered from the maid and gardener, and how cruelly I had been hurled out of the stream of things by a vogue for youth and inexperience. I would hang this sign from my shoulders and march up and down in front of the Public Library from nine until five, passing out more detailed literature to those who were interested. Throw in a snowstorm, gale winds, and the crash of thunder; I wanted it to be a spectacle.

I then stepped into a side-street restaurant to get a drink and some lunch. It was one of those places where lonely men eat seafood and read the afternoon newspapers and where, in spite of the bath of colored light and distant music, the atmosphere is distinctly contumacious. The headwaiter was a brisk character off the Corso di Roma. He duck-footed, banking down the heels of his Italian shoes, and hunched his shoulders as if his suit jacket bound. He spoke sharply to the bartender, who then whispered to a waiter, "I'll kill him! Someday I'll kill him!" "You and me," whispered the waiter, "we'll kill him together." The hatcheck girl joined the whispering. She wanted to kill the manager. The conspirators scattered when the headwaiter returned, but the atmosphere remained mutinous. I drank a cocktail and ordered a salad, and then I overheard the impassioned voice of a man in the booth next to mine. I had nothing better to do than listen. "I go to Minneapolis," he said. "I have to go to Minneapolis, and as soon as I check into the hotel the telephone's ring-

THE ENDING

(Tokyo: A Woman Speaks)

Should I not be ashamed
to lie on this brocade-covered bed
making these terrible noises out of my mouth,
like a shot rabbit or a dog hit by a car?

I go on screaming. I am not ashamed,
for are we also not animals,
born in another's blood, dying in our own?

I have been this way since yesterday noon.
It was precisely noon.
After looking at your posed face looking
toward that other woman posing by the pond,
I could do nothing but look at my foolish watch,
steadily ticking as if time were important.

In that garden where trees and blades of grass
were put in a careful order, she was a wholly
artificial creature, trying to be
more fluid than water, more supple than fish.
The day disintegrated around my feet.
I stamped the pieces into the soft ground.

Looking up at the burning sun, I opened
my eyes wide and silently screamed, "Blind me!"

The unmoved sun merely
put a dark dazzle inside my head.

I looked again at my watch,
whose tick was a second pulsebeat on my wrist,
as if I really had somewhere to go,
as if there were really anyplace I could go.

A distant bell struck twelve times, telling the world
my love had just drowned in the pond.

Sunlight and time dripped out of my eyes.
I saw you suddenly in your full nature,
the tenderly tended, artificial man,
bones brilliant as porcelain,
eyes blue enamel baked in your head,
your face a fan opened to prove
every line of the landscape painted there.

Now I weep, in a woman's way,
less for the loss of love
than for the revolting view of your weakness,
naked there in the sun,
the little boy, whining for one more kite.

I scream. I am not ashamed.

And yet this evening, at the hot window,
I felt that the horrible sun had set
not in the sky but there on my consumed hands
still burning from their final touch of you.

—Paul Engle

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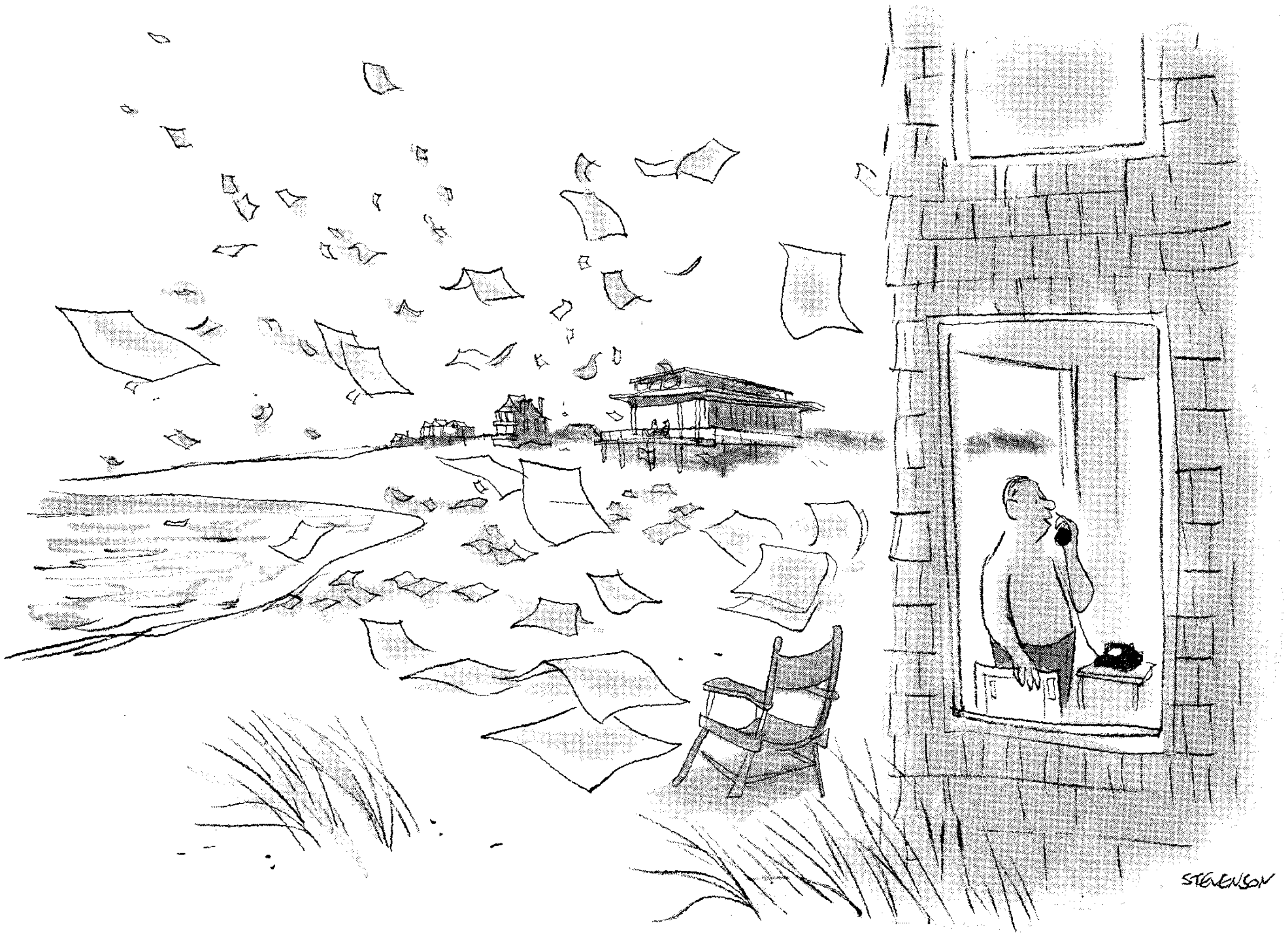
ing. She wants to tell me that the hot-water heater isn't working. There I am in Minneapolis and she's on Long Island and she calls me long distance to say that the hot-water heater isn't working. So then I ask her why doesn't she call the plumber, and then she begins to cry. She cries over long distance for about fifteen minutes, just because I suggest that she might call the plumber. Well anyhow, in Minneapolis there's this very good jewelry store, and so I bought her a pair of earrings. Sapphires. Eight hundred dollars. I can't afford this kind of thing, but I can't afford not to buy her presents. I mean, I can make eight hundred dollars in ten minutes, but as the tax lawyer says, I don't take away more than a third of what I make, and so a pair of eight-hundred-dollar earrings costs me around two thousand. Anyway, I get the earrings, and I give them to her when I get home, and we go off to a party at the Barnstables'. When we come home, she's lost one of the earrings. She doesn't know where she lost it. She doesn't care. She won't even call the Barnstables to see if it's lying around on the floor. She doesn't want to disturb them. So then I say it's just like throwing money into the fire, and she begins to cry and says that sapphires are cold stones—that they express my inner coldness toward her. She says there wasn't any love in the present—it wasn't a loving present. All I had to do was to step into a jewelry store and buy them, she says. They didn't cost me anything in thoughtfulness and affection. So then I ask her does she expect me to make her some earrings—does she want me to go to night school and learn how to make one of those crummy silver bracelets they make? Hammered. You know. Every little hammer blow a sign of love and affection. Is that what she wants, for Christ's sake? That's another night when I sleep in the guest room. . . ."

I went on eating and listening. I waited for the stranger's companion to enter into the conversation, to make some sound of sympathy or assent, but there was none, and I wondered for a moment if he wasn't talking to himself. I craned my neck around the edge of the booth, but he was too far in the corner for me to see. "She has this money of her own," he went on. "I pay the tax on it, and she spends it all on clothes. She's got hundreds and hundreds of dresses and shoes, and three fur coats, and four wigs. *Four*. But if I buy a suit, she tells me I'm being wasteful. I have to buy clothes once in a while. I mean, I can't go to the office looking like a bum. If I buy anything, it's very wasteful. Last year, I bought an umbrella, just so I wouldn't get wet. Wasteful. The year before, I bought a light coat. Wasteful. I can't even buy a phonograph record, because I know I'll catch hell for being so wasteful. On my salary—imagine, on my salary—we can't afford to have bacon for breakfast excepting on Sundays. Bacon is wasteful. But you ought to see her telephone bills. She has this friend, this college roommate. I guess they were very close. She lives in Rome. I don't like her. She was married to this very nice fellow, a good friend of mine, and she just ran him into the ground. She just disposed of him. He's a wreck. Well, now she lives in Rome, and Vera keeps calling her on the telephone. Last month my telephone bills to Rome were over eight hundred dollars. So I said, 'Vera,' I said, 'if you want to talk with your girl chum so much, why don't you just get



"Oh, nothing much—just reading the Sunday 'Times.' What are you doing?"

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on a plane and fly to Rome? It would be a lot cheaper.' 'I don't want to go to Rome,' she said. 'I hate Rome. It's noisy and dirty.'

"But you know when I think back over my past, and her past, too, it seems to me that this is a situation with a very long taproot. My grandmother was a very emancipated woman, she was very strong on women's rights. When my mother was thirty-two years old, she went to law school and got her degree. She never practiced. She said she went to law school so she'd have more things in common with Dad, but what she actually did was to destroy, really *destroy*, the little tenderness that remained between them. She was almost never at home, and when she was, she was always studying for her exams. It was always 'Sh-h-h! Your mother's studying law.' My father was a lonely man, but there's an awful lot of lonely men around. They won't say so, of course. Who tells the truth? You meet an old friend on the street. He looks like hell. It's frightening. His face is gray, and his hair's all falling out, and he's got the shakes. So you say, 'Charlie, Charlie, you're looking *great*.' So then he says, shaking all over, 'I never felt better in my life, *never*.' So then you go your way and he goes his way.

"I can see that it isn't easy for Vera, but what can I do? Honest to God, sometimes I'm afraid she'll hurt me—brain me with a hammer while I'm asleep. Not because it's me, but just because I'm a man. Sometimes I think women today are the most miserable creatures in the history of the world. I mean, they're right in the middle of the ocean. For instance, I caught her smooching with Pete Barnstable in the pantry. That was the night she lost the earring, the night when I came back from Minneapolis. So then when I got home, before I noticed the earring was gone, I said what is this, what is this smooching around with Pete Barnstable? So then she said—*very* emancipated—that no woman could be expected to limit herself to the attentions of one man. So then I said what about me, did that work for me, too? I mean, if she could smooch around with Pete Barnstable, didn't it follow that I could take Mildred Renny out to the parking lot? So then she said I was turning everything she said into filth. She said I had such a dirty mind she couldn't talk with me. After that, I noticed she'd lost the earring, and after that we had the scene about how sapphires are such cold stones, and after that . . ."

His voice dropped to a whisper, and at the same time some women in the booth on the other side of me began a noisy and savage attack on a friend who was not present. I was very anxious to see the face of the man behind me, and I called for the check, but when I left the booth he was gone, and I would never know what he looked like.

WHEN I got home, I put the car in the garage and came into the house by the kitchen door. Cora was at the table, bending over a dish of cutlets. In one hand she held a can of lethal pesticide. I couldn't be sure, because I'm so nearsighted, but I think she was sprinkling pesticide on the meat. She was startled when I came in, and by the time I had my glasses on she had put the pesticide on the table. Since I had already made one bad mistake because of my eyesight, I was reluctant to make another, but there was the pesticide on the table beside the dish, and that was not where it belonged. It contained a high percentage of nerve poison. "What in the world are you doing?" I asked.

"What does it look as if I were doing?" she asked, still speaking in the octave above middle C.

"It looks as if you were putting pesticide in the cutlets," I said.

"I know you don't grant me much intelligence," she said, "but please grant me enough intelligence to know better than that."

"But what are you doing with the pesticide?" I asked.

"I have been dusting the roses," she said.

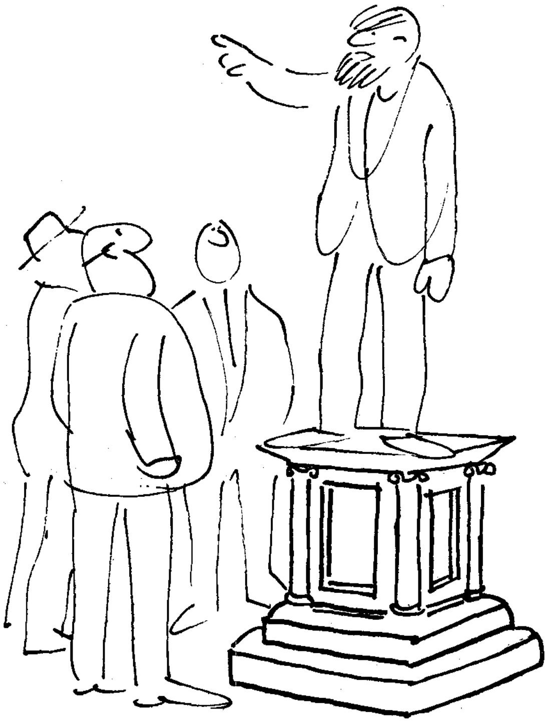
I was routed, in a way—routed and frightened. I guessed that meat heavily dosed with pesticide could be fatal. There was a chance that if I ate the cutlets I might die. The extraordinary fact seemed to be that after twenty years of marriage I didn't know Cora well enough to know whether or not she intended to murder me. I would trust a chance deliveryman or a cleaning woman, but I did not trust Cora. The prevailing winds seemed not to have blown the smoke of battle off our union. I mixed a Martini and went into the living room. I was not in any danger from which I could not readily escape. I could go to the country club for supper. Why I hesitated to do this seems, in retrospect, to have been because of the blue walls of the room in which I stood. It was a handsome room, its long windows looking out onto a lawn, some trees, and the sky. The orderliness of the room seemed to impose some orderliness on my own conduct—as if by absenting myself from the table I would in some way offend the order of things. If I went to the club for supper, I would be yielding to my suspicions and damaging my hopefulness, and I was determined to remain hopeful. The blue walls of the room seemed to be some link in the chain of being that I would offend by driving up to the club and eating an open steak sandwich alone in the bar.

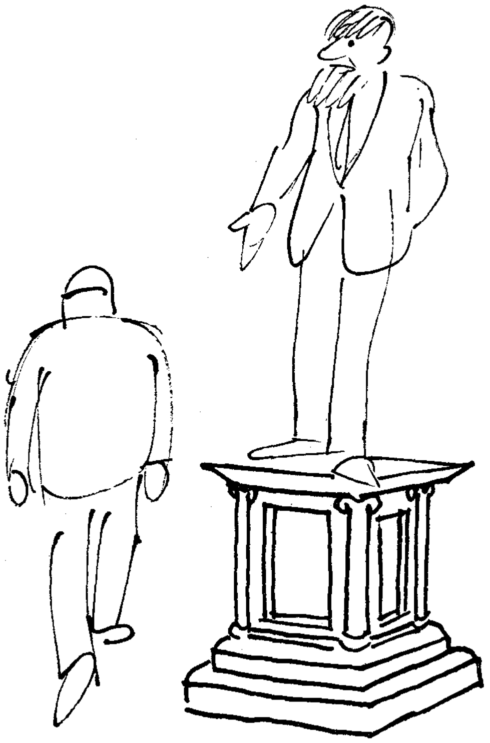
I ate one of the cutlets at dinner. It had a peculiar taste, but by this time I couldn't distinguish between my anxieties and the facts involved. I was terribly sick in the night, but this could have been my imagination. I spent an hour in the bathroom with acute indigestion. Cora seemed to be asleep, but when I returned from the bathroom I did notice that her eyes were open. I was worried, and in the morning I made my own breakfast. The maid cooked lunch, and I doubted that she would poison me. I read some more Henry James in the garden, but as the time for dinner approached I found that I was frightened. I went into the pantry to make a drink. Cora had been preparing dinner, and had gone to some other part of the house. There is a broom closet in the kitchen, and I stepped into it and shut the door. Presently I heard Cora's footsteps as she returned. We keep the pesticides for the roses in a cabinet in the kitchen. I heard her open this cabinet. Then she stepped out into the garden, where I heard her dusting the roses. She then returned to the kitchen, but she did not return the pesticide to the closet. My field of vision through the keyhole was limited. Her back was to me as she spiced the meat, and I couldn't tell if she was using salt and pepper or nerve poison. She then went back to the garden, and I stepped out of the broom closet. The pesticide was not on the table. I went into the living room and entered the dining room from there when dinner was ready. "Isn't it hot?" I asked when I sat down.

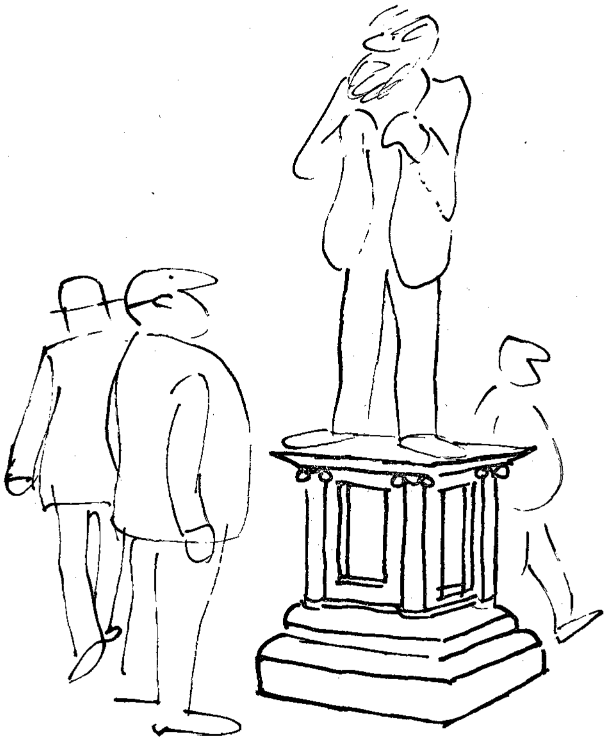
"Well," said Cora, "we can't expect to be comfortable, can we, if we hide in broom closets?"

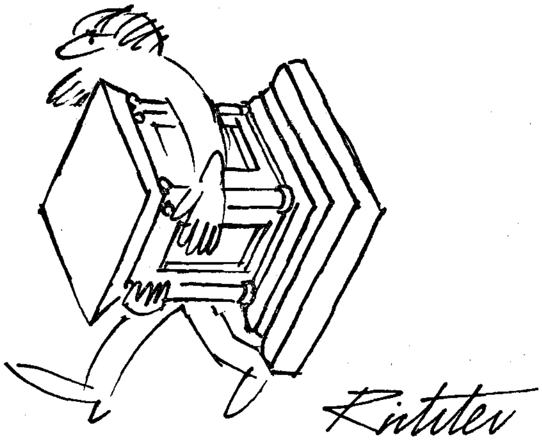
I hung on to my chair, picked at my food, made some small talk, and got through the meal. Now and then she gave me a serene and wicked smile. After dinner I went into the garden. I desperately needed help, and thought then of my daughter. I should explain that Flora graduated from the Villa Mimosa in Florence, and left Smith College in the middle of her freshman year to live in a lower East Side tenement with a sexual freak. I send her an allowance each month and have promised to leave her alone, but, considering the dangerousness of my position, I felt free to break my promise. I felt that if I could see her I could persuade her to come home. I telephoned her then and said that I must see her. She seemed quite friendly and asked me to come to tea.

I had lunch in town the next day, and spent the afternoon at my club, playing cards and drinking whiskey. Flora had given me directions, and I went downtown on the subway for the first time in I don't know how many years. It was all very strange. I had often thought of going to visit my only daughter and her own truelove, and now at last I was making this journey.









In my reveries, the meeting would take place in some club. He would come from a good family. Flora would be happy; she would have the shining face of a young girl first in love. The boy would be serious, but not too serious; intelligent, handsome, and with the winning posture of someone who stands literally on the threshold of a career. I could see the fatuity in these reveries, but had they been so vulgar and idle that I deserved to have them contravened at every point—the scene changed from a club to the city's worst slum and the substitution for an earnest young man of a freak with a beard? I had friends whose daughters married suitable young men from suitable families. Envy struck me in the crowded subway; then petulance. Why had I been singled out for this disaster? I loved my daughter. The power of love I felt for her seemed pure, strong, and natural. Suddenly I felt like crying. Every sort of door had been open for her, she had seen the finest landscapes, she had enjoyed, I thought, the company of those people who were most free to develop their gifts.

It was raining when I left the subway. I followed her directions through a slum to a tenement. I guessed the building to be about eighty years old. Two polished marble columns supported a Romanesque arch. The building even had a name. It was called The Eden. I saw the angel with the flaming sword, the naked couple, stooped, their hands over their privates. Masaccio? That was when we went to visit her in Florence. So I entered Eden like an avenging angel, but once under the Romanesque arch I found a corridor as narrow as the companionway in a submarine, and the lights in the hall were primitive and sorry. Flights of stairs often appear in my dreams, and the stairs I began to climb had a galling look of unreality. I heard Spanish spoken, the roar of water from a toilet, music, and the barking of dogs.

Moved by anger, or perhaps by the drinks I had had at the club, I went up three or four flights at a brisk clip and then found myself suddenly winded; forced to stop short in my climb and engage in a humiliating struggle for breath. It was several minutes before I could continue, and I went the rest of the way slowly. Flora had tacked one of her calling cards to the door. I knocked.

"Hi, Daddy," she said brightly, and I kissed her on the brow. Oh, this much of it was good, fresh, and strong. I felt a burst of memory, a recollection of all the happiness we had shared. The door opened onto a kitchen and beyond this was another room. "I want you to meet Peter," she said.

"Hi," said Peter.

"How do you do," I said.

"See what we've made," said Flora. "Isn't it divine? We've just finished it. It was Peter's idea."

What they had made, what they had done, was to purchase a skeleton with an armature from a medical-supplies house and glue butterflies here and there to the polished bone. I recognized some of the specimens from my youth and recognized that I would not at that time have been able to afford them. There was a Catagramme Astarte on the shoulder bone, a Morpho Achilles in one eye socket, and a large cluster of Appia Zarinda at the pubis. "Marvellous," I said, "marvellous," trying to conceal my distaste. Compared to the useful tasks of life, the thought of these two grown people gluing expensive butterflies to the polished bones of some poor stranger made me intensely irritable. I sat in a canvas chair and smiled at Flora. "How are you, my dear?"

"Oh, I'm fine, Daddy," she said. "I'm *fine*."

I kept myself from remarking on either her clothing or her hair. She was dressed all in black, and her hair was straight. The purpose of this costume or uniform escaped me. It was not becoming. It did not appeal to the senses. It seemed to reflect on her self-esteem; it seemed like a costume of mourning or penance, a declaration of her indifference to the silks that I enjoy on women, but what were her reasons for despising finery? His costume was much more bewildering. Was its origin Italian, I wondered. The shoes were effeminate, and the jacket was short, but he looked more like a street boy in nineteenth-century London than someone on the Corso. That would be excepting his hair. He had a beard, a mustache, and long dark curls that reminded me of some minor apostle in a third-rate passion play. His face was not effeminate, but it was delicate, and seemed to me to convey a marked lack of commitment.

"Would you like some coffee, Daddy?" Flora asked.

"No, thank you, dear," I said. "Is there anything to drink?"

"We don't have anything," she said. "Would Peter be good enough to go out and get me something?" I asked.

"I guess so," Peter said glumly, and I told myself that he was probably not intentionally rude. I gave him a ten-dollar bill and asked him to get me some bourbon.

"I don't think they have bourbon," he said.

"Well, then, Scotch," I said.

"They drink mostly wine in this neighborhood," Peter said.

Then I settled on him a clear, kindly gaze, thinking that I would have him murdered. From what I know of the world, there are still assassins to be hired, and I would pay someone to put a knife in his back or push him off a roof. My smile was broad, clear, and genuinely murderous, and the boy slipped into a green coat—another piece of mummery—and went out.

"You don't like him?" Flora asked.

"I despise him," I said.

"But Daddy, you don't *know* him," Flora said.

"My dear, if I knew him any better I would wring his neck."

"He's very kind and sensitive—he's very generous."

"I can see that he's very sensitive," I said.

"He's the kindest person I've ever known," Flora said.

"I'm glad to hear that," I said, "but let's talk about you now, shall we? I didn't come here to talk about Peter."

"But we're living together, Daddy."

"So I've been told. But the reason I came here, Flora, is to find out about you—what your plans are and so forth. I won't disapprove of your plans, whatever they are. I simply want to know what they are. You can't spend the rest of your life gluing butterflies to skeletons. All I want to know is what you plan to do with your life."

"I don't know, Daddy." She raised her face. "Nobody my age knows."

"I'm not taking a consensus of your generation. I am asking you. I am asking you what you would like to make of your life. I am asking you what ideas you have, what dreams you have, what hopes you have for yourself."

"I don't know, Daddy. Nobody my age knows."

"I wish you would eliminate the rest of your generation. I am acquainted with at least fifty girls your age who know precisely what they want to do. They want to be historians, editors, doctors, housewives, and mothers. They want to do something useful."

Peter came back with a bottle of bourbon, but he did not return any change. Was this cupidity, I wondered, or absent-mindedness? I said nothing. Flora brought me a glass and some water, and I asked if they would join me in a drink.

"We don't drink much," Peter said.

"Well, I'm glad to hear that," I said. "While you were out, I talked with Flora about her plans. That is, I discovered that she doesn't have any plans, and since she doesn't, I'm going to take her back to Bullet Park with me until her thinking is a little more decisive."

"I'm going to stay with Peter," Flora said.

"But supposing Peter had to go away?" I asked. "Suppose Peter had some interesting offer, such as six months or a year abroad—what would you do then?"

"Oh, Daddy," she asked, "you wouldn't do that, would you?"

"Oh, yes I would, I most certainly would," I said. "I would do anything on heaven or earth that I thought might bring you to your senses. Would you like to go abroad, Peter?"

"I don't know," he said. His face could not be said to have brightened, but for a moment his intelligence seemed engaged. "I'd like to go to East Berlin," he said.

"Why?"

"I'd like to go to East Berlin and give my American passport to some great creative person," he said, "some writer or musician, and let them escape to the free world."

"Why," I asked, "don't you paint 'Peace' on your backside and jump off a twelve-story building?"

This was a mistake, a disaster, a catastrophe, and I poured myself some more bourbon. "I'm sorry," I said. "I'm tired. However, my offer still stands. If you want to go to Europe, Peter, I'll be happy to pay your bills."

"Oh, I don't know," Peter said. "I've been. I mean, I've seen most of it."

"Well, keep it in mind," I said. "And as for you, Flora, I want you to come home with me. Come home for a week or two, anyhow. That's all I ask. Ten years from now, you will reproach me for not having guided you out of this mess. Ten years from now, you'll ask me, 'Daddy, Daddy, oh Daddy, why didn't you teach me not to spend the best years of my life in a slum.' I can't bear the thought of you coming to me ten years from now to blame me for not having forced you to take my advice."

"I won't go home."

"You can't stay here."

"I can if I want."

"I will stop your allowance."

"I can get a job."

"What kind of a job? You can't type, you can't take

"Looking."

"It's me, back again. Do you happen to remember which direction I first came from?"

shorthand, you don't know the first thing about any sort of business procedure, you can't even run a switchboard."

"I can get a job as a filing clerk."

"Oh, my God!" I roared. "Oh, my God! After the sailing lessons and the skiing lessons, after the get-togethers and the cotillion, after the year in Florence and the long summers at the sea—after all this, it turns out that what you really want is to be a spinster filing clerk with a low civil-service rating, whose principal excitement is to go once or twice a year to a Chinese restaurant with a dozen other spinster filing clerks and get tipsy on two sweet Manhattans."

I fell back into my chair and poured myself some more whiskey. There was a sharp pain in my heart, as if that lumpy organ had weathered every abuse only to be crippled by misery. The pain was piercing, and I thought I would die—not at that moment, in the canvas chair, but a few days later, perhaps in Bullet Park, or in some comfortable hospital bed. The idea did not alarm me; it was a consolation. I would die, and with those areas of tension that I represented finally removed, my only, only daughter would at last take up her life. My sudden disappearance from the scene would sober her with sorrow and misgiving. My death would mature her. She would go back to Smith, join the glee club, edit the newspaper, befriend girls of her own class, and marry some intelligent and visionary young man, who seemed, at the moment, to be wearing spectacles, and raise three or four sturdy children. She would be sorry. That was it, and overnight sorrow would show her the inutility of living in a slum with a stray.

"Go home, Daddy!" she said. She was crying. "Go home, Daddy, and leave us alone! Please go home, Daddy!"

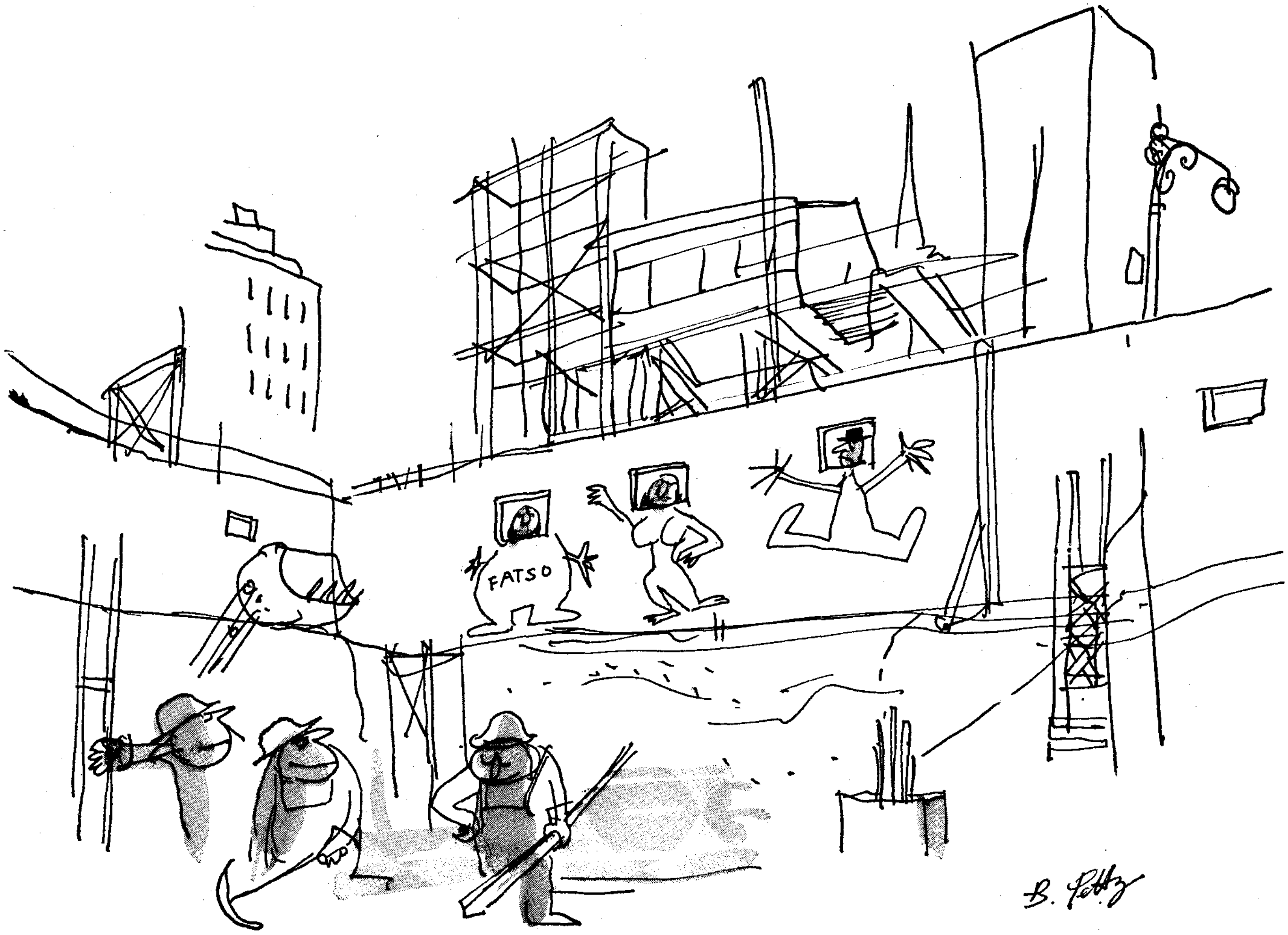
"I've always tried to understand you," I said. "You used to put four or five records on the player at Bullet Park and as soon as the music began you'd walk out of the house. I never understood why you did this, but one night I went out of the house to see if I could find you, and, walking down the lawn, with the music coming from all the open windows, I thought I did understand. I mean, I thought you put the records on and left the house because you liked to hear the music pouring out of the windows. I mean, I thought you liked at the end of your walk to come back to a house where music was playing. I was right, wasn't I? I understood that much?"

"Go home, Daddy," she said. "Please go home."

"And it isn't only you, Flora," I said. "I need you. I need you terribly."

"Go home, Daddy," she said, and so I did.

I HAD some supper in town and came home at around ten. I could hear Cora drawing a bath upstairs, and I took a shower in the bathroom off the kitchen. When I went upstairs, Cora was sitting at her dressing table, brushing her hair. Now, I have neglected to say that Cora is beautiful, and that I love her. She has ash-blond hair, dark brows, full lips, and eyes that are so astonishingly large, volatile, and engaging, so strikingly set, that I sometimes think she might take them off and put them between the pages of a book—leave them on a table. The white is a light blue, and the blue itself is of unusual depth. She is a graceful woman, not tall. She smokes continuously and has for most of her life, but she handles her cigarettes with a charming clumsiness, as if this entrenched habit were something she had just picked up. Her arms, legs, front, everything is beautifully proportioned. I love her, and, loving her, I know that love is not a reasonable process. I had not expected or wanted to fall in love when I first saw her at a wedding in the country. Cora was one of the attendants. The wedding was in a garden. A five-piece orchestra in tuxedos was half hidden in the rhododendrons. From the tent on the hill you could hear the caterer's men icing wine in wash buckets. She was the second to come, and was wearing one of those outlandish costumes that are designed for bridal parties, as if holy matrimony had staked out some unique and mysterious place for itself in sumptuary history. Her dress was blue, as I remember, with things hanging off it,



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and she wore over her pale hair a broad-brimmed hat that had no crown at all. She wobbled over the lawn in her high-heeled shoes, staring shyly and miserably into a bunch of blue flowers, and when she had reached her position she raised her face and smiled shyly at the guests, and I saw for the first time the complexity and enormousness of her eyes; felt for the first time that she might take them off and put them into a pocket. "Who is she?" I asked aloud. "Who *is* she?" "Sh-h-h," someone said. I was enthralled. My heart and my spirit leaped. I saw absolutely nothing of the rest of the wedding, and when the ceremony was over I raced up the lawn and introduced myself to her. I was not content with anything until she agreed to marry me, a year later.

Now my heart and my spirit leaped as I watched her comb her hair. A few days ago I had thought that she had retreated into the waters of a goldfish bowl. I had suspected her of attempted murder. How could I embrace decently and with the full ardor of my body and mind someone I suspected of murder? Was I embracing despair, was this an obscene passion, had I at that wedding so many years ago seen not beauty at all but cruelty in her large eyes? I had made her, in my imagination, a goldfish, a murderess, and now when I took her in my arms she was a swan, a flight of stairs, a fountain, the unpatrolled, unguarded boundaries to paradise.

But I woke at three, feeling terribly sad, and feeling rebelliously that I didn't want to study sadness, madness, melancholy, and despair. I wanted to study triumphs, the rediscoveries of love, all that I know in the world to be decent, radiant, and clear. Then the word "love," the impulse to love, welled up in me somewhere above my middle. Love seemed to flow from me in all directions, abundant as water—love for Cora, love for Flora, love for all my friends and neighbors, love for Penumbra. This tremendous flow of vitality could not be contained within its spelling, and I seemed to seize a laundry marker and write "luve" on the wall. I wrote "luve" on the staircase, "luve" in the pantry, "luve" on the oven, the washing machine, and the coffeepot, and when Cora came down in the morning (I would be nowhere around) everywhere she looked she would read "luve," "luve," "luve." Then I saw a green meadow and a sparkling stream. On the ridge there were thatched-roof cottages and a square church tower, so I knew it must be England. I climbed up from the meadow to the streets of the village, looking for the cottage where Cora and Flora would be waiting for me. There seemed to have been some mistake. No one knew their names. I asked at the post office, but the answer here was the same. Then it occurred to me that they would be at the manor house. How stupid I had been! I left the village and walked up a sloping lawn to a Georgian house, where a butler let me in. The squire was entertaining. There were twenty-five or thirty people in the hall, drinking sherry. I took a glass from a tray and looked through the gathering for Flora and my wife, but they were not there. Then I thanked my host and walked down the broad lawn, back to the meadow and the sparkling brook, where I lay on the grass and fell into a sweet sleep. •

—JOHN CHEEVER

Northland College was founded (as the North Wisconsin Academy) just in time to participate in the Panic of 1893.
—*Northern Light, a publication of Northland College.*

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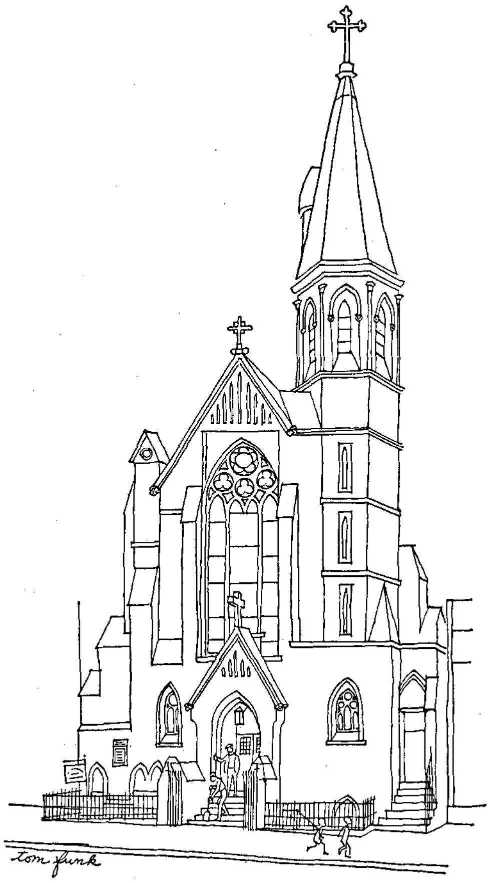
PROFILES

CHURCH—I

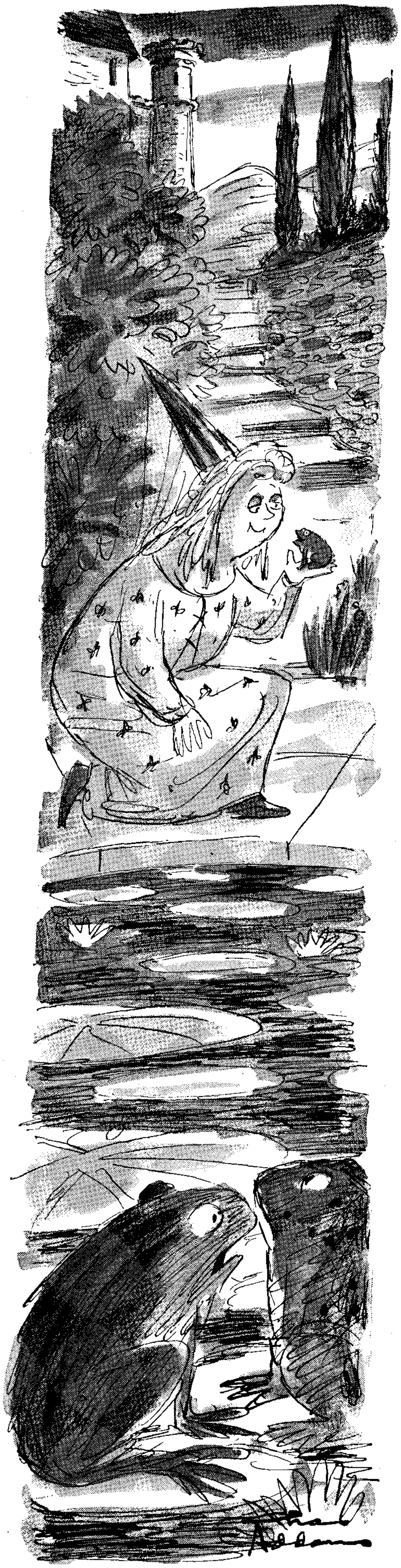


ON the south side of West Eighty-fourth Street between Central Park West and Columbus Avenue, the forty-foot double lot designated by the City of New York as Nos. 26 and 28 has for seventy years been occupied by a Protestant Episcopal church, with a gray stone façade, heavy oak doors, and, beneath an imposing steeple, a belfry in which there never has been a bell and probably never will be—both the price of bells and the city building regulations governing their installation being practically prohibitive. Its name is the Church of St. Matthew and St. Timothy, though for the first twenty-nine years of its existence its sole patron was St. Matthew, the tax collector turned evangelist. The name of St. Timothy, the young friend of St. Paul, to whom the latter once wrote, "The love of money is the root of all evil," appeared on Eighty-fourth Street in 1922, after the Church of Zion and St. Timothy, on West Fifty-seventh Street, had burned down and its congregation merged with that of St. Matthew's. Zion, a parish that had its beginnings in 1797 in what is now Chinatown, disappeared in the merger; no Episcopal church has three names, even if many Episcopal churchmen have. All that is left of Zion today is three handsome pieces of Communion silver, dated 1806, and a large lead box, which was rescued from the cornerstone of the burned church; among the contents of the box, in addition to an 1852 Bible, an 1853 Church Almanac, and an August 6, 1853, copy of the New York *Times*, is a parchment roll bearing a history of Zion parish, written in copperplate and now preserved in an antique milk bottle. The silver is in a safe in the basement room of the Church of St. Matthew and St. Timothy where the choir changes clothes before and after the eleven-o'clock Sunday service, and the lead box stands on top of a bookcase in that same room. In the eyes of the neighborhood children who frequent the church on weekday afternoons, though, the most interesting things there are a sandbox and an old upright piano.

The Church of St. Matthew and St. Timothy is not small. It is more than eighty feet high, and its fumed-oak, red-leather-cushioned pews can accommodate five hundred worshippers, though the last time that many people sat in them was on the day in 1945 that the Reverend Frederick Burgess, who has since retired as rector, was married, rather late in life, to a young woman who for a number of years had sung in the choir. (Some years earlier, Thomas E. Dewey had sung in the same choir, to help pay his way through Columbia Law School.) The Church of St. Matthew and St. Timothy is not unassuming, either. It consists of as much Victorian Gothic architecture as a double lot can comfortably hold, or perhaps a little more. However, sacred architecture is not always a match for profane. When the church was built, it was, as it was surely meant to be, a landmark—a building whose steeple, surmounted by a gray stone cross, soared soberly over the row of four-story brownstones in which the edifice was set. In the mid-twenties, several brownstones on either side of the church were replaced by a pair of boxlike nine-story apartment houses of purplish brick; the Reverend Mr. Burgess (or plain Mr. Burgess, as he prefers to be called, being Low Church) recalls that during the erection of the building to the east, No. 20, a wildly thrown or clumsily fielded hot rivet shattered a pane of stained glass in the church, and that getting the builder to finance a replacement was gruelling work. The apartment houses are almost as high as the church steeple, and they rise directly from the sidewalk building line, whereas the church, like all the brownstones on the block, is set back somewhat behind a stoop. As a result, the church may be the most inconspicuous forty-foot-wide, eighty-foot-high Victorian Gothic structure in New York; it can hardly be seen from anywhere but right across the street.

Being physically hemmed in is probably the smallest of the indignities that the twentieth century has inflicted on St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's. It is even possible that if a more luxuriant crop of purple apartment houses had been cultivated on Eighty-fourth Street, the church would be a less interesting institution than it is, since No. 20 and its twin to the west, No. 36, are bastions of residential respectability on a block whose character in recent years has been, to put it as mildly as possible, not the sort that is ordinarily suggested by the word "Episcopalian." The block is still mostly brownstones, and though they show signs of age and ill-usage, they must still look much as they did seventy years ago. The big change on West Eighty-fourth Street has been in who lives there, and how. In 1893, when the cornerstone of the church was laid, each brownstone was occupied, and most likely owned, by a single family that was certainly well-to-do, certainly white, and probably law-abiding and God-fearing. One of the present vestrymen of the church, who was born on West Eighty-fourth Street, who started attending St. Matthew's in 1902, and who fled the neighborhood for Long Island forty years ago, remembers that when he was a boy many of the local householders came to church on Sunday in striped trousers, frock coats, and silk hats. Unfortunate St. Timothy! Or, more to the point, unfortunate Mr. Burgess! For the arrival of the saint and the reverend on Eighty-fourth Street coincided almost precisely with the first appearance there of the symptoms of that mysterious old New York malady with the unenlightening new name, "urban blight." During the twenties and the thirties, the pace of the blight's progress was glacial; each year a brownstone or two became a rooming house, usually a quiet, respectable one—though even quiet, respectable rooming houses are bad for a church, because most roomers are unsettled people who are unlikely to become faithful parishioners. Then, after the Second World War ended, the blight accelerated to the point where its pace became that of an avalanche. By the early fifties, what with the housing shortage, the wave of Puerto Rican immigration, and the greed of landlords, which we have always with us, the brownstones on Eighty-fourth Street as often as not housed a family in each room—a family that was certainly poor, probably Negro or Puerto Rican, and probably deeply distrustful of all rule-making bodies, from the City of New York to the Protestant Episcopal Church, and of all rules, from the sanitary code to the Ten Commandments. The houses slid into an irremediable state of filth and disrepair. The streets became littered with garbage of all descriptions and crowded with children of all sizes. The nights became hideous with bongo drums, alcoholic revelry, police-car sirens, and the sounds of connubial combat. Juvenile fighting gangs began to form on every fourth or fifth corner in the church's neighborhood. Prostitutes openly solicited on the Eighty-fourth Street block between Amsterdam and Columbus, just west of the one the church is on, and narcotics pushers plied their trade there only a little more discreetly. As of New Year's Day, 1956, when Mr. Burgess, having spent forty years with the parish and being well into his sixties, laid down his burden, there was scarcely an Episcopalian living within the parish limits and scarcely a chance there would ever be one again unless the church sallied into the streets and manufactured him.

Mr. Burgess was succeeded by the Reverend James A. Gusweller (or Father Gusweller, as he prefers to be called, being High Church), a congenital evangelist who operates on the assumption that even the blighted have immortal souls. He did sally into the streets, to such effect that today St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's is an example and an inspiration to urban parishes all over the country that must contend with turbulent neighborhoods and changing populations. And some of his sallies have been so vigorous that they not only shook up West Eighty-fourth and the neighboring streets but caused intermittent tremors in City Hall and the Executive Mansion in Albany, not to mention the offices of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York. The way in which the church and its rector have caused the most commotion during the last eight years has been by hounding landlords who have systematically kept their properties in a state of disrepair and squalor, and by hounding public officials who have let them do so. This has been a more daring activity than it may seem offhand. Though in a popularity contest slum landlords would no doubt finish well behind man-eating sharks, and no civic spokesman ever hesitates to shower them with all the abuse he has handy, the presence in New York of as many appalling slums as there are suggests that showering slum landlords with abuse, which distresses them about as much as it does man-eating sharks, is often as far as anyone goes to distress them. It is by no means as far as Father Gusweller has gone. Short of horsewhipping them up and down West Eighty-fourth Street, there is hardly an imaginable method of inducing them to mend their ways that he hasn't at one time or another resorted to. He has reasoned with them, pleaded with them, and threatened them. He has denounced them from the pulpit and in the press. He has personally inspected their properties, served summonses on them, led delegations of their tenants to court, and testified against them. He has organized and presided over citizens' committees dedicated to their downfall, and he has fulminated against them in the local clubhouses of the Democratic Party and the Republican Party. He has assembled enough evidence of their having bribed building inspectors to give the county District Attorney and the city Commissioner of Investigation a good deal of unforeseen work and publicity, and produced enough evidence of their highhanded attitude toward keeping their properties up to enable the State Attorney General to throw a number of their corporations into the hands of receivers. He has descended into basements to light furnaces that they have turned off, and on one occasion, a couple of winters



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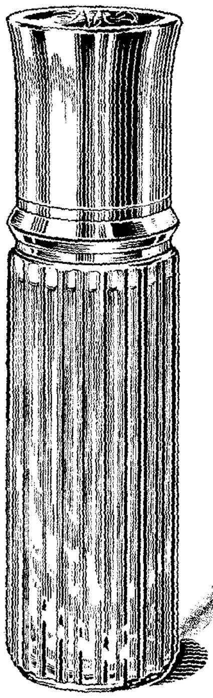

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ago, when the owner of an apartment house with two hundred tenants deliberately failed to pay his electric bill, so that Consolidated Edison would stop furnishing electricity to the house, he authorized his curate to smash the lock on the meter and turn the electricity on again. (Apparently, the only person to be punished for that piece of direct action was a Consolidated Edison representative who adhered to company policy by refusing to unlock the meter peacefully when the curate asked him to; the company immediately demoted him, presumably on the proved charge of obedience to orders.)

Though what St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's has done about housing is not the sort of campaign a church conventionally—or a conventional church—conducts, Father Gusweller is sure that it has been a crusade in the literal meaning of the word: a war for the Cross against the infidels. It is undoubtedly true that by going after landlords the parish awoke itself from the apparently fatal coma it had been in, induced some three hundred residents of the neighborhood to become members, and won so much fame that it was able to raise the money to build, next to the church, a community center where a thousand or more local children now study and play. However, these pragmatic grounds are by no means the only ones on which Father Gusweller bases his conviction that he has been conducting a crusade. He feels strongly that when a church is faced with conditions like those on Eighty-fourth Street, social action is prime theology. In an article of his that appeared in a Protestant magazine some time ago, he wrote that he had made his widely publicized charges of bribe-taking by building inspectors "as a matter of duty, of communicating the gospel." He continued, "For the church must proclaim the gospel not only from the pulpit but to the whole community. The people in New York have been apathetic toward civic corruption. They must face the fact that graft is a violation of God's commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal.' " Father Gusweller's belief that it is no more than his pastoral responsibility to expose civic wrongdoing is reinforced by another conviction, which arises from his personal experience as an evangelist, rather than from doctrine. It is that no man can live a Christian life in the absence of a certain amount of physical and mental well-being. He is quite sure that the typical rooming-house dweller won't hear the gospel, no matter how loudly it is shouted in his ear, because, gouged by his landlord, exploited by his employer (if any), distrusted by the cop on the corner, scorned and feared by the respectable folk in the elevator apartments along the nearby avenues, obliged to sleep and wash and cook and eat and make love in the presence of a crowd (not counting the vermin), and doomed almost inescapably to be a lowlife by his bad English and his dark skin, the typical rooming-house dweller is bound to spend much of his time protecting his other cheek, hating his enemies, and trying hard to do unto others as they have done unto him. "If a person has too many cares, he is poor soil," Father Gusweller has said. "When can a person hear the gospel? Only when he can empty himself of himself for a time. A person must be loved and accepted before he can hear." Father Gusweller's offensive against landlords, then, can be described as the most melodramatic campaign in an evangelical war whose strategy assumes that people must be saved a little in this life to be saved at all in the next one. But it can also be described, if your bias is historical rather than theological, as an extraordinarily energetic and resourceful response to a kind of mortal crisis that this particular parish has undergone at least seven times in its hundred-and-sixty-seven-year history—and that every other New York parish of equivalent longevity has similarly undergone. For New York's way of growing and—if that's the word—flourishing is spasmodic and unpredictable. A tunnel is dug, an elevated-railway line is torn down, a housing project is built, a block of residences is replaced by a block of offices, a superhighway to the suburbs is opened, a group of immigrants is landed, an old fashion in addresses is supplanted by a new one, and suddenly good neighborhoods turn bad, bad neighborhoods turn good, and neighborhood churches find themselves among strangers. The problems that Father Gusweller is struggling with so ably on Eighty-fourth Street are problems that the predecessor parishes struggled with, usually not so ably, on four or five other streets, long before Father Gusweller was born. Therefore the almost hundred-year history of Zion parish, as it appears briefly on that parchment scroll in the milk bottle, and at much greater length in a handsomely printed and illustrated book that was published in 1894, is more than a record of how a small group of Episcopalians fared through the years. It is an evocation of the hard personality

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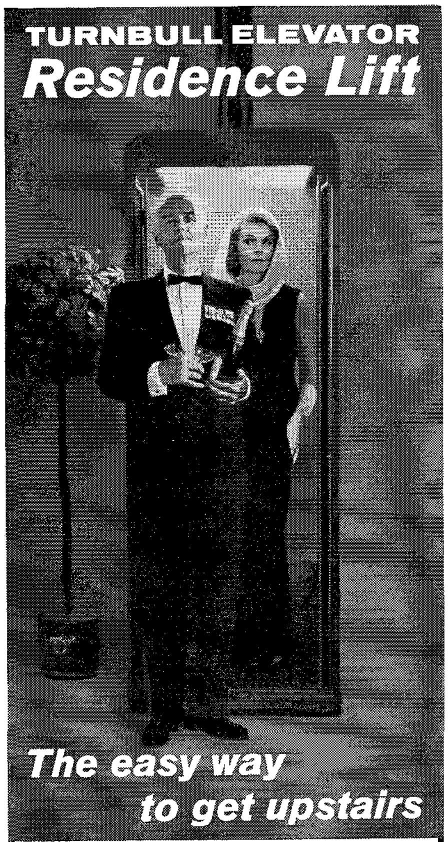

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of the city within which that group has somehow managed to endure.

IT was from an early simmer of the world's most famous melting pot that the parish originally emerged. In 1794, a handful of English-speaking members of the only Lutheran congregation in town, whose church was at Frankfort and William Streets, a block east of City Hall, decided that every so often they would like to hear a sermon they could understand, instead of one preached in German, and they began meeting informally for this purpose. The move was not unprecedented. Forty-five years before, the Germans who made up seven-eighths of the membership of the city's original Lutheran church, which dated back to 1664 and had been unalterably committed to services in Dutch, had resigned in a body because they wanted sermons *they* could understand; after a twenty-seven-year schism, the original church, where Dutch was still in use, had burned down, and the rift had been healed on the Germans' terms. By now, however, Lutheran worship in English had an obvious appeal, and within just three years after its exponents began to hold their informal meetings, they had attracted enough supporters to become an organized congregation, prepared to build a church of their own. From that position of strength, they petitioned the Lutheran Consistory for official recognition. They were turned down, on the ground, which may astonish both present-day Lutherans and present-day Episcopalians, that the only essential difference between Lutherans and Episcopalians was that they conducted their affairs in different languages; if the new congregation insisted on using English, the Consistory declared, it automatically belonged with the Episcopalians. Thirteen years passed before the congregation could summon the nerve to make the change. However, existing in a denominational limbo did not prevent it, in 1801, from building a new stone church, which was at Mott and Cross (now Park) Streets, in what later became Chinatown, and which was named Zion, because it stood on the brow of a hill. Finally, in 1810, the English Lutheran Church of Zion became the Zion Protestant Episcopal Church, the first direct ancestor of St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's. As the descendant of Zion, which was the eleventh Episcopal church in Manhattan (there are fifty-one today), St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's antedates even such tradition-encrusted parishes as St. James's, St. Thomas's, St. Bar-

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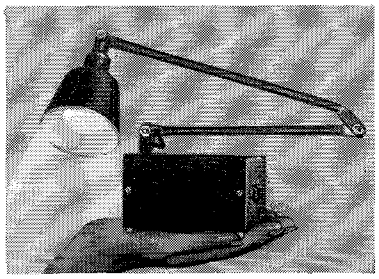

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tholomew's, and Heavenly Rest. New York's Episcopalians, who during the Revolution and the years just after it had undergone the shock of being transformed from members of the established Church of England into members of the disestablished Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, had fully recovered by the beginning of the nineteenth century, it appears, for they were building furiously; of the ten Episcopal churches that existed before Zion, seven had opened their doors after 1791, when Church and State were once and for all separated by the Constitution. Zion's neighborhood was an unpromising one—poor, thinly populated, almost devoid of "natural" Episcopalians (that is, families with Church of England backgrounds), and comparatively inaccessible, being separated from the prosperous westerly part of the city by the considerable expanse of Collect Pond, which at the time served mainly as a sewer and refuse dump, and which was ultimately filled in to provide a site for the Tombs, among other vital municipal installations. Zion solved its logistical problem largely through what the parish history calls the "faithful, earnest, and efficient labors, and acceptable visitations" of its rector, the Reverend Ralph Williston. The history further records that the labors and visitations that met with particular approval from the residents of the neighborhood, and induced many of them to send their children to Zion's Sunday school and to join the church themselves, were those devoted to "rescuing the neglected." Long before there was such a place as West Eighty-fourth Street, after all, there were enough neglected in New York to keep any church with the courage and energy for rescue work fully occupied, and by 1815 the parish was keeping busy and, what is more, doing well. Then, on the night of August 31st of that year, an arsonist set fire to a fodder shop on the corner of Mott and Pell Streets, and before the blaze was put out, it had destroyed thirty-five buildings, most of them rickety wooden stables, stores, and tenements, but among them Zion Church, of which only the walls were left standing. The parish history notes that "the guilty man—a notorious criminal—was arrested, brought to justice, and suffered on the gallows," but the historian seems to have derived little satisfaction from the fact, for his chronicle goes on sourly, "In view of the insufficiency of the means then employed in extinguishing fires, and of the inflammable character of the buildings surrounding the church, it is marvellous

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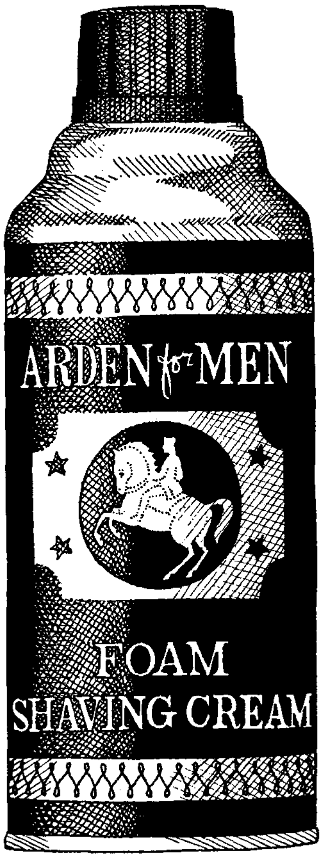
that the Vestry neglected the insurance of the building."

Since Zion's membership, as a newspaper account of the fire remarked, consisted "mostly of mechanics not in opulent circumstances," finding the funds to keep the church going was a difficult and time-consuming business. "A grand oratorio, projected by the principal composers, and embracing all the available musical talent in this city, Philadelphia, and the neighboring towns" was sung in St. Paul's Chapel at Broadway and Fulton Street to raise some of the funds for the rebuilding of the church; it was apparently the first event of its kind ever staged in New York. An intricate arrangement was made with the holder of the mortgage on the church site, a tobacco merchant named Peter Lorillard (it was to be a number of years before the Lorillard family became cosmopolitan enough to name a first-born son Pierre), whereby he bought, at public auction, the land and the partly rebuilt church for the amount of the mortgage and promised to hold the property until the congregation could raise enough money both to buy it back at the same price and to get on with the rebuilding. Finally, New York's oldest, richest, and most munificent parish, Trinity, which had helped out Zion and other less affluent churches on previous occasions, came to the rescue again, to the tune of some twenty-five thousand dollars in gifts and loans over a period of years, and in 1818 a new Zion was consecrated on the old site. There was a new rector, too, a twenty-six-year-old Pennsylvanian named Thomas Breintnall. The old rector had been forced by the lack of parish funds to accept a call to Maryland a couple of years earlier. Zion (and St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's after it) was to go through many fiscal agonies similar to these, but describing just one set of them may help to establish a fact that tends to exasperate freethinkers a good deal more than it does churchgoers—the fact that there is more to running a successful church than merely handling its spiritual affairs competently. Most churches possess large and complicated physical plants, which in a city like New York, where the value of real estate and the cost of putting up and maintaining a building are high, take considerable business skill to administer. Moreover, the Episcopal Church, like most Protestant denominations, is constituted in such a way that each parish is in business for itself; in an Episcopal parish the vestry, or lay governing board elected by the congregation from among its members, is charged with the handling of the funds. A congregation consisting mostly of "mechanics not in opulent circumstances," therefore, is likely to find itself in financial trouble quite a lot of the time, both because its income is small and because it has few members who know how to manage money. It has been fortunate for the many poor Episcopal parishes in the Diocese of New York that the many rich ones have been generous with their money and with the time of their members who know how to manage money. Just as Trinity helped Zion, St. Thomas's on Fifth Avenue and St. James's on Madison Avenue are helping St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's.

Mr. Breintnall remained as rector of Zion for nineteen years—a period that, after new calamities had overtaken the parish, came to be referred to by graybeards in the congregation as "the golden days of Zion." Doubtless Zion's rector was, as the parish history asserts, "able and well-disciplined, sanguine and judicious," but the evidence also indicates that he was lucky, in that he presided during one of those infrequent periods when the growth of the city was helping the church rather than hindering it. Partly owing to the 1815 fire—which, like many huge New York fires of that era, provided a drastically effective form of slum clearance and an imperative summons to urban rehabilitation—the neighborhood had improved spectacularly in the eight years between the consecration of the first Zion church and that of the second. Solid new middle-class people had built houses in the streets around the church site, and as the city grew richer, so did many of the old parishioners. In addition, it was during Mr. Breintnall's tenure that Mott Street and its environs were brought truly into town—and made a good deal more habitable—by the filling in of Collect Pond. And so Zion prospered for a while. It bought an organ. Its Sunday school achieved an enrollment of six hundred—the biggest in the city. Every year it baptized almost a hundred infants and confirmed twenty-odd adolescents and grownups in the faith. A principal source of church revenue at that period was the sale or rental of pews; during the golden days, thirty-five of Zion's hundred and fifteen downstairs pews were sold outright and the remaining eighty were always rented. The congregation allowed the pews in the galleries to be used free.

The golden days lasted barely until



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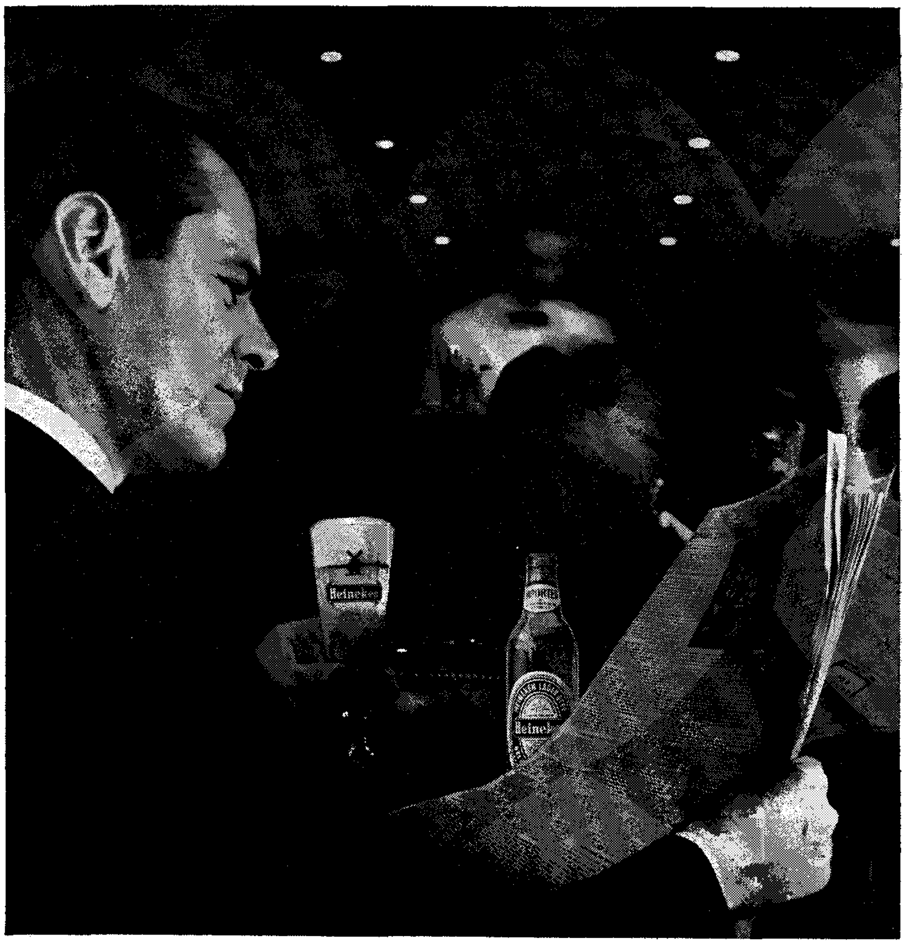
Mr. Breintnall's resignation, in 1837, for at the bottom of Zion's hill the city had prepared a nasty surprise. This was a neighborhood called the Five Points, because its center was the five-pointed intersection where Park Street met Baxter and Worth, two blocks from the church. The claim may sound extravagant, but the probability is that the Five Points during the thirty years before the Civil War was the very worst place there has ever been in the City of New York. Certainly West Eighty-fourth Street at its most squalid and obstreperous never equalled it for poverty, for overcrowding, for filth, for disease, or for crime. The Five Points was where unemployed workmen, newly landed immigrants, and runaway slaves ended up if they had no resources and no relatives or friends with any, where race riots and cholera epidemics started, where drunkenness and prostitution were ways of life that were both ordinary and logical, where passersby were robbed in the street in broad daylight, where "daring outlaws"—in the phrase of Charles Dickens, who was horrified by what he saw there in 1842—holed up in the certainty that no policeman would risk coming in after them. The emergence of such a district in the heart of a parish that for twenty-five years had been waging an uphill struggle to be genteel may seem comic in retrospect, but there is no reason to believe that the congregation found it amusing at the time. The parish history is tactfully unspecific about the decisions that the congregation took in reference to the Five Points, perhaps because the only decision it took was not to take any. However, the terms in which Mr. Breintnall's letter of resignation is couched, together with the unproductive career of his successor, the Reverend William Richmond—a missionary type who was evidently not encouraged to do missionary work on Mott Street and who soon left for Oregon—strongly suggest that there was a decided difference of opinion in the parish over how to handle the Five Points. Both Mr. Breintnall and his successor seem to have felt that for Zion to mount an intensive program of evangelism at the bottom of the hill was a clear obligation, while the majority of the congregation apparently took a position that can be truthfully, if uncharitably, summarized as "We don't want those bums in our church." The social dilemmas churches often find themselves impaled upon can be as vexing as the financial ones, and as prejudicial to the saving of souls—a fact to which the record of many a parish before and after Zion testi-



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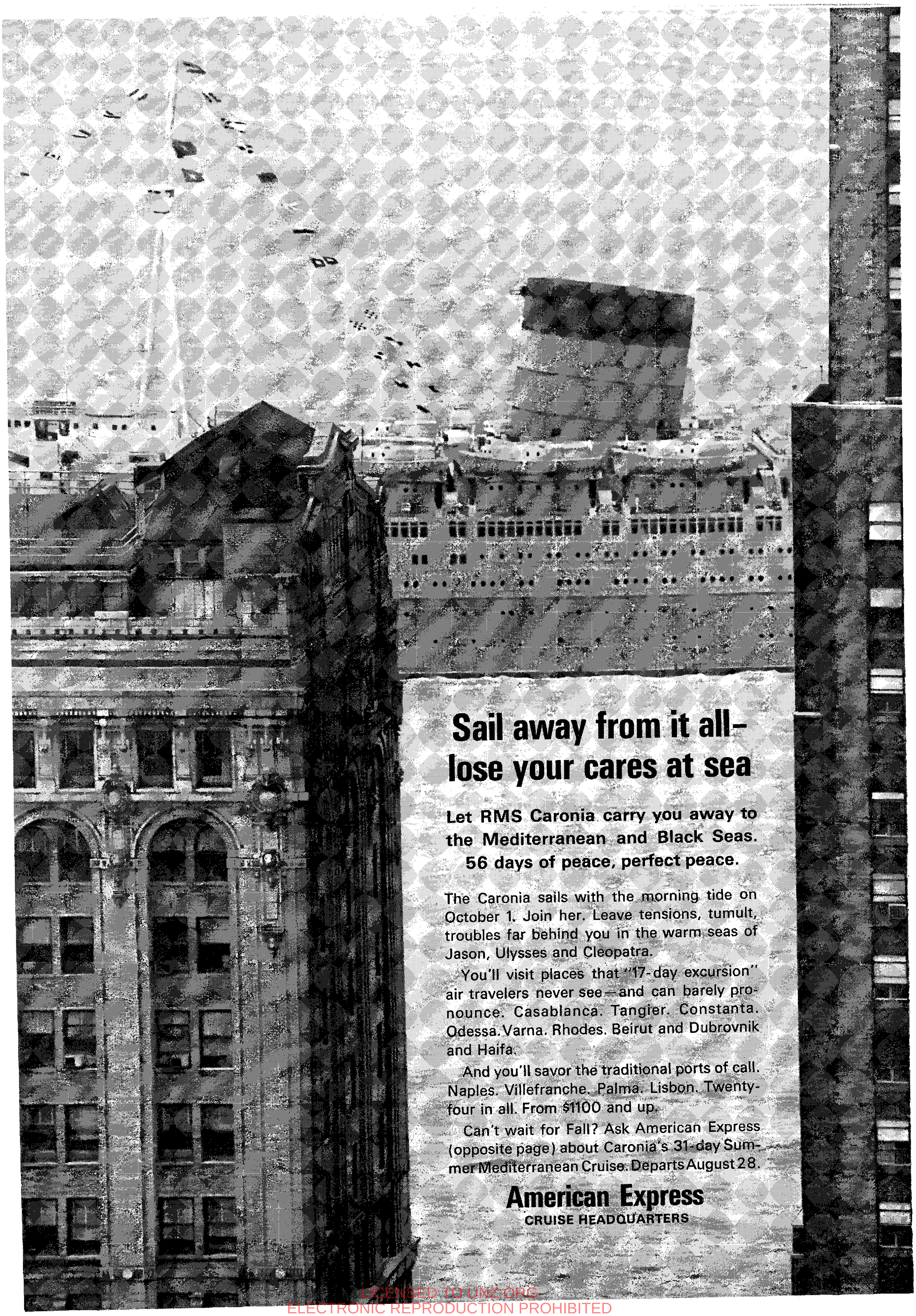

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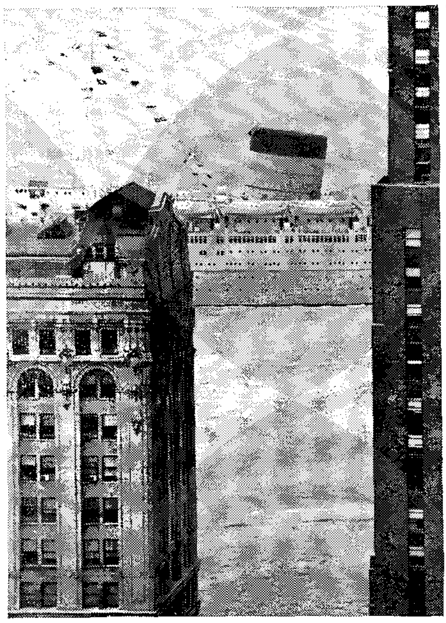

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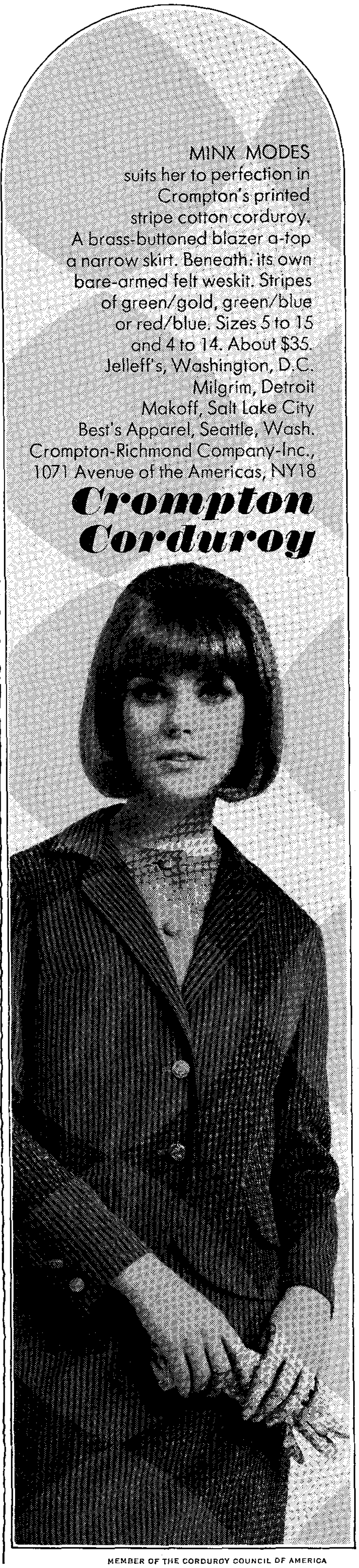
fies. To switch the time from 1842 to 1964 and the place from the lower East Side to the upper West, it is also truthful, if uncharitable, to point out that the total number of Puerto Ricans and Negroes who belong to the West-Park Presbyterian Church, the Methodist Church of St. Paul and St. Andrew, the First Baptist Church, the Unitarian Universalist Church of The Divine Paternity, the Thirteenth Church of Christ Scientist, the Ukrainian Orthodox Church of St. Vladimir, the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-Day Saints, New York State, Manhattan Ward, and the Episcopal Church of All Angels—all of which stand in the immediate neighborhood of West Eighty-fourth Street—is smaller than the Puerto Rican and Negro membership of St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's alone.

Since no very concentrated effort was made by the city, the church, or anyone else either to eliminate or to reform the Five Points, the predictable happened. The respectable inhabitants of the neighborhood staged an eighteen-forties equivalent of the nineteen-forties flight to the suburbs; they moved uptown. The rector who succeeded the man who went to Oregon was the Reverend Richard Cox, an old Zion hand, who had been baptized and confirmed and had received his First Communion in the church he now presided over. He tried manfully for a number of years, much like Mr. Burgess a century later, to keep the church going at the old stand, but every year the congregation and the bank balance grew smaller. In 1851, the heirs of a lately deceased parishioner offered to sell to the parish for one dollar five lots on the southeast corner of Madison Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street and five more lots on the southwest corner. It was a proposal too tempting to resist, particularly since these lots, too, were on an eminence—that of Murray Hill—so the parish followed its flock out of town, leaving the neglected in the Five Points to rescue themselves as best they might.

That the neighborhood of Madison Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street in 1851 was the sociological equivalent of Larchmont or Manhasset a hundred years later—and physically a good deal more bucolic—is not a fanciful notion. Let the parish history testify: "When Zion Church was built on Madison Avenue, its locality was suburban, surrounded by fields, only a few scattered residences being in sight. . . . The Central Park of the future, excepting the receiving reservoirs, was wild, uncultivated wooded land, as in the days



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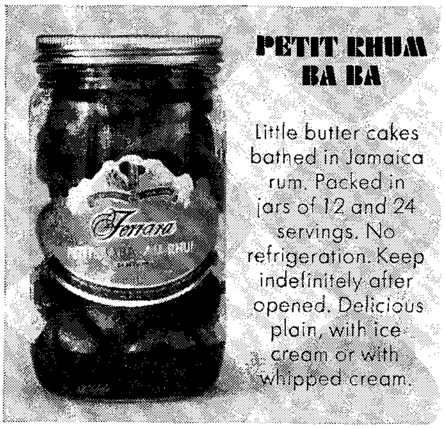
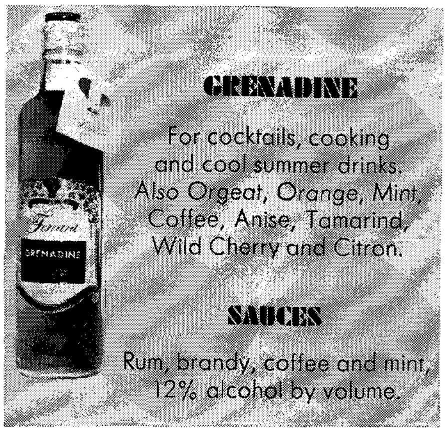

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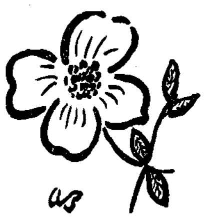
of the aborigines. Madison Avenue was not then opened beyond Forty-second Street." In this idyllic setting, out of sight and mind of the drunks, bawds, and cutthroats downtown, the parish was able to devote its full energies for the next few years to the financial and architectural problems of building a new church, and to the ceremonial ones of getting it consecrated in style. The Madison Avenue church cost forty-five thousand dollars all told, and the parish raised two-thirds of this sum by selling the Mott Street church. When it first announced that the old church was for sale, Protestant clergymen from all over the city formed a committee to find money to buy it and to find people who would be willing to operate it as a Protestant mission to the Five Points. However, three months of searching failed to turn up any Protestant with the fortitude to pick up so hot a potato, and the parish finally sold the structure to an early bidder, the Roman Catholic Church—a move that prompted a Protestant publication called the *Church Journal* to declare, "We are spared the pain of announcing the sale of Zion Church to the Romanists by its publication in the secular papers. It is a disgrace to the Churchmen of this City that such a thing should have happened, and it is best not to smooth it over, but to acknowledge it with shame and confusion of face." Whatever shame or confusion of face the sale provoked was evidently confined to the pages of the *Church Journal*. In an address on the occasion of the laying of the Madison Avenue cornerstone (which contained the lead box that is now in the basement on Eighty-fourth Street), on August 6, 1853, Mr. Cox declared that the parish had been forced to decamp because "classes of persons inferior alike in character and resources, and generally having little or no sympathy with our Protestant Episcopal Church" had infested the old neighborhood, and he went on to say that Zion had done only what thirty-three more of the forty Protestant churches that had been in operation downtown between 1820 and 1830 had done. As the Romanists moved onto Mott Street, where they still are, Zion hopefully prepared for a new succession of golden days on Murray Hill.



For a few years, it appeared that these hopes would be fulfilled. The new church, with seats for six hundred and fifty, a hundred-and-sixty-five-foot spire bearing a notable peal of bells, and an interior ornamented with a profusion of painting, carving, and stained glass, was easily the most impressive structure of its kind in the vicinity when it opened its doors in the late spring of 1854. What is more, the choice of the Murray Hill neighborhood as an area due for an immediate boom had been a prescient one. One indication of the promising outlook for the parish was the calibre of the man it was able to obtain as rector five years after the church opened, when Mr. Cox was forced to resign for reasons of health. His successor was the Right Reverend Horatio Southgate, D.D., who in his time had been Missionary Bishop for the Dominions and Dependencies of the Sultan of Turkey; who spoke Turkish, German, French, and Italian; who read Greek, Latin, and Hebrew; and who, in the course of his career, wrote, among other books, "Narrative of a Tour through Armenia, Kurdistan, Persia and Mesopotamia" (in two volumes), "Practical Directions for the Observance of Lent," and "The Cross Above the Crescent, a Romance of Constantinople." The parish history says, "When Bishop Southgate assumed the rectorship, the uninhabited region in which his predecessor patiently toiled was marvellously transformed, being almost covered with elegant and costly brownstone dwellings. They were mostly occupied by their owners, many of whom became attached to the parish and remained connected therewith for many years."

One factor had been omitted from the calculations as to the desirability of moving to Murray Hill, though, and this was that in such an era of unbridled free enterprise, not to mention unbridled social climbing, Episcopal churches would turn out to be no less savagely competitive than any other institutions. As soon as it had been established that Murray Hill was the richest and most fashionable part of town, Episcopal churches began pouring in from all directions. Already nearby by the time Zion opened were St. John the Baptist's, at Thirty-fifth and Lexington; the Church of the Transfiguration, better known as the Little Church Around the Corner, at Twenty-ninth and Fifth (where it still is); and the Church of the Incarnation, at Twenty-eighth and Madison. In 1858, a year before Bishop Southgate took over, Christ Church moved from Eighteenth Street to Thirty-fifth and Fifth, over the heated objections of Zion. However, Zion was strong enough to withstand this first wave of competition, and in 1860 it even staged a small counter-offensive by arranging to swallow—or, as the parish history puts it, "to unite . . . efforts with"—the Church of the Atonement, a poor new parish that had not yet been able to build a church and was operating out of a second-floor room on the corner of Thirty-third Street and Second Avenue. For the next four years, probably because the scarcity and high cost of both labor and materials during the Civil War precluded any large-scale building, the status quo obtained on Murray Hill.

Then, in 1864, with the end of the war in sight, the Church of the Incarnation suddenly moved seven blocks up Madison to Thirty-fifth and put up a big new building (which is still there), and a flossy new parish, Holy Trinity, put up a flossy new church at Forty-second and Madison. Zion was essentially a middle-class parish, and many of its members, for all their intelligence, cultivation, and worldly means—or perhaps because of them—found the lure of the surrounding aristocracy irresistible and began to slope off to Zion's fancy rivals. The parish history describes as "more competitive than churchly in character" the measures that were taken to stop the exodus, and justifies the description as follows: "An organist and a quartette choir, conspicuous for rendering the most elaborate and ornate music in any Anglican church, were engaged. Their efforts proved successful in point of drawing *audiences* [the historian's italics] so large as to make awkward any ingress to one's pew. All the pews were rented, and there were numerous applicants for such as were surrendered. While it cannot be denied that the temporal interests of the parish were thereby promoted, its spiritual welfare was, in the judgment of the Rector and many others, imperilled. These trying circumstances continued for two years, until 1868, when a change in the character of the music became a necessity. The Vestry on March 5th, by the casting vote of the Chair, resolved to place the appointment of an organist and choir where, by church ordinance, power over them belonged, and where by precedent in this parish it had (excepting the last engagement) always been placed. By virtue of this authority, the Rector concluded an arrangement for a vested choir of men and boys out of regard for, as he believed, the interests of the parish, both spiritual and temporal."

The affair was by no means settled by the dismissal of the elaborate and ornate quartette, though. Its partisans were so outraged that they entered an insurgent slate for the vestry and con-

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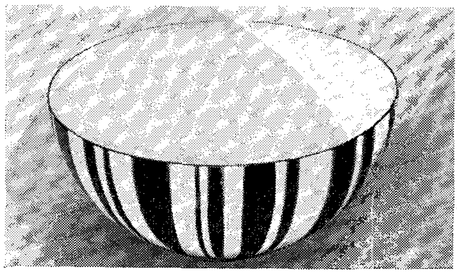

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ducted an acrimonious election campaign. When they lost narrowly, they challenged the legality of the poll in the State Supreme Court; when a judge decided against them, they appealed; when the verdict against them was confirmed, they resigned from Zion in a body, cutting the size of the congregation almost by half. The church had to be mortgaged, and even that expedient barely saved its life. All this was too much for Bishop Southgate. While the parish, as the history puts it, "lingered between life and death," he wrote "The Cross Above the Crescent, a Romance of Constantinople" in 1870 and resigned in 1872, with a final admonition to the congregation to get off Madison Avenue. "Here she [churches are always personified in the feminine gender, it seems] can only keep up an existence of rivalry in a field which does not need her," he said. "I think such a course is unworthy of her and must soon terminate." It was a mere twenty-one years after Zion had moved into a locality that was "suburban, surrounded by fields; only a few scattered residences . . . in sight" that its—or her—rector was constrained to utter such words. The city had undone the parish again, though in this instance an ungovernable flood of rich people, rather than of poor people, was the means by which the undoing was accomplished. Zion followed its Madison Avenue course, unworthy or not, for eighteen more years, some of them good, more of them bad, and none of them notable, before it gave up the struggle for the luxury trade.

ON the West Side during those years, the progress of St. Timothy's, the parish with which Zion was to merge in 1890, was modest and orderly, probably because the West Side at the time was a section in which only a church with a greater interest in propagating the faith than in high pew rents was tempted to work, and so there was little competition. The parish was founded, in 1853, in a neighborhood where "there was but one Episcopal church for a population of about forty thousand," to quote what its founder, the Reverend James Cole Tracey, wrote in a report to the diocese. Mr. Tracey was an enthusiastic young man who had come to New York from Ohio in 1852 and, with the encouragement of the well-endowed and charitably inclined St. Michael's Church, which had been established in 1807 in the far reaches of the upper West Side (now Ninety-ninth Street and Amsterdam Avenue) by wealthy landowners who

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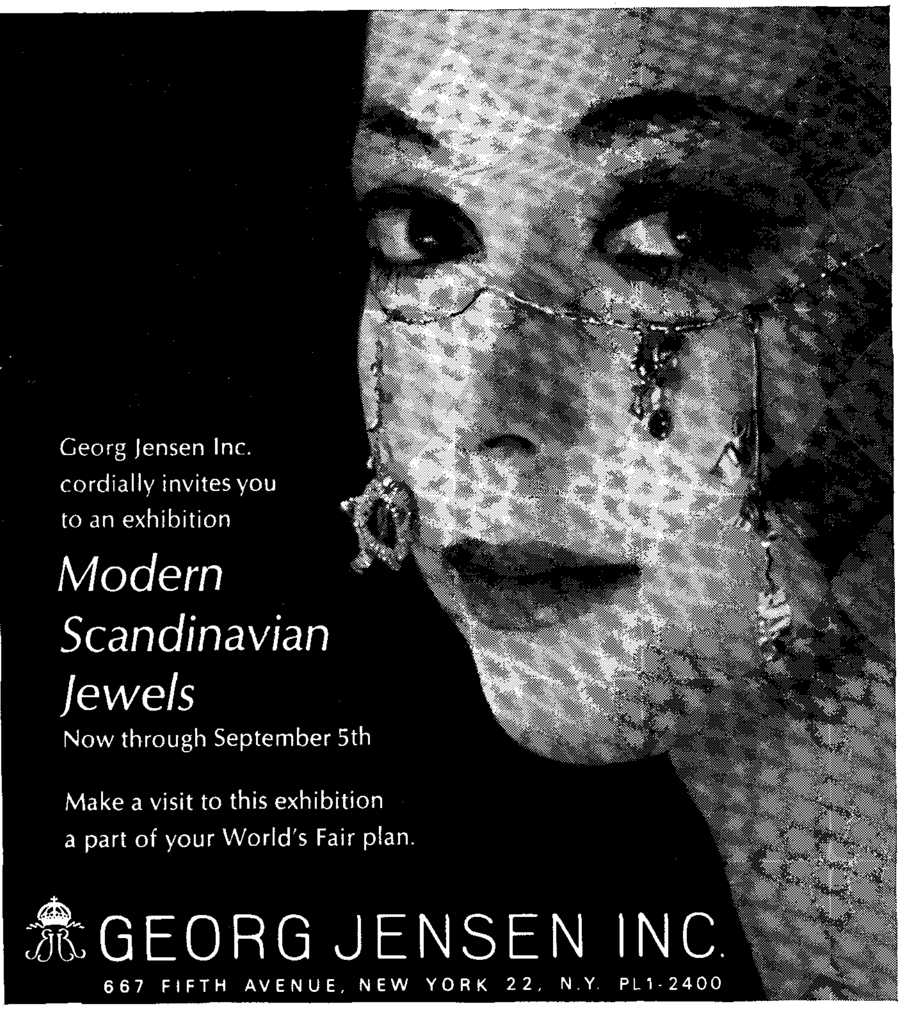
had homes in the countryside along the Hudson River, had begun holding services where he felt they were most needed—in profane institutions like the city almshouse and the city jail. Presently, again with St. Michael's blessing, he undertook a program of missionary work in the West Fifties, a poor, predominantly working-class neighborhood. At about the time Zion was laying the cornerstone of its forty-five-thousand-dollar church, Mr. Tracey rented, for seventy-five dollars a year, a little abandoned clapboard schoolhouse on Fifty-first Street west of Eighth Avenue, where the landscape, if a contemporary photograph does it justice, consisted chiefly of mud. He called the schoolhouse St. Timothy's Church, being fond of St. Timothy because the bishop who had ordained him had preached on that occasion from a text in the First Epistle to Timothy: "O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust." Mr. Tracey must have been good at his job, for within a year the congregation, which had started with two families, had seventy families, and the Sunday school, which had started with two pupils, had sixty, and the schoolhouse required an addition that doubled its size. The parish was officially admitted to the diocese in 1854. That same year, Mr. Tracey contracted galloping consumption; he died the following spring. He was succeeded by the Reverend George Jarvis Geer, D.D., who proved to be just as industrious and devoted, and who had the additional merit of being healthy enough to continue in office for thirty years—until 1885, when he lost his sight. Under Dr. Geer, the parish sedately kept pace with the sedate improvement in the neighborhood. In 1860, on Fifty-fourth Street between Eighth and Ninth Avenues, it put up, with help from the still munificent Trinity parish, a wooden church that seated three hundred and cost twenty-five hundred and seventy-five dollars. In 1867, again assisted by Trinity parish, it replaced this building with a brick church, on Fifty-sixth Street, between Eighth and Ninth, that seated five hundred and cost twenty thousand dollars. The Fifty-sixth Street site was the southern part of a handsome piece of property that the parish had purchased with help from Trinity parish; the plot extended through the block to Fifty-seventh, where there was a hundred-foot frontage. Officially, the brick structure was merely a chapel; the parish planned to build a big, stone, Gothic, genuinely splendid, genuine church on Fifty-seventh Street when it had acquired enough money—no doubt



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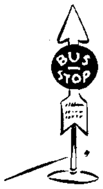
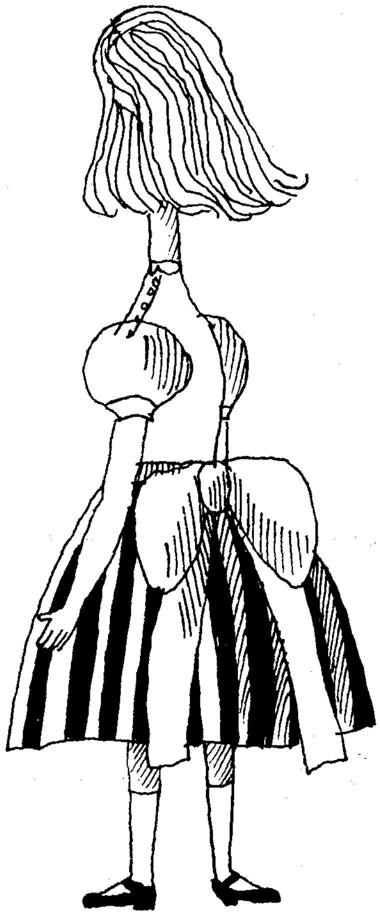
with help from Trinity parish. The plan was still in mind, when, on the night of January 22, 1890, the chapel mysteriously burned down, and the Fifty-seventh Street church became a practical necessity instead of a dream. The chapel was fully insured; St. Timothy's was a hardheaded parish. Even so, as it turned out, most of the means for building a new church came from elsewhere—from Zion, which at the time of the fire was finally nerving itself to take Bishop Southgate's advice, and which found in St. Timothy's predicament a graceful way of doing so. Zion was poor only as long as all its assets were frozen in Madison Avenue real estate. By selling out—this time to the Dutch Reformed Church, a kindred denomination, and not to the Romanists—it raised three hundred thousand dollars. (As a footnote to the Episcopalians' preposterous fratricidal strife on Murray Hill, it is interesting to find that Christ Church is now on West Seventy-first Street; Holy Trinity is on East Eighty-eighth Street; St. John the Baptist's is no more; and St. Bartholomew's, whose appearance in 1872 at Forty-fourth and Madison was regarded by Zion as another low blow, is at Fiftieth and Park. The Episcopal churches that have held the hill are those of the Incarnation and the Transfiguration, which were there in the first place.)



THE name of the new parish, in deference to Zion's seniority, was Zion and St. Timothy's, but in every other respect the merger took place on St. Timothy's terms. The site was St. Timothy's. St. Timothy's rector, curate, organist, choir director, and sexton stayed on as functionaries of the combined parish. And, most important of all, the new church was a free church, as St. Timothy's had always been. Nowadays it is a rare church that sells or rents its pews, but when the Reverend Mr. Tracey brought St. Timothy's forth, a free Episcopal church was something of a wonder in New York. In fact, in 1853 it took a neighborhood like the West Fifties, where no residents could afford to pay out money for a pew, and a house of worship like the clapboard schoolhouse, where there were no pews worth paying for, to make such an institution even thinkable. What was more remarkable was that when well-off families moved into the neighborhood and joined the church, it did not switch to conventional Episcopalian economics and send poor people up to the gallery on Sundays but continued to let them sit next to rich people downstairs. The result of this irrational policy, of course, was that the prosperous members of St. Timothy's were, on the whole, uninfected with what might be called Murrayhillitis, and the less prosperous ones had no grievances that might lead them to take their business elsewhere—or, more likely, nowhere. It is also pertinent to note the inexplicable fact that on the West Side, at least until the twentieth century smote it, citizens of divergent means and standards apparently managed to live next door to each other more comfortably than on the East Side. In any event, all that was left of Zion after it moved west was its name and what remained of its money after $185,527.13 was spent on the Church of Zion and St. Timothy, its parish house, and the furnishings of both. The first service in the new edifice, which seated thirteen hundred and five and was correspondingly grand in other respects, was held on Easter, 1892; for the year preceding that, services had been conducted in Carnegie Hall, which had just been built. The book of Zion's parish history ends with the year 1894, in which, it notes, the total number of communicants in Zion and St. Timothy's parish, including those attached to a missionary chapel in Hell's Kitchen, was well over a thousand, and an annual budget of twenty thousand dollars was being met without trouble by a combination of weekly offerings, special gifts, and the income from what was left of the endowment Zion had brought west. But if the history stops at this point, there are still people in town who attended Zion and St. Timothy's, and their recollection is that, with the exception of one untoward incident, the parish got along smoothly from the time of the merger until New Year's Eve, 1921, when an organ tuner unaccountably left a candle burning in the chantry of the church and the roof caught fire, with the result that by three-thirty in the morning of New Year's Day, 1922, the church was gutted. The untoward incident was the forced resignation from the rectorship, in 1918, of the Reverend Henry Lubeck, who by then had held the office for thirty-one years. Mr. Lubeck had turned out to be that rarest of rectors, a spectacular extemporaneous preacher, but his convictions were as strong as his oratory, and one conviction that he particularly cherished was pacifism. Until the First World War, this was dismissed as a harmless eccentricity, but in the midst of the sort of emotionalism that caused Wagner's operas to be banned at the Met, and frankfurters and sauerkraut to be metamorphosed into liberty sausages and liberty cabbage, it began to be regarded with less tolerance, and there were even those who pointed out that Lubeck—with an umlaut added—was the name of a German naval base. Mr. Lubeck refused to stop preaching against war, so he was forced to resign, and the congregation elevated his curate, the Reverend Frederick Burgess, who was only twenty-eight and had been ordained a priest just three years before, to the rectorship.

After the fire, when the congregation of Zion and St. Timothy's came to consider what it should do next, it made a couple of mistakes. Though within two and a half blocks of the ruined church the wealthy and inviolably residential neighborhoods of Central Park South and Central Park West began, the congregation looked instead at the proliferation of lofts on Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth Avenues, and decided that the whole area was becoming too commercial to warrant rebuilding there. Besides, since the sale of the Fifty-seventh Street property was bound to bring in a large sum—in fact, it yielded three-quarters of a million dollars—the parish felt that it could dictate its own terms to almost any parish it proposed to combine with. But the terms included the acceptance of Mr. Burgess as rector, and because of his youth and relative inexperience, negotiations with an East Side parish foundered. Finally, St. Matthew's, on Eighty-fourth Street between Central Park West and Columbus Avenue, whose rector was nearing the age of retirement, and whose finances were so shaky that the church, whose cornerstone was laid in 1893, had not yet been consecrated, because the mortgage on it hadn't been paid off, agreed to combine with Zion and St. Timothy's. The new parish was called St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's; in this instance, apparently, the seniority of parishes was superseded by the seniority of saints. Now not even Zion's name was left—just its money.

ST. MATTHEW'S, a small, inconspicuous, middle-class parish, had started in a store on Columbus Avenue in 1887, had moved around the corner onto Eighty-fourth Street seven years later, and had attracted no attention outside its neighborhood by either of these actions, or by any subsequent ones. Its domain, as it was defined in 1918 by the Reverend Arthur Horner Judge, D.D., the rector whom Mr. Burgess supplanted, was between



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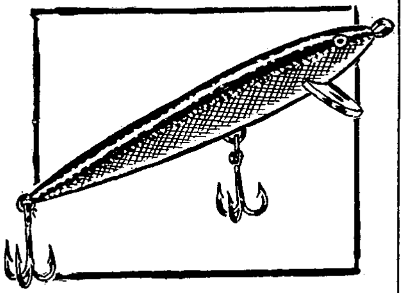

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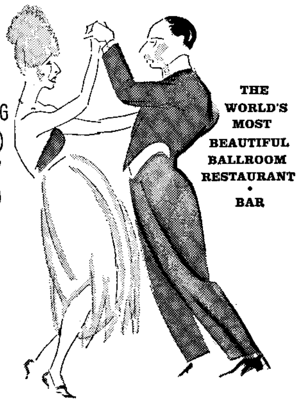

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Eightieth and Ninetieth Streets from Central Park West to Amsterdam Avenue. The side streets were mostly lined with one-family brownstone houses; Central Park West, where cliff dwellings had not yet been built in numbers, was largely a street of one-family houses, too, but many of them were more pretentious graystones. Columbus and Amsterdam Avenues were given over to the small stores and dwellings of Roman Catholic Irishmen, and Columbus also had elevated trains. For Episcopalians west of Amsterdam, there were two churches on West End Avenue—All Angels, at Eighty-first Street, and Saint Ignatius's, at Eighty-seventh. During the thirty years between the opening of the church and the start of the war, St. Matthew's was the very model of a decorous, placid parish, and it seemed to be one still when it became St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's—though, as Dr. Judge had noted in his report to the diocese in 1918, the neighborhood was showing some signs of going into a decline, at least from an Episcopalian point of view: "Into this region there is a steady influx of Roman Catholic, Jewish, and other alien families, driving our people out. The gravest problem of all is the lack of children amongst our own people, families with no children, or with one child predominating. In the parish I have amongst the well to do but one family of four children, and one of three. This condition constitutes the gravest menace to the life of the church." And he concluded by calling for "a pronounced stand on the part of the church (as e.g. that which we maintain on divorce) upon the grave question of birth restriction." (A tactic that apparently did not occur to Dr. Judge was to look for new Episcopalians among the child-bearing tribes.) Dr. Judge, a scholarly man, with a noble beard and a noble manner, was much venerated by his flock (it sulked when he left, and took several years to accommodate itself to young Mr. Burgess's ways), but he seems to have been well advised to leave West Eighty-fourth Street when he did. Mr. Burgess, who is now seventy-four and living in retirement at Redding Ridge, Connecticut, has no illusion that he even temporarily reversed the trend that Dr. Judge had been acute enough to detect in its early stages. "Dr. Judge had the best of it," he said recently. "Then I came in trying to hold the fort."

Mr. Burgess's efforts to cope with Eighty-fourth Street may have been similar to Mr. Cox's efforts to

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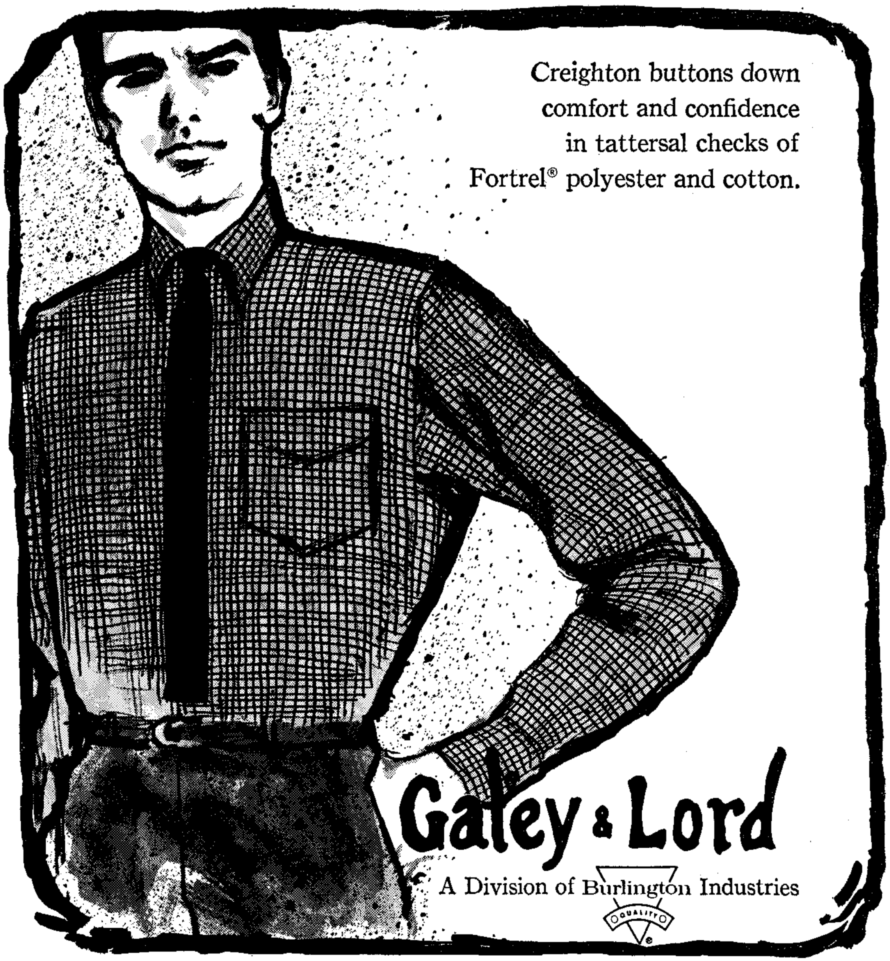
cope with the Five Points, but the parish vestry's reaction to the problem was quite different. In fact, the choice of Father Gusweller to replace Mr. Burgess when the latter gave up his efforts to hold the fort at the end of 1955 was surely one of the most surprising events in the history of the parish. Although the enormous changes in the neighborhood had obviously not left the church untouched—its areaway had become a repository for empty beer cans, and Puerto Rican children played ball and cards on its stoop—they had seemingly left it unaroused. A handful of faithful supporters, most of them elderly and living in other neighborhoods, still came to worship every Sunday morning at eleven; otherwise there were few signs of activity. In 1950, the diocese had made an investigation of the approximately four hundred parishioners on the rolls of St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's, and had discovered not only that eighty per cent of them lived beyond walking distance of the church but that a full third of them lived outside Manhattan. The diocese took another look at the parish in 1955, and among its findings were these: "The church has been constantly losing members since the merger [of St. Matthew's with Zion and St. Timothy's] and there has been no replacement of old members. . . . Parish organizations are tiny, composed almost exclusively of very elderly people. . . . The membership rolls carry the names of many people who have moved out of the neighborhood and are inactive. . . . The parish has been out of touch with its surrounding community for years. . . . The area probably will continue to deteriorate." In this, as far as anyone observing St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's from West Eighty-fourth Street could see, the parish numbly acquiesced, waiting for an opportunity to fade decorously out of existence. With Mr. Burgess's resignation just such an opportunity arose, and the next move was up to the parish vestry. The vestry was composed principally of business and professional men who were veterans of the halcyon days under Dr. Judge, who were comfortably off and well along in years, and who had taken up residence long since in places like Gramercy Park, Flushing, and Greenwich precisely in order to get away from the sort of people who lived around the church. With scarcely a demur, these men decided—conceivably astonishing even themselves—that the parts of the diocesan survey that they should heed were ones like "Strenuous efforts will have to be



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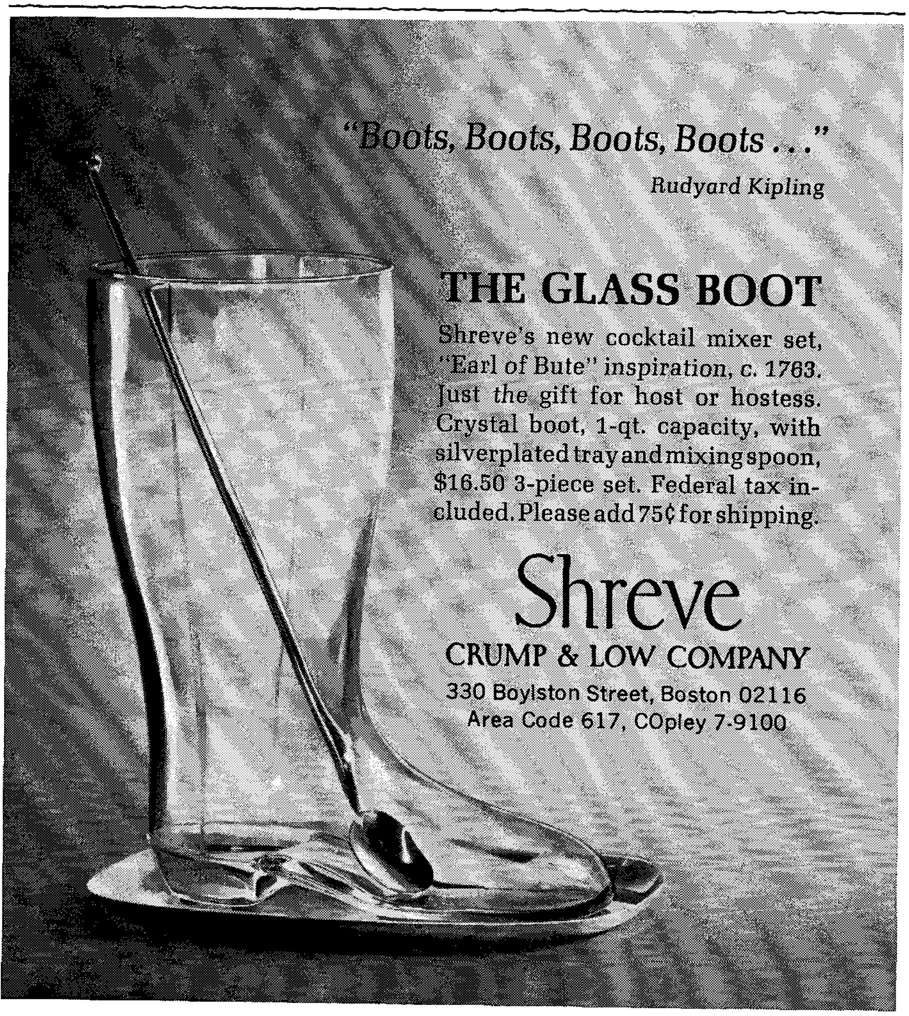

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made to reëstablish contact [with the surrounding community]. . . . The membership lists will have to be filled from new people with whom the parish at present has no acquaintance. . . . The parish rehabilitation will have to be undertaken as if the church were newly built. . . . The need at St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's is for a well-rounded missionary program under strong leadership, the whole program adapted to urban conditions."

Once the vestry had conferred with Father Gusweller, who, though he was only thirty-one and only five years in orders, had already made a considerable reputation as a man of action while serving as rector of a church in a New Jersey shore community, it had no doubt that he would provide the strong leadership needed for the well-rounded missionary program. He presented one ticklish problem, however. With the exception of that two-year musical lapse on Madison Avenue, the parish, from its Mott Street days on, had been Low Church. There have been times in Episcopal history when a change of ritual from Low to High, or vice versa, would have been unthinkable in any church, and there are churches where it is unthinkable today. Anyone acquainted with the history and character of St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's would have been justified in guessing that it was one of these. But on this issue, too, the vestry overrode its own inclinations. Its members had decided that their choice was between closing up and finding a rector who was a strong missionary, and Father Gusweller, a High Church man, was evidently the strongest missionary they were going to find. And so, once he had given them his assurance that although he genuflected and wore a chasuble, he did not go so far as to burn incense and ring a bell, he was offered the job. He took up his duties on New Year's Day, 1956, and the parish, after fleeing the Five Points, dallying fashionably on Murray Hill, plodding resignedly on Fifty-seventh Street, and finally almost wedging itself into a hopeless cul-de-sac on Eighty-fourth, returned perforce to its original vocation—rescuing the neglected.

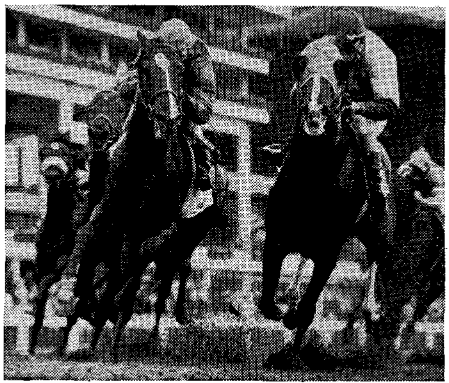
—ROBERT RICE

(*This is the first of two articles on St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's Church.*)

•

The nominee's mother weighs 95 pounds and is 15-feet. She lives on the second floor.—*Syracuse Herald-Journal.*

Except the part of her that's in the attic.



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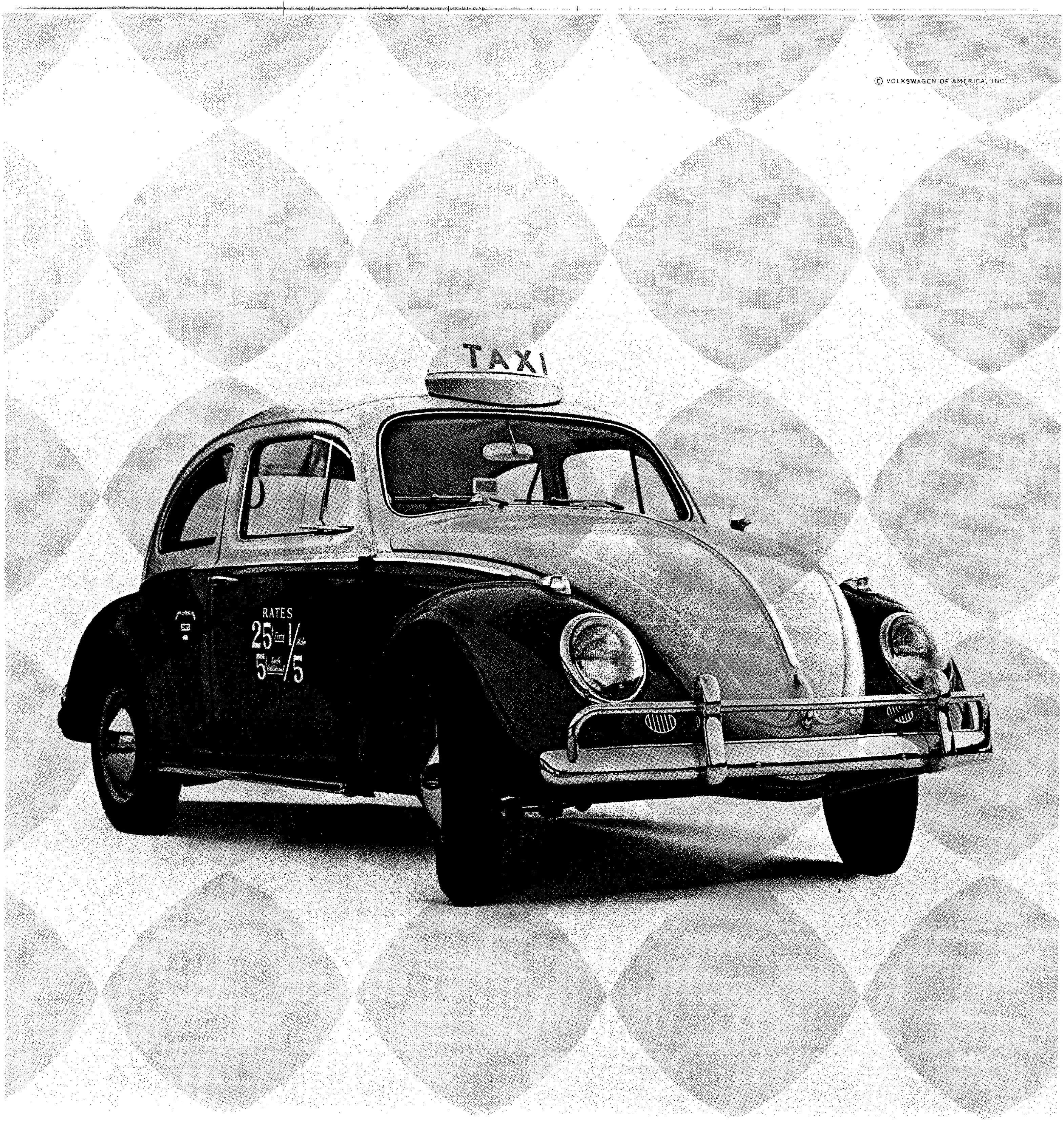

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Meat and potatoes satisfy some. But not *Holiday* readers. As with everything they do, eating is an adventure, a rewarding experience. They *enjoy* the planning of good meals, the anticipation of a delightful dinner, the sparkle of good wines.

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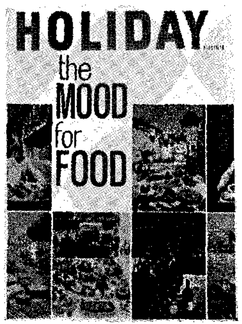
Everyone who eats—including advertisers who want to move food—should get acquainted with the mood of food in the gastronomic world of *Holiday*. In every way, and particularly in food, *Holiday* is the magazine of good taste.



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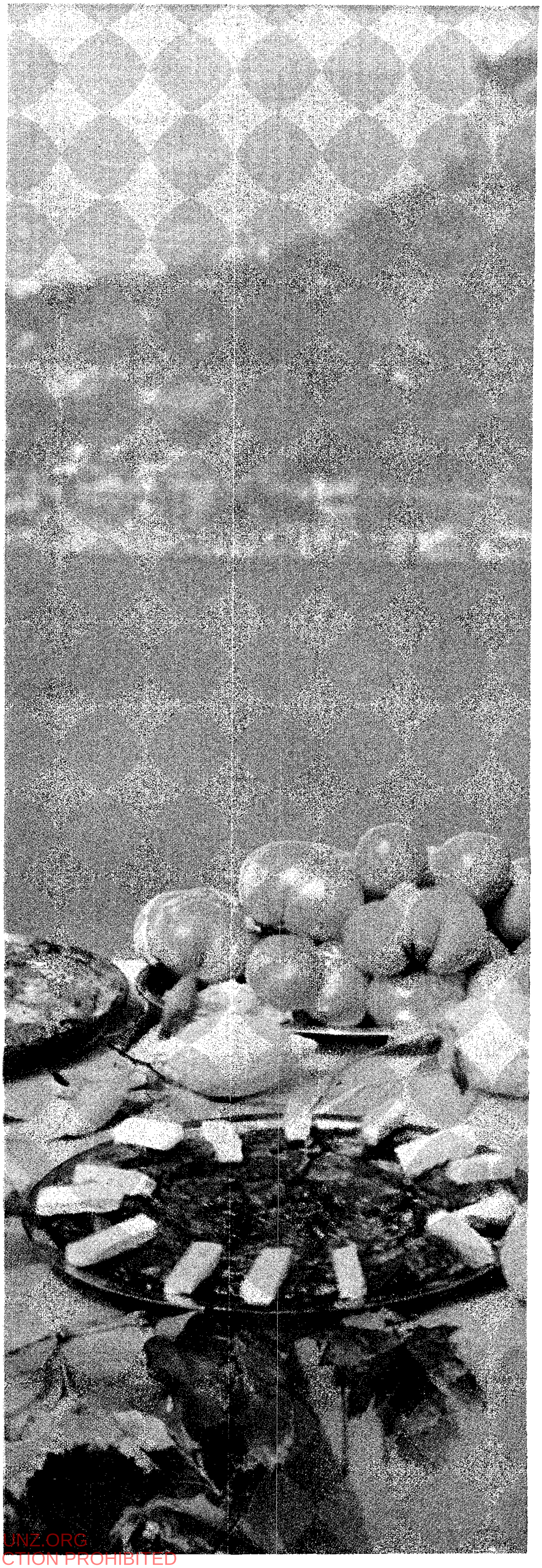

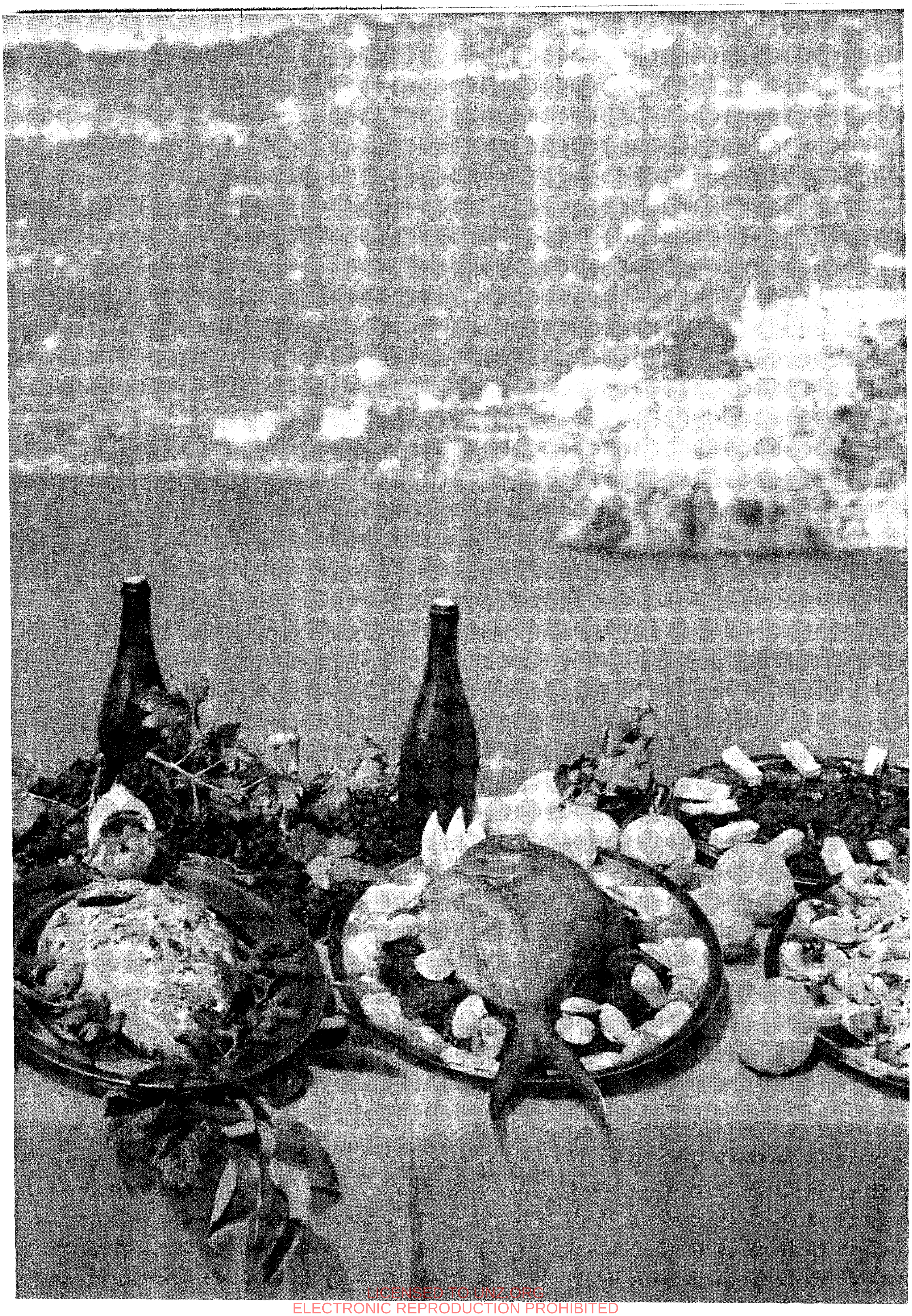

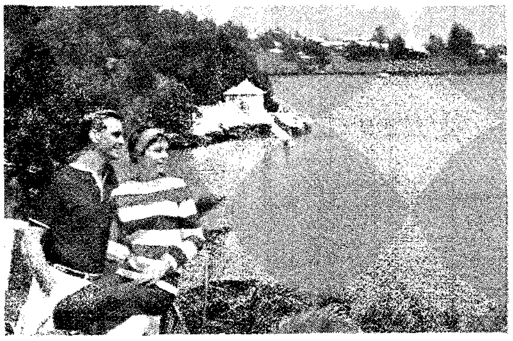

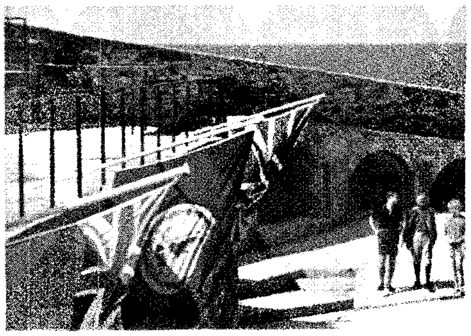

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

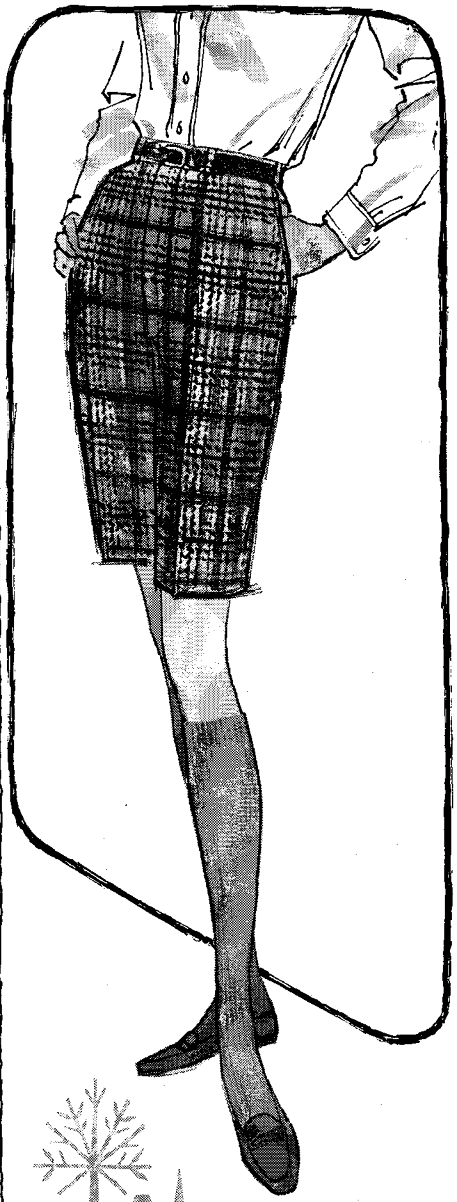
Boo to a Goose

ALFRED HITCHCOCK's new "Marnie" is an idiotic and trashy movie with two terrible performances in the leading roles, and I had quite a good time watching it. There is something bracing about Mr. Hitchcock at work, even when he is at his worst ("Marnie" may not be his worst, but it is bad enough)—that shorthand of abrupt photographs that come leaping out, one after the other, to advance the plot or unveil its nonmeaning, and to reveal the nature of the puppets that don't for a second pass for characters. A spread of social-security cards in an open wallet tells us that the heroine changes her name with every job; a dead, blank screen that comes between two views of the sea through an open porthole tells us that a meaningless night has gone by. Sound might just as well never have been invented, for all the help it is here. Much of the technique has become showing off, but who cares? No man was ever more cavalier or bumptious in dealing with the Art of the Cinema, and perhaps this whole matter should be considered a practical joke.

"Marnie" is a case history, all slot-machine Freud, about a decorative, sexually frigid thief, liar, and fraud, who is a victim of terrible nightmares and of panic in thunderstorms and who tends to go quite peculiar at the sight of the color red. She takes jobs in various business offices, stays just long enough to clean them out, and then skedaddles, first to a country inn in Virginia, where she rides and fondles her horse, and next to the house of her lame, eerie mother, to whom she is devoted but from whom she gets little in the way of affectionate response. Shortly before we meet her, she has emptied the till of an accounting firm, and shortly afterward—and after the usual equine and maternal interlude—she goes to work for a Philadelphia publisher who has a safe full of stacked currency and one issue of *Publishers' Weekly* in a desk drawer. After the inevitable burglary, he catches her and forces her to marry him. The pair have a bleak wedding trip aboard a cruise ship and settle down to a bleak marriage in his country house—she in bedroom staring or racked with nightmare, he in sitting room curled up with a copy of "Sexual Aberrations of the Criminal Female." A sizable amount of plot follows before he forces her to confront the source of her troubles—an episode that took place when she was five years old and that is set forth in a flashback. The moment of revelation is gaudy, though hardly surprising. Tippi Hedren and Sean Connery appear, but that is about all, as Marnie and the Philadelphia publisher. Apparently, Mr. Connery decided that the way to conceal his Celtic accent was to try to swallow it, and the poor soul speaks in a kind of sincere gargle throughout. Louise Latham is properly unsettling as the heroine's weird mother.

"ONE POTATO, Two POTATO"—the title is from a children's counting-out rhyme—asks for a sort of credence that Mr. Hitchcock would never dream of demanding from any audience and, sadly, it misses. What it is meant to be, I think, is an idyllic love story curdled by racial prejudice, but unfortunately the script is not nearly good enough. The directness and simplicity of the picture at its best is constantly spoiled by sentimentality, by obvious or fourth-hand ideas and lines, and by a false innocence, all of which combine to treat an important theme in a shallow and contrived way. "One Potato" opens and closes in a courtroom where a custody case is debated and decided. In between, it tells the story of a young white woman who has a five-year-old girl and who, having been deserted by her no-good husband, gets a job in a machine factory, marries a Negro from the personnel department, and goes to live on his parents' prosperous farm, near the small town where the action takes place. The first husband returns, tries unsuccessfully to seduce her, and, as much out of spite as racial feeling, sues for custody of his daughter, now happily at home with her stepfamily and new half brother.

For all its faults, the movie is not a total loss. Visually, it is often a delight. Painesville, Ohio, where it was photographed—skillfully and without any pesky tricks—is a small, very pretty town, and the farmland outside it is



Walking shorts of character and honest construction, to carry you clear to the village or out to burn mountains of leaves. Fully lined wool, precisely man-tailored. Widely-spaced overplaids in smokey tones of Scotch Gold, Grey, Scotch Green, Cherry, French Blue, Scotch Blue. 8 to 16. About $13 at fine stores or write:

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rolling and wooded and juicy. Gerald Fried has provided a charming, simple score. There are effective moments—a wedding waltz with the guests ringed around a bride and groom, an old man and his wife talking in bed, two adults playing hopscotch at night by the light of street lamps, a grandfather alone with his infant grandson. Some of the acting is rather amateurish, although the lack of professional polish is as much a help as a hurt. There is nothing amateurish, though, about the work of Bernie Hamilton, who is splendid as the Negro husband, time after time giving the illusion of feeling and freshness to stale lines full of catch phrases, and Michael Shane has a telling bit as the couple's lawyer in the custody suit, at first breezy and joky, and then suddenly sober when he realizes what he is being asked to do.

—Edith Oliver

•

The recent tax cut, combined with the general health of the nation's economy, has given people in a wide range of income brackets added funds to spend, save or invest.

But the rises in income, according to a number of people surveyed last week, have made few dramatic changes in spending patterns or living standards.

Take the case of Marion Ein, an attractive young teacher at Russell Sage Junior High School in Forest Hills, Queens. Mrs. Ein, who has been acting as her family's breadwinner while her husband, Daniel, completes medical school, earns $6,700 a year.

"With just the two of us, this is sufficient money," Mrs. Ein said. "But we have to be aware of our limitations."

Mrs. Ein figures that the tax cut has added only $2 or $3 a week to her income. She has noticed, however, that there seems to be a little extra money lately to spend on home improvements, or maybe a concert or a movie.

William Clancy, who earns about $5,000 a year as a timekeeper for the Liquidometer Corporation, 4103 36th Street, Long Island City, Queens, sees even less change in his spending habits.

With a wife and a child, Mr. Clancy spends whatever spare cash he has on his apartment, with "maybe a little extra on entertainment lately."

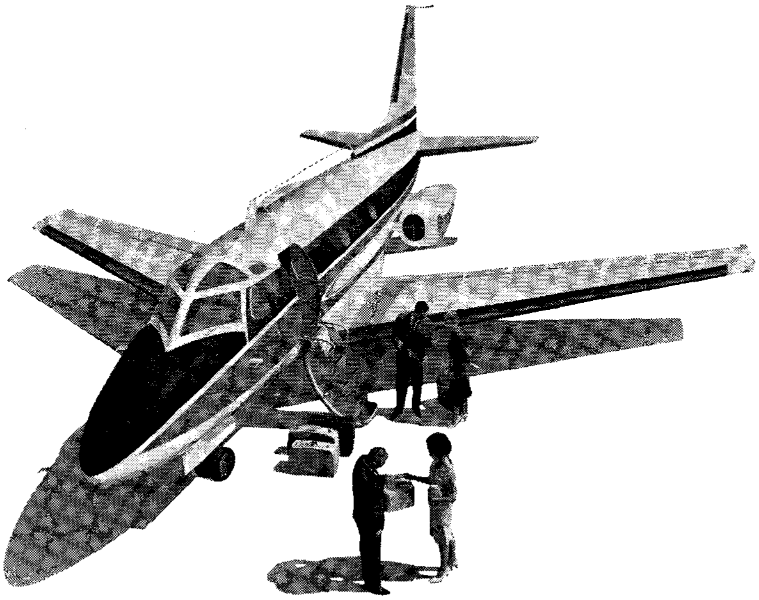
Mr. Clancy's car exploded last January.—*The Times.*

That's always entertaining. And it's free.

•

Wagner, Richard (Warg-ner), 1813-83.
Warren, G. W., American, 1828.
Weber, C. M. von, 1786-1826.
Westbrook, A., English, 1831-94.
Wilson, G. D., American.
Wormser, A. (Worm-ser), French, 1851—
—*From "Masterpieces of Piano Music," selected and edited by Albert E. Wier.*

Thank you very kindly.



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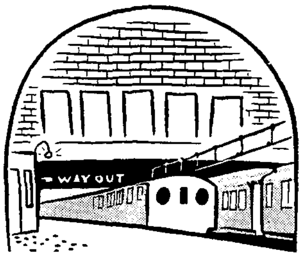
LETTER FROM LONDON

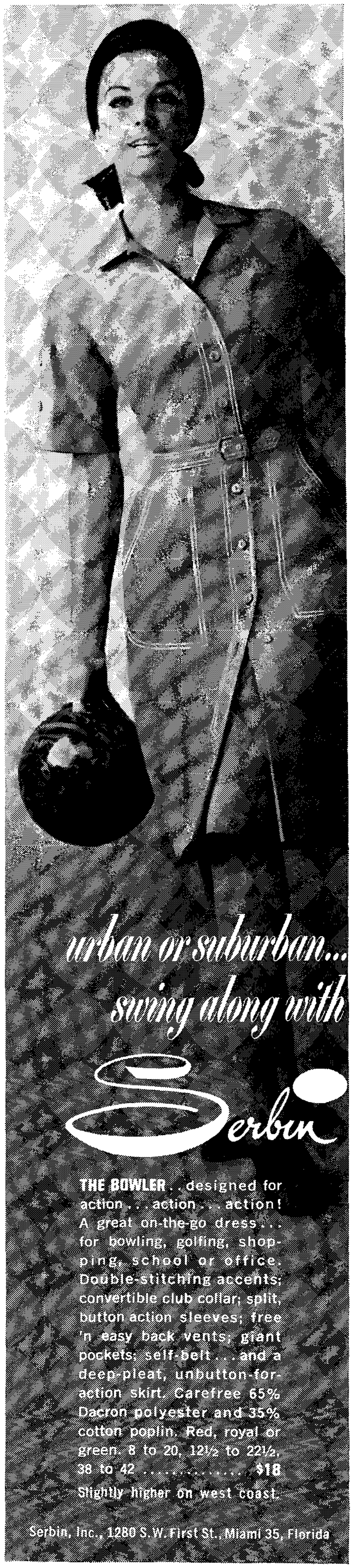
JULY 22



THE emergence of Senator Barry Goldwater as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States and for the leadership of the Western Alliance made this section of the Allied onlookers feel a chill in the middle of last week's suddenly splendid summer weather. Not that there was much feeling of being onlookers, to judge by the worried talk on all sides. However indefensible it used to be to pass any comment on the domestic affairs of a neighbor, the sense of universal involvement seems as striking now as it was last November, when grief was the emotion that narrowed oceans and did away with national frontiers. People who had been watching in astonishment the happenings in San Francisco are now speculating on future possibilities almost as though these events and grave anxieties were part of the British political scene. So, in a way, they may turn out to be. The newspapers have been pouring out a flood of explanations to possibly bewildered readers; their own dismay seems to be identical, regardless of their shades of political opinion. The most discussed reports from San Francisco—remarkable for their excellence as well as for their outspoken bitterness—were those of the *Times'* traditionally anonymous Special Correspondent. Several papers duly mentioned American charges of British and European hysteria over Senator Goldwater and misrepresentation of his foreign-policy aims. Yet, to give a sample, in the sober words of an editorial in the *Sunday Times*—an independent newspaper that could not in anybody's wildest dreams be termed left-wing—"his relentless and uncompromising opposition to any idea of coexistence, his dislike of neutralism and nonalignment, his dangerously facile formula of achieving peace 'by the reduction of Communistic power without all-out war' leaves the indelible impression of a man beside whom the late Mr. John Foster Dulles' efforts at brinksmanship seem like the harmless game of a child." As an immediate result of the Goldwater victory, for the first time since Britain's entry into Europe was blasted from across the Channel, you hear admiring words for General de Gaulle; people are saying that he was right to put no trust in the stability of American foreign policy and to insist, in farsighted independence, on keeping his country and his bomb clear of Washington.

The great discussion now proceeding is concerned with what result the nomination will have on the general election here, which will probably occur (as has happened only once before this century) within a week or two of the Presidential election. Most people think that it will certainly face the Labour leaders with a new difficulty over their long-stated defense program. There seems to be little difference between the Conservative, Labour, and Liberal election promises on most points; the retention of Britain's independent nuclear deterrent is the important exception. The Labour Party and Mr. Grimond's Liberals argue—logically, to many—that this expensive big-power entrance card should be given up so that Britain can concentrate on strengthening her NATO conventional forces while relying entirely on the American nuclear umbrella for her protection. The Conservatives have always said that they intend to make British nuclear independence one of the main planks in their program. Their argument will obviously appear a great deal sounder to large numbers of hitherto uncommitted voters now that they have taken their first startled look at the fact that the next American President could be a man who has stated—among other words of no reassurance at all—that he would hand over the ultimate nuclear decision to the military commanders. Many more people are probably going to feel—as the public-opinion polls have shown consistently that a considerable section already felt before Goldwater—that the Conservatives have an edge on their opponents when it comes to the experienced managing of foreign affairs. This is a skill that voters may be increasingly anxious to have about the place in a future containing such a question mark.

THE Commonwealth Premiers' conference has just ended, having treated Londoners in the vicinity of St. James's Street to the yearly spectacle of hurrying limousines (often proudly flying brand-new national flags) and glimpses of their passengers—an assortment of light and dark faces, sometimes topped by exotic headgear—on their



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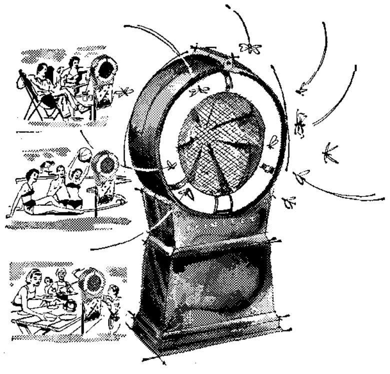

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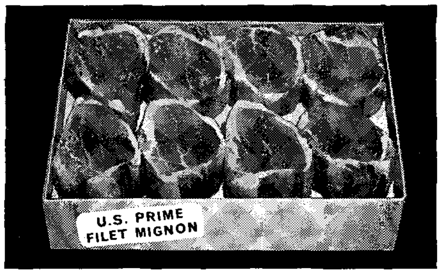

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way to surround the ever-expanding conference table in Marlborough House. This year, it had been expected to be a stormy circle, to say the least, since its centerpiece was the threatening racial issue of Southern Rhodesia (whose white Prime Minister, Mr. Ian Smith, was conspicuously absent)—how soon, and on what constitutional basis of the dark and the light, is it to proceed to independence without bringing the white Rhodesians and the African nationalists into bloody conflict? The pessimists had prophesied that the clashes over this would probably lead to a walkout of the African Prime Ministers, the wrecking of the conference, and maybe even the final bustup of the whole extraordinary structure of the Commonwealth itself. The idea has lately been put forth in some circles that the organization is about due for demolition anyway. Last April, another of the *Times'* anonymous Special Correspondents, who signed himself "A Conservative" (after a prolonged guessing game, most people concluded that the most likely author was Mr. Enoch Powell, an intellectual of the Party who resigned from the Ministry of Health when Sir Alec Douglas-Home became Premier), wrote a series of articles that made a sensation in outlining the paths that he thought his party ought to follow if it truly intended to modernize and survive. In one of them, which subsequently filled the newspaper's correspondence columns to the choking brim with passionate argument, he suggested that the Commonwealth was now an obsolete anachronism that Britain could no longer afford to keep together. The latest meeting of this moribund institution has just turned out to be an unexpectedly alive and kicking success. The African members stayed firmly in their seats and agreed to a prudently moderate final communiqué, which made the Southern Rhodesian situation look neither more inflammable nor, indeed, very different. Far from threatening to blackmail the Commonwealth Club, the newer members showed themselves eager to use the place more and to extend the premises, figuratively speaking, by setting up brand-new institutions for pooling information and resources. The suggestion for a new secretariat, put forward by three African Premiers and Dr. Eric Williams, of Trinidad (who had remarked on the "Panorama" television program a few nights earlier that the Commonwealth meant very little to his people at home), was the biggest surprise of the conference, being the kind of thing that, if it had come from

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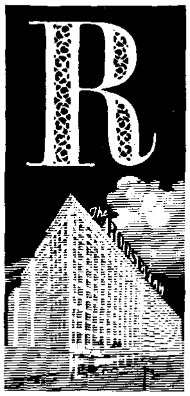

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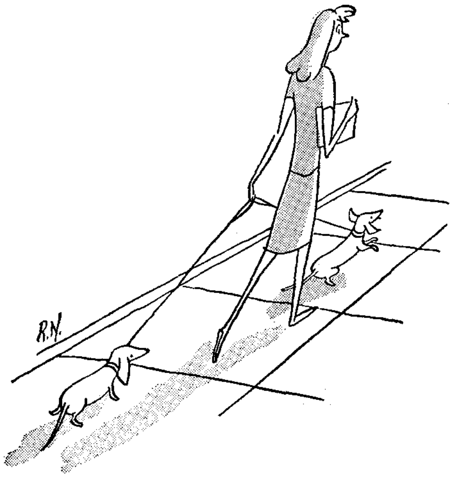
Whitehall, would once have been suspect as yet another wily attempt of the old management to keep the guiding hand. The unexpected success of a gathering that could have been a disaster is being credited by delighted Conservatives (and possibly by thoughtful floating voters, too) to the host Prime Minister as another reason for the rise they discern in Sir Alec's stock, along with that of his party, as the test at the polls approaches.

THE serious dispute over postmen's pay, which has so far resulted in a pile-up of over thirty-five million letters in the London area alone, shows no signs of being sorted out either, which could be less rosy news for the Government. Industrial troubles usually result in the inconvenienced public's feeling angry with the unions, which rebounds irritably against Labour just before a general election. To date, however, there seems to be more sympathy with the badly paid postmen than with their employer, the Government, though how much longer people will go on feeling that way, with their businesses hung up and their family news and football-pool checks and love letters all becalmed somewhere under fathoms of unsorted mail, is highly problematical. The Government, of course, is mindful of other inflationary pressures building up behind the present dispute; the dockers are already rumbling in the offing. But the ordinary citizen undoubtedly feels that such faithful and moderate friends of the public as postmen, teachers, nurses, and other state employees always have the worst deal, being badly placed for argument anyhow. The postmen, for instance, are not exactly militant firebrands who take industrial action at the drop of an agitator's cap; they have not downed letters since 1896. Last Thursday, they and the post-office staffs came out in a token stoppage of one day only, and



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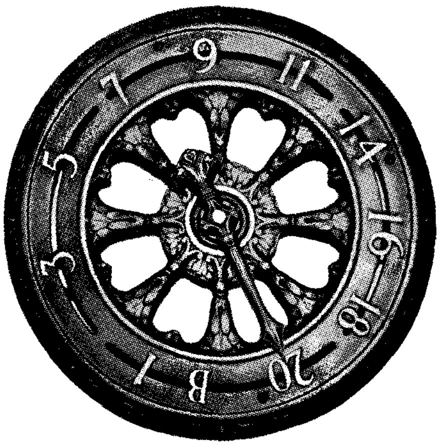
chaos has been caused by unofficial strikes of postal workers all over the country and by a go-slow that is still creeping along. Now the exploding resentment of this usually peaceable section of the community over what seems to many people to have been inept handling by the Government has resulted in an all-out strike's being called for Sunday, with the powerful unions promising to dip into their own purses to finance the strikers, whose union is not rich. The remarkable patience of the public may also expode shortly. Everybody's letters limp in by twos and threes, and the London parcel post, in and out, is cancelled. As a sample of the delays, a letter from the South of England to Lincolnshire has just turned up, having taken twelve days for the journey, which would have been faster for sure by pigeon. The telegraph, cable, and telephone services are clogged with fretful customers. It is reported that many public-telephone coin boxes are now so bursting with money that they cannot digest even one more caller's threepenny bit. If, as has been mentioned, the telephonists come out soon in sympathetic strike, the indignant public will probably feel that it is the last straw.

GLYNDEBOURNE'S new production this season was a practically unknown Rossini opera, "La Pietra del Paragone" ("The Touchstone"). This work was produced with enormous success in Milan in 1812, when Rossini was twenty years old and bubbling out scores at the prodigious rate of ten in fifteen months. Then, after being an ornament of repertory for the next seventeen years, it vanished into oblivion until recently, though many, including Stendhal, admired it greatly. Perhaps the reason is that the characters are thin in contrast to the comic plot and the youthful high spirits of the music. The touchstone is the test of a truly loving heart to which the wealthy Count Asdrubale puts the three ladies who are angling for him, not to mention the hangers-on who throng his country house. He pretends to have lost his fortune and turns up disguised as an African potentate who is supposed to be his chief creditor. The right lady sticks by him; the rest desert to toady up to the dusky new master. It all seemed a perfect melodious summer's evening entertainment the other night, with John Pritchard conducting, Ugo Trama singing the Count, the English Josephine Veasey as the faithful Clarice, and the French Michel Roux particularly delightful as a rascally newspaper



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reporter. Osbert Lancaster re-dressed the opera in the feather boas, muslins, and sporty Norfolk jackets of a century later than its actual date. His plushy Edwardian interior of the Count's mansion and his gardens of clipped arches topped with galumphing topiary beasts were the wittiest things of the evening.

One of the most eagerly awaited musical events of the City of London Festival, which has just taken place for the second year running, was Benjamin Britten's new work, "Curlew River," characterized by him as "a parable for church performance." It was first given earlier in the summer at the Aldeburgh Festival, on Britten's own native heath. In London, the setting was Southwark Cathedral, on the south side of the Thames—the noblest that could be imagined. The short work is hard to describe. William Plomer based his libretto on a fifteenth-century Japanese *no* play and gave it the somewhat confusing Anglo-Saxon frame of a medieval East Anglian monastery, where the monks are performing it as a mystery chronicle. It is thus seen as a stylized Oriental anecdote grafted onto the Christian belief in immortality. Perhaps the story is of all centuries and all people, being about the persistent urge of the human spirit to try and follow a thread of consolation through the fearful desolation of death. A madwoman comes to be ferried across Curlew River and asks the ferryman and a traveller she meets on the way for news of her lost twelve-year-old son. She learns that he died there a year ago. In a vision of him, she is consoled. Britten's score for this simple tale is simple, too, to the point of Spartan economy, being written in an idiom as angular as the postures of the singers. It also had moments of unearthly beauty when the harp and the flute sighed out weird mewing sounds of the birds on the river, and the rocking of the ferry joined with the piercing sadness of the madwoman's cries. Her part, following the *no*-play convention of all-male performers, was movingly sung by John Shirley-Quirk the other evening (he alternated the role with Peter Pears) in a curious white mask and tousled gray locks. The monks entered and left the cathedral chanting, and acted out their play on a tilted circular stage set up on the chancel steps, above which the East Window first glowed and then sank gradually into blackness. Driving away through the wholesale fruit market that surrounds the cathedral, with the warm, earthly smells of the crates of peaches and melons, we had, as a last memory and pleasure, a sudden glimpse of St. Paul's, floodlit for the festival, seeming to float sublimely in the sky across the river. —Mollie Panter-Downes

• •

TEMPERATURE

When the sun shone hot the girl's arm was detected
by the temperature changes, either by a drop
when the girl walked into his shadow
or by a rise when the sun shone hot upon her
as she neared the sun. The sun also became
part of love's odors which could be detected.

It was odorless indoors, but the arm
gave off a distinct taste of lemon like the sun
when the sun struck the edge
of the girl's arm out-of-doors.
He could tell by the sense of smell
and the temperature changes alone when he was near her.

On a cloudy day, or when the sun was just a sun,
the girl's arm was lacking his attention.
The boy was also lacking on a cloudy day,
but the recess of the sun behind his head
did not immediately bring about a cessation of the odor,
or the temperature changes on the girl, from the sun.

Any of these temperature changes was at times sufficient
for the perception of the girl. Like a blind man,
the boy grasped at the odors that would serve him.
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and the sun were at times sufficient, they
were neither necessary nor always present.

—Gerard Malanga

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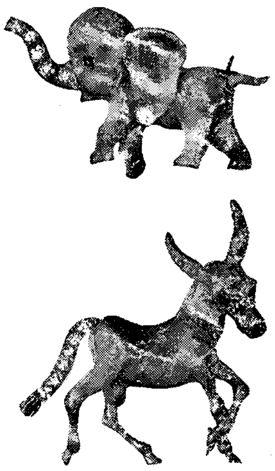

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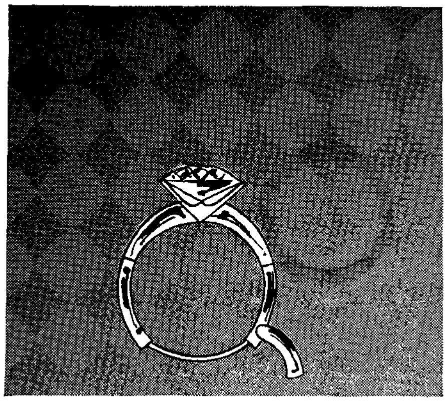

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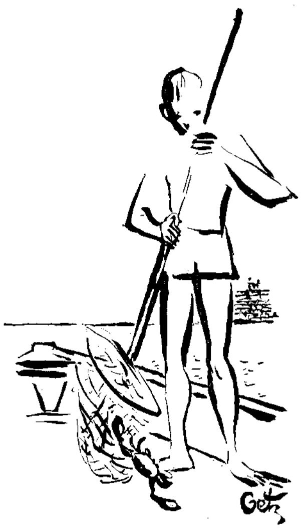
THE LOOM

"WE'VE not carried many Americans." The first officer removed his pipe from his mouth to make this statement. Rosendahl noted that the pipe was proof against the salt spray that had extinguished his cigar in the few minutes since the Scottish mainland had faded in the mist. He relit the cigar; he had felt a comforting sense of fellowship to be smoking with the first. He was about to say that he didn't know why he was here himself, but stopped, because of course he knew very well. He was here because his secretary, Miss Goldman, had once seen a British film about the Outer Hebrides and had never forgotten that tweed was woven there. Since he was going to Europe anyway, Miss Goldman reasoned that there could be no more appropriate place for a men's garment manufacturer to visit, and included these islands in his itinerary. Now, as he stood in the bow of the M.V. St. Brendan (641 gross tons), bound from Oban to Stornoway, he felt grateful to her.

The preceding spring, Rosendahl's wife had died suddenly, at the age of fifty-five. About a month after the funeral, his doctor had recommended that he take a trip, perhaps to Europe; it would do him good. He could not, now, remember wondering whether it would do him good or not, but he had passively assented, and Miss Goldman had taken great delight in planning his voyage of consolation. She had kept assuring him that he would have a marvellous time. He had not had a marvellous time. For two months he had travelled, unseeing, from one great European hotel to another, and he could truthfully say that he had not had any time at all until he came to Scotland, the last country he was to visit before going home. Rosendahl had not made any overtures to the Scots; they had unexpectedly warmed to him. Since his wife's death, he had become a sombre dresser, he did not talk much, and he drank large quantities of straight Scotch whiskey. His behavior had immediately endeared him to the Scots to whom he had introductions, or whom he met in the plusher bars of Edinburgh. They had gently but persistently broken down his reserve, not out of disrespect for it but because they mistook it for his normal protective coloration. He was inadvertently disguised as the Scottish image of the perfect American visitor.

One night, in the bar of the Caledonian Hotel, Rosendahl was drawn into conversation with a cloth exporter to whom he had not had an introduction. The man's name was John MacLeod. He warmly approved of Rosendahl's impending visit to the Hebrides, and asked him to call at his office the next morning. When Rosendahl arrived, MacLeod sat him in a wooden chair, put a glass of Glenlivet in his hand, and gave him a long lecture on the state of the hand-woven-tweed industry. He cautioned Rosendahl not to be discouraged if, even in Harris, he could not find any wholly handmade cloth. It was nearly impossible; most of the tweed, though hand-woven, was machine-made in almost every other respect. Teaselling, breaking, carding, spinning, and finishing were all done at least partially by machines. After two glasses' worth of unburdening, MacLeod led Rosendahl into a small sample room back of the office, and unrolled part of a bolt of cloth for him to inspect. Rosendahl had never seen such tweed. It fell across his arm in the rich folds of an eighteenth-century silver-edged velvet, and its muted browns and gray greens shone through the surface lustre of a thick, resilient nap. When he turned to MacLeod to share the first pleasure he had felt in months, the exporter silently handed him a linen tester. Rosendahl peered through the glass, moved the little square aperture across the cloth spanning his outspread hand, and marvelled at the balanced, unmechanical weave; it had been beat up by the hand of a master. "Her name is Mrs. Dumfries," MacLeod said. "She lives in South Harris. I'll send you to her."



ROSENDAHL was impatient to meet Mrs. Dumfries. Although he could have taken a boat directly to Harris, he had chosen instead to take one earlier to Stornoway, and then to ride the bus south to Tarbert, the main town on Harris. After getting off the boat, he boarded an ancient bus; the thirty-five miles of rocks and potholes connecting Stornoway and Tarbert made Rosendahl long to be back on the water. The Harris Hotel, in Tarbert, was a far cry from the Caledonian, but its owner was solicitous and friendly. Rosendahl enjoyed his supper and, despite his apprehensions, spent a comfortable night in a brass-knobbed bed. The next morning, after breakfast, he asked if he could hire a car and driver. The innkeeper answered that there was a car, but that his son Ian, who would have been glad to drive for Rosendahl, had gone across to Oban two days before. Would the gentleman be willing to drive himself? The roads were rough, but one could hardly get lost on them; the Land-Rover was dependable.

At the mention of a Rover, Rosendahl quickly agreed. He had been shown a new Rover sedan in London, and he welcomed the chance to drive one. When the owner brought the car around, it took Rosendahl completely aback. This Rover was a battered, jeeplike vehicle, still wearing what was left of an ancient coat of navy-gray paint. The seats were bare metal, and a thicket of levers sprouted from the floor. The owner explained that it was very simple—this short one engaged the transfer case, and that one with the red knob selected the range, and the big one was just an ordinary gearshift. Rosendahl accepted the good-natured challenge, climbed into the right-hand seat, was shown how to start the engine and shift gears, and sat idling while a map of Harris was explained to him. He memorized the simple directions, carefully shifted into first, and lurched off, with the hotelkeeper roaring encouragement after him.

It had been twelve years since Rosendahl had driven anything but an automatic car; only by concentrating hard was he able to steer the Rover, which turned almost twice as far for a given movement of the wheel as his Cadillac. He began to feel rather proud of himself for being able to drive the car, especially on roads so rough that he could barely make ten miles an hour. In Edinburgh, Rosendahl had pictured Harris as flat and peaty; he was surprised by its rocky, almost mountainous terrain. After an hour, he was sure that he must be getting near to Mrs. Dumfries' croft. A moment later, the Rover topped a low saddle, and Rosendahl saw an isolated cottage in a shallow valley below him.

As he started coasting down the hill, feeling confident and relaxed, it began to rain. He looked for the fa-

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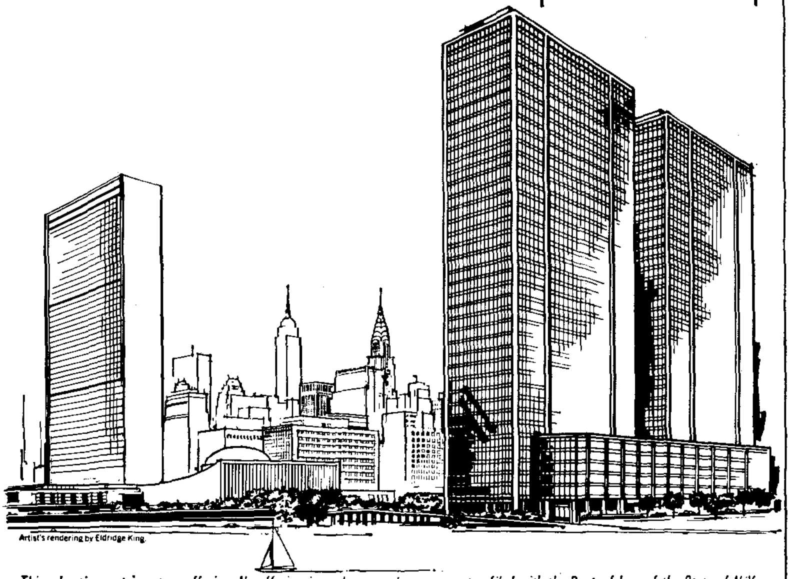

Artist's rendering by Eldridge King

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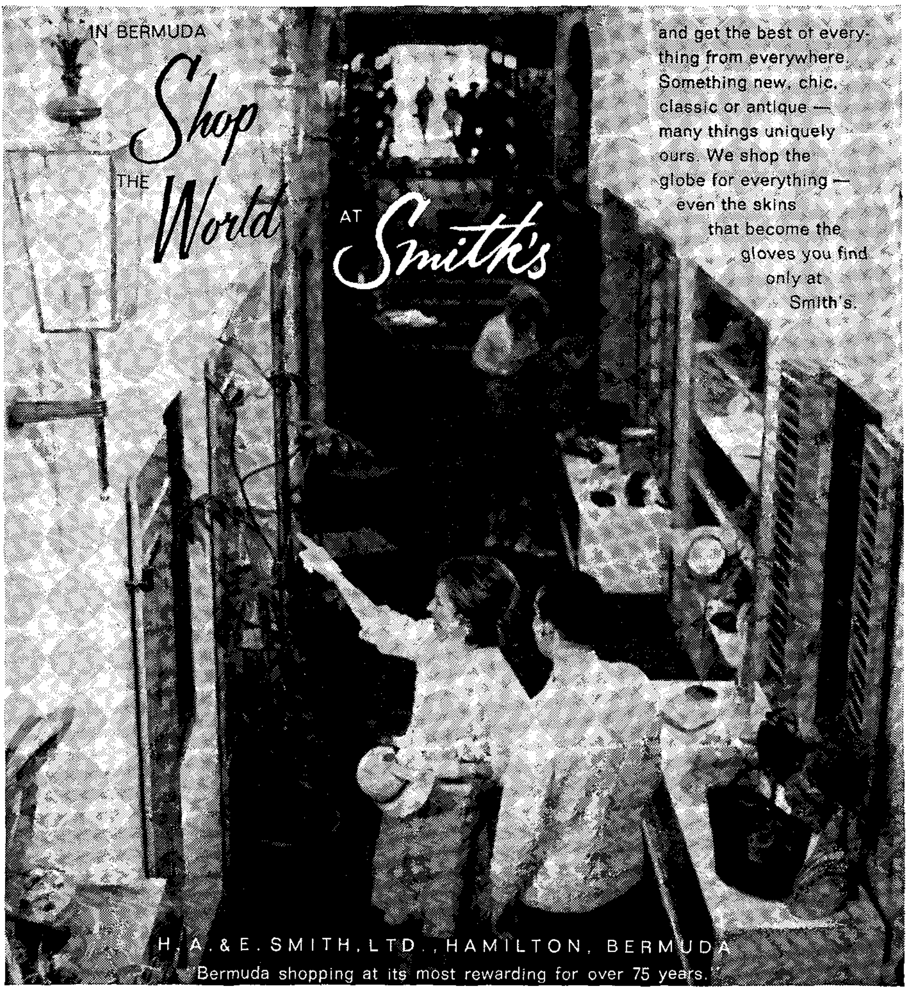

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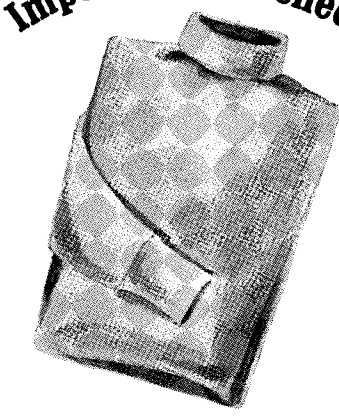

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miliar chrome wiper knob, couldn't find one, and then realized that the odd-shaped boxes on the inside of the windshield were the wiper motors and that the heavy toggle near them must turn them on. In the moment it took him to identify the switch and throw it, Rosendahl let the Rover wander off the narrow path. He corrected desperately as the car bounced into a ditch to the right, bounced out again in response to his frantic hand and foot, skidded crosswise down the wet slope, and brought up hard against a large rock wedged in the left-hand ditch. The right front tire ruptured with a sharp crack, and the car shuddered and settled to that side. Rosendahl's heart was pounding violently, and the steering wheel was wet when he let go of it. Seeing that he was not far from the cottage, he ran the distance in the pouring rain. He had not had such strenuous exercise in years, and he reached the door panting and dishevelled.

Mrs. Dumfries answered his knock; she was small, bent, and plainly suspicious of Rosendahl. He explained that MacLeod had suggested he come. She appraised him narrowly, led him inside, and told him to sit down while she made some tea. She took the kettle outside to fill it. Rosendahl was still trembling and perspiring in his clothes. He took off his wet coat, unbuttoned his jacket, and walked unsteadily to the open door. The cool air helped him. He mopped his forehead dry, tucked in his shirt, and, still recovering, turned to look at the room behind him. Its image struck him full face: the smoked thatch, the rough beams, the open hearth filled with smoldering blocks of peat, and, dominating everything, the massive wooden framework of the loom. He stood in the warm, dark weaver's kitchen, walled with warp beams and felted thick and soft underfoot with the woof ends of a hundred years, and knew that this was one of the places he was meant to pass through in his life and that he had found it. He let the flood of recognition overwhelm him. Mrs. Dumfries, kettle in hand, stood on the threshold dumfounded at her visitor, who leaned against the loom and wept uncontrollably for his discovery, his love, his life.

—Morton Grosser

•

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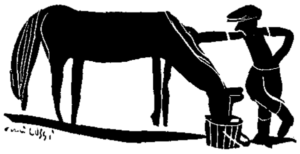
THE RACE TRACK

Bang!

IT'S always a pleasure to cut loose with a few superlatives when they're deserved, and the Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday deserves them. It was an enthralling race, and the performance of Gun Bow was extraordinary. He not only won by a dozen lengths, with Olden Times, Sunrise Flight, and Iron Peg heads apart behind him in the order named, and Kelso fifth, a further two lengths away, but he ran the mile and a quarter in 1:59⅗, which is the fastest time for the distance ever clocked on the New York tracks. There were eight starters, and as they walked around the paddock parade ring it was a tossup with me whether Iron Peg or Gun Bow, the latter looking none the worse for his hard race at Monmouth the week before, was the pick of the lot. Malicious also appeared very fit, and Kelso had a sheen to his coat, but I couldn't say much for the looks of Olden Times, Sunrise Flight, Dean Carl, or Garwol, a 100–1 shot.



From the start, it was Gun Bow by open daylight all the way. For nearly a mile, Iron Peg, wearing the same white sheepskin noseband his onetime stablemate Bald Eagle wore when he was going so well, was closest, followed by Olden Times and Malicious. Kelso, who stumbled at the break and bumped into the side of the gate, was far behind. Turning into the stretch, Olden Times, quickening his stride, passed Iron Peg, and Malicious began to drop back. Two furlongs from home, Blum, who rode Gun Bow, and handled him with skill and assurance, tapped his mount twice with his whip and the big bay colt responded, pulling away from the other runners as though they were standing still. As you can see from his fractional times by quarters—0:22⅘, 0:46⅕, 1:10⅕, 1:35, and 1:59⅗—Gun Bow set a fast, even pace. It's plain, too, that his race in the Monmouth Handicap, in which he ran the first quarter in 0:22⅕, the half in 0:45⅕, six furlongs in 1:10⅕, and the mile in 1:35⅗ before he tired and finished third, had wound him up properly for the Brooklyn. Last winter, while Gun Bow was winning at Santa Anita, I submitted that when Harry P. Albert and Mrs. John T. Stanley, who race in the name and colors of Gedney Farm, bought him and a colt named Gun Boat from Maine Chance Farm for $125,000, it might be the buy of the year. To date, Gun Bow has earned $335,825, and he's barely started. By the way, before the race, it was thought in some quarters that he didn't like the Aqueduct track. (He had finished third in the Carter and fifth in the Grey Lag there last spring.) All I can say is that it would be interesting to see him run over a track he likes.

The easy thing to say—and a lot of people are saying it—is that Iron Peg missed his stable jockey, Ycaza, who had been set down for careless riding. Shoemaker, who had the mount, doesn't fit every horse he rides (I'm using the race-track phrase for it), but I don't think he made any mistakes. On the other hand, it was saddening to see the efforts of Kelso, who was never better than fifth. How much the bump he got at the start affected his running isn't known as this is written, but taking one thing with another, he isn't what he used to be.

THERE was lively racing all over the shop last weekend. At Delaware Park, Miss Cavandish added the Delaware Oaks to her successes in the Monmouth Oaks and the Coaching Club American Oaks, with Beautiful Day finishing second and Castle Forbes third. At Monmouth, Knightly Manner, who seems to put in his best licks at the Jersey track, beat Lt. Stevens and seven other three-year-olds in the Choice Stakes. At Arlington Park, in Chicago, Tosmah, that harum-scarum filly, took on colts in the Warren Wright Handicap, at seven furlongs, and she made a good try, too, but finished second to Cap Size. And at Hollywood Park, in California, twenty-six two-year-olds were entered for the Juvenile Championship, so the race had to be split and run off in two sections, with a gross value of $120,075 each. For the record, the first was won by something named Charger's Kin and the second by Neke. Eight to five that you'll never see either at the Big A.

—Audax Minor

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—*Morristown (N. J.) Daily Record.*

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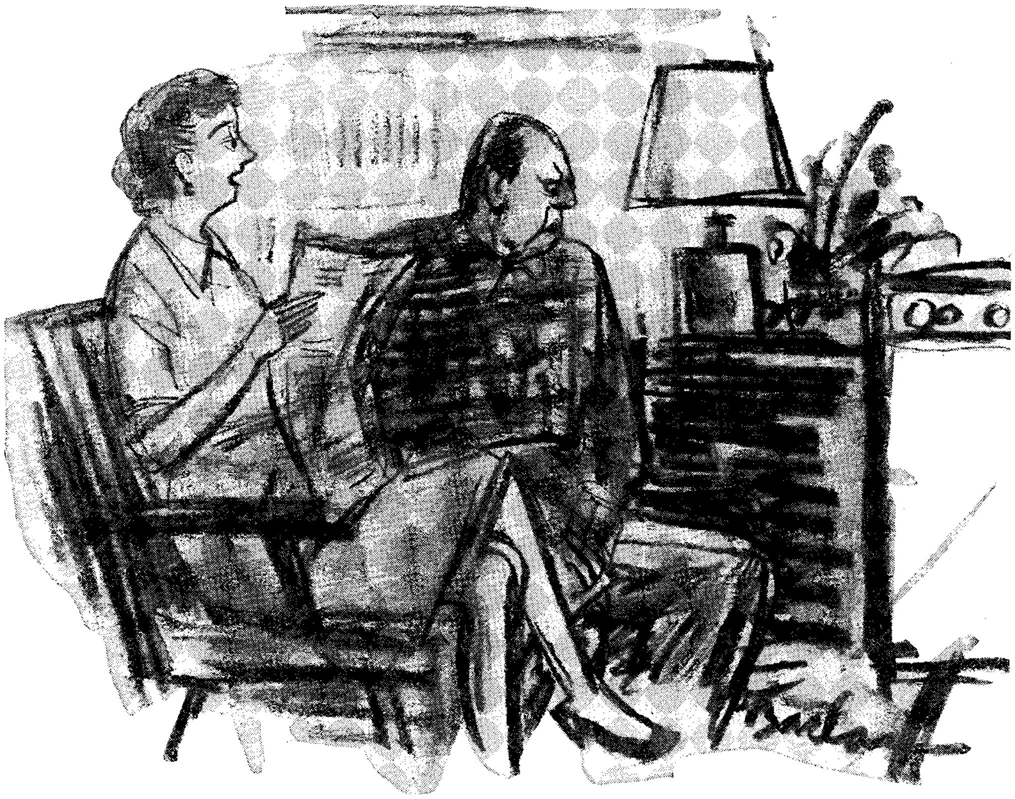
BOOKS

A Model Novel

FOR all its conventionality, its quiet stylistic grace, and its orotund moral sense, Louis Auchincloss's new novel, "The Rector of Justin" (Houghton Mifflin), is a daring and ambitious book. At first glance, the chances it takes are small and safe. It deals principally with an eminent, long-lived (1860-1946) New England educator, it frets over such matters as honesty and goodness and godliness, and it moves steadily among the rich and/or wellborn. Yet it is almost always on thin ice. For it is an attempt at a full-length portrait of a great man—which in fiction is an almost impossible task, generally resulting in a series of blinding closeups and fervent eulogies. It is also a novel about a school—an equally difficult subject, and one that has driven novelists to either brutal exorcising or genteel watercolors. And it is centered on the seemingly insouciant rich and highborn, who have repeatedly caused writers to deify them (Henry James), seem proprietary about them (Edith Wharton), fawn over them (Dickens, Scott Fitzgerald), or simply lacerate them (Evelyn Waugh, Ronald Firbank). It does, by the way, appear odd, when one considers their extraordinary impress on affairs in general, that the rich are no longer fashionable subjects for the novel. But Auchincloss meets nearly all these challenges, and though he himself could be the protagonist (old New York family, Groton, Yale, University of Virginia, law practice) of the very novel he has written, he views his background with steady wit and irony.

The hero of "The Rector of Justin" is Francis Prescott, a New England aristocrat and a distant cousin of the great historian. His father is killed in the Civil War and his mother dies of grief soon after, so he is raised by aunts and uncles. By the time he reaches Oxford, by way of a New Hampshire preparatory school, his character is firmly set. He is a short, broad, strong-faced boy who excels at both athletics and studies. He is a natural leader and he is deeply religious. He has already had a vision of what his lifework will be—to found a religious yet liberal New England prep school. This vision, though, melts away while he is at college, and then, tormented by a microscopic reading of the New Testament, he loses his religion. He takes a job with the New York Central in New York and falls in love with an outspoken Western beauty. He need only reach out to acquire a wealthy and socially flawless career. But one night his father appears to him—as a ghost or in a dream—and tells him that he must seek out God. After soul-wrestling of a sort that would not be possible today, he gives up his job and the girl and goes to divinity school, and in 1886 he founds Justin Martyr, an Episcopal boys' boarding school, in a small town thirty miles west of Boston. He marries a classic Boston girl (hawk-nosed, amusing, intelligent) and has three daughters. By the turn of the century, he has become the lion of New England headmasters. Like many great leaders and teachers, he is a consummate ham and a thorough cosmopolite. He reads and speaks Greek and Latin fluently, he knows his Henry James and his wines and his Europe. He is rather a wit, and his sermons and lectures are handsomely modulated. His religion contains him, but he is also a just and brilliant liberal. He is revered and feared by his students. His reputation overflows New England, and by the time the Second World War arrives Justin Martyr is widely regarded as the finest school of its kind in the country. Though still at the height of his powers, Prescott retires, at the age of eighty-one, and five years later, after painfully watching his successor take hold, he dies in a small house on the campus.

Auchincloss wisely applies the oblique technique of the non-novel to Prescott. He himself is nowhere to be seen, and Prescott's life is told through diaries, memoirs, and biographical fragments. These are the work of Brian Aspinwall, who comes to teach at Justin Martyr not long before Prescott retires; of Horace Havistock, Prescott's oldest friend; of David Griscam, one of his first students and a long-time trustee of the school; of Cordelia, Prescott's youngest daughter; of Charley Strong, another student; and of Jules Griscam, David's son and also a student. Auchincloss handles his narrators beautifully. The tone of their offerings ranges from the idolatrous



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and prissy (Aspinwall) to the bitter and devilish (Jules Griscam), and each has its appropriate language and style and presence. Two of the narratives—Cordelia's, which is an interview by Aspinwall, and Charley Strong's, which is an abstract, poetic memoir, written in 1921 in Paris, as just such a memoir might have been written in that time and place—are flawless, and the rest rarely falter. Indeed, they are so persuasive that a curious thing happens—the narrators seem for a time to outweigh and even dim Prescott. But then one realizes that the narrators are all, in one way or another, damaged beings. Aspinwall is pale and watery, and Havistock is an old-style bachelor and sybarite. David Griscam is, in a circumspect, complicated fashion, in love with Prescott. Cordelia, who both hates and admires her father, is wild and unsteady and earthy. Charley Strong is a crippled war veteran, and Jules Griscam is a dissolute rebel. Still, the magnificent Prescott is nearly overgrown by a chorus of maladive voices, like a tree engulfed by poison ivy. It is difficult to say whether Auchincloss intended such an unrelieved collection of whole or partial misfits. At any rate, not one of them is a match for Prescott; instead of chiselling and honing him down to human proportions, they make him godly and historical and distant.

In that respect, "The Rector of Justin" fails. In every other way, it succeeds. A model novel, its poise and taste and intelligence strike one on every page, as do its unerring knowledge and literary skill. Charley Strong recalls, in an almost Biblical chant, how Prescott talked to him when Strong was a prefect:

> I have noticed, Charley, that Mr. Taylor's dormitory is habitually late for morning roll call. I have noticed that there are more books overdue in the library, that the back row in the schoolroom was giggling last night at prayers, that there was a fight with tin basins in Mr. Dugdale's lavatory, that shoes are not always shined, that tongues are not always clean, that minds are spotted and flesh is vile (at least as second formers may conceive it), that virtue has departed from the campus and the great veil in the temple is rent in twain. Do you know who rent it?

The priggish Aspinwall waxes moony and eloquent in his diary:

> The calm clear blank sky, the few, almost stationary wispy clouds, the hard pink buds on the dogwood trees by the Schoolhouse, the sudden whoop of a group of boys, the twittering swallows above my head and the deep clang of the Schoolhouse bell that tolled the quarter hour filled me with a sense of sadness at the transiency of good things. My soul seemed

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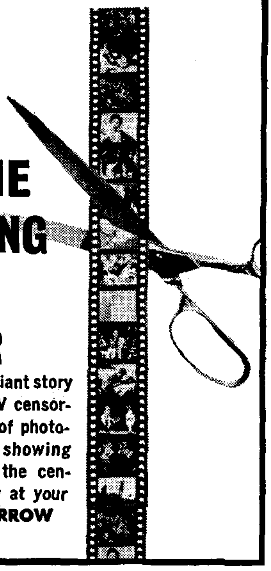

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to cry out: let me enjoy it, dear God, if this is all there will be to enjoy! The campus of Justin may be a haven from the war, a haven from reality, but when reality is so grim, to be a haven may be a virtuous thing. Soon, only too soon, reality will burst the walls and swell the gutters of the school to boiling livid streams, but the interim is ours and is not the interim as real as reality?

As a matter of fact, had the novel managed everything it set out to do, it would not have been half as delightful. Great and good men are frightening; their struggling inferiors are the ones who invariably reach us.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SCARPERER, by Brendan Behan (Doubleday). Mr. Behan, master of his own background, has left us a sardonic fantasy of murder and robbery in which the criminals and their victims weave lightheadedly and forever through the fatalistic, talkative, rainy atmosphere of the Dublin slums, although the scene moves from Dublin to the Aran Islands and then to Paris, with one violent interlude aboard a French trawler. As always, Mr. Behan's apprehension of courageous, cornered humanity is at odds with his sense of the absurd, but his prose, even and clear, is equal to all his humors, and his only novel is a credit to his name.

GENERAL

FRANCE REBORN, by Robert Aron, translated by Humphrey Hare (Scribners). A detailed, specific account of the part that Frenchmen played in the liberation of France, from D Day to the reoccupation of Dunkirk (May 10, 1945). M. Aron's narrative is violent—both thrilling and horrifying. As in the histories of other Resistance movements, almost nothing it recounts is perfectly certain, and probably never will be. Still, Aron's cool, fair-minded examination of General de Gaulle, whose elongated shadow dominates the story, suggests that the author comes as close as possible to the truth. The translation is abominable.

AMERICANS ON EVEREST, by James Ramsey Ullman (Lippincott). The 1963 American expedition to Mount Everest was perhaps the most highly organized and best-equipped mountaineering venture ever put together. In addition to nine hundred and

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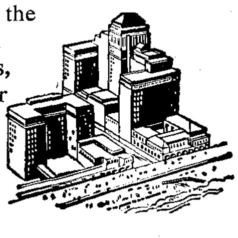

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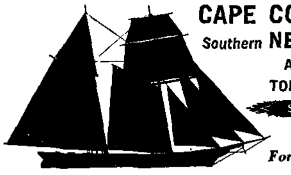

OLD WORLD ATMOSPHERE
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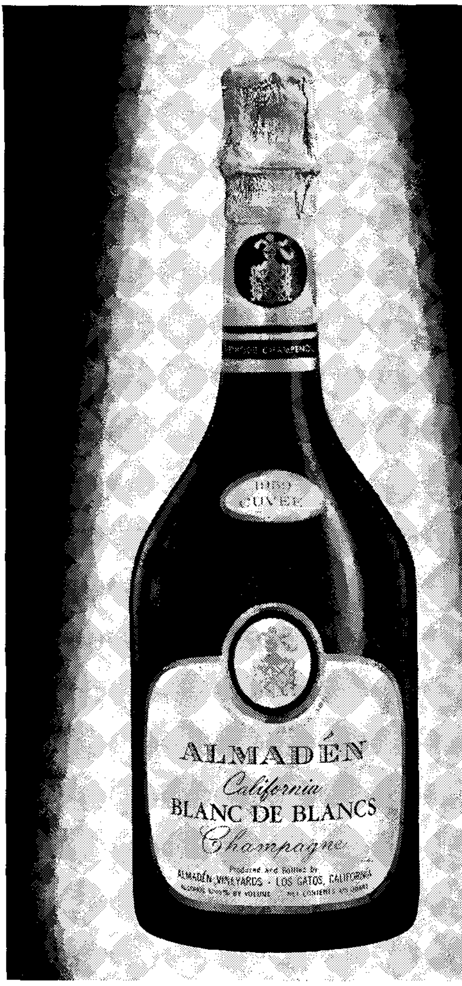
nine native porters, there were eighteen climbers (three of whom were doctors), a transportation officer, a psychologist, and a professional writer—Mr. Ullman, who went along as far as Katmandu, where he took sick. One may well wonder how an expedition of this size could possibly fail to climb whatever it set out to climb, but Mr. Ullman makes it graphically clear that the business of mountaineering is immensely complicated. The expedition managed to put six men on the summit of Everest—four by the classic route pioneered by the British, and two by an entirely new route. One climber was lost and others were nearly lost, either by accidents or by illness. Despite a tendency to get somewhat bogged down in the logistical details, Mr. Ullman is able to bring the members of the expedition to life and to render vividly the storms, the sounds, and the vast spaces of the Himalaya. He is aided by some magnificent photography.

William Herschel and the Construction of the Heavens, by Michael A. Hoskin (Norton). Sir William Herschel (1738-1822), a musician turned astronomer, became world-famous in 1781 when he discovered the planet Uranus—the first new planet to be found since the days of the Greeks. With the aid of his sister Caroline, he had been able to construct telescopes that were larger and more precise than any previous ones (in fact, they were so good that some of his contemporaries enviously accused him of fraud), and with them he attempted to make a complete construction of the heavens. He failed, but along the way he laid the foundations for many branches of astronomy. Dr. Hoskin's book concentrates on Herschel's scientific work, with a few brief asides on his life. Most of the book is given over to a careful reprinting and annotation (by D. W. Dewhirst, a Cambridge astronomer) of Herschel's scientific papers, which are of mixed interest, some being simply long recitations of new stars discovered, and others being announcements of discoveries of the highest importance. The great charm of the papers is the sense they give of looking over the shoulder of their author as, night after night, he peered into the telescopes in his observatory and gazed out at things in the heavens that no one had ever seen before.

The Ever-Present Past, by Edith Hamilton, with a prologue by Doris



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Fielding Reid (Norton). A posthumous collection of short essays and reviews by the author of that classic exposition of classical civilization "The Greek Way." This volume includes a few comments on contemporary literature, for which Miss Hamilton lacked sympathy. Her pieces on older literature, philosophy, and religion are luminous.

IMAGES OF WAR, by Robert Capa (Grossman). A majestic obituary of Robert Capa, the war photographer. It is a collection of many of his best photographs, set to his own comments (mostly from letters and diaries), and it is therefore a memorial within a memorial, for through five wars Capa was always at work on an elaborate pictorial tribute to their victims. His book is profoundly moving. He had a remarkable ability to portray the whole by selecting the significant detail. In some cases, he preserves what is invisible—sounds, emotions, atmosphere, the passage of time. All in all, the combination—the man, his point of view, the method, and the subject—has the inevitability characteristic of great art. Fifteen dollars.

•

For some days I have been speechlessly pondering a lead item in that section of The New Yorker magazine called "Talk of the Town." It revealed that, after being printed for 36 years in Old Greenwich, Conn., the magazine would henceforth be printed in Chicago. There ensued this baffling remark: "Instead of dispatching a messenger to Grand Central with a pouch of copy and with instructions to take the Stamford express, we now put him on a bus for Chicago."

A bus? That is exactly what the piece said, without elaboration. Admittedly The New Yorker is a weekly, unburdened by the pressures of daily deadlines; but it is a busy weekly, often containing quite current reports. A bus? One wonders whether a yearbook would employ such sluggish transport to carry even the weightiest words from New York to Chicago. In a time when "busing" has become a dirty word, one rather welcomed a friendly reference to such vehicles. Nevertheless the matter remains mystifying; what overriding consideration could explain this odd form of getting to the presses in the jet age?

I thought of calling a friend at the magazine to demand an explanation but I had the morbid feeling that I would be told he had fallen off his horse on his way back from Washington.—*James A. Wechsler in the Post.*

If you mean Richard H. Rovere, it is true that he goes back and forth on horseback, but he has an excellent seat and never falls.

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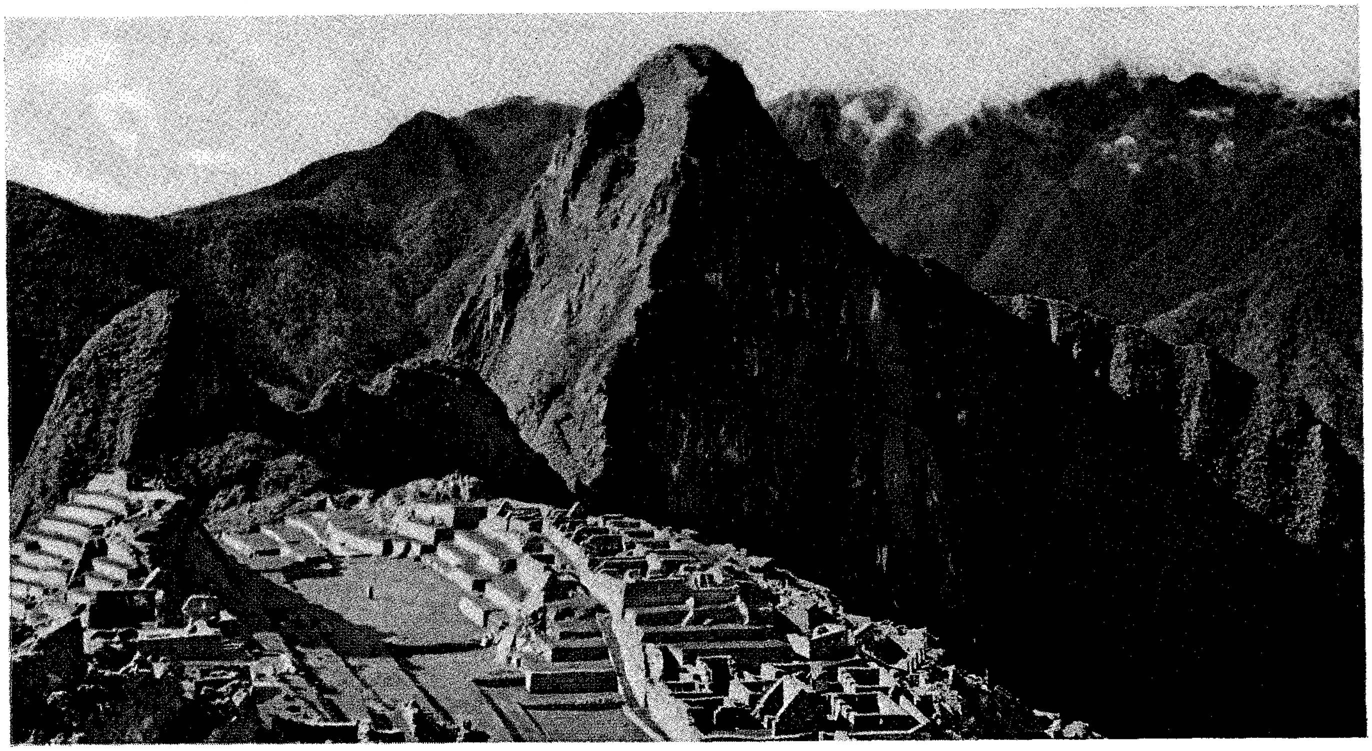

This giant fortress above the clouds is one of the sights of a lifetime

Urubamba river

For almost 400 years, nobody went there. Nobody even knew it existed. Machu Picchu hid on its mountaintop deep in the Andes of Peru.

It had been a thriving city—the last capital of the Inca civilization. Chiefs ruled from its palaces. Priests worshiped in its temples. Vestal virgins bathed beneath its fountains. Workers climbed its thousand granite-hewn steps to terrace the mountainside, plant corn and potatoes.

Gold-clad warriors had peered down between the drifting clouds to spy on Pizarro's conquistadores marching through the valley 2,000 feet below. But the unsuspecting Spaniards kept on, following the Urubamba river in its mad, boiling rush towards the Amazon. Then, one day, the city was empty. Why, nobody knows. Slowly the jungle closed in. Machu Picchu slumbered.

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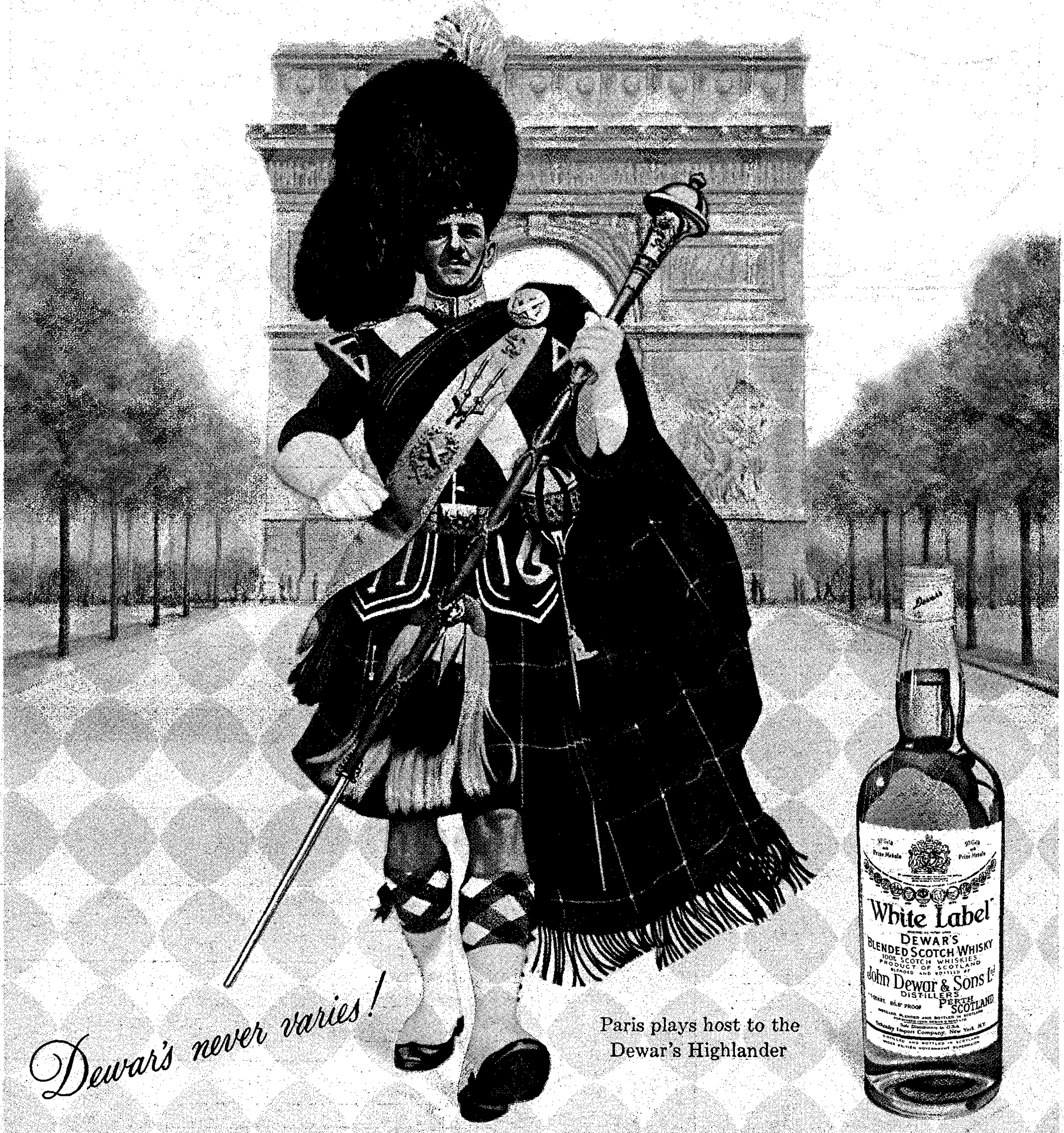
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